1905
EX LIBRIS
EDWARD N. CRANE

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

Darlington Memorial Library

MRS. ROYALL'S

SOUTHERN TOUR.

OR

SECOND SERIES OF THE BLACK BOOK.

BY MRS. ANNE ROYALL, (Newport) 1769-1854
Author of "Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the United States, by a Traveller," &c. &c.

IN THREE OR MORE VOLUMES: VOL. II.

WASHINGTON.
1831.

5A2
Dar
F213
R888
v. 2
cop. 1

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, *to wit:*

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the Eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the fifty-fourth, Mrs. ANNE ROYALL, of the said District, has deposited in the office of the Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia, the Title of a book, the right whereof she claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:

"Mrs. Royall's Southern Tour, or Second Series of the Black Book. By Mrs. Anne Royall, author of "Sketches of History, Life and Manners, in the United States, by a Traveller, &c." In three or more volumes, vol. 2."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also, to the act entitled "An act supplementary to an act entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints,"

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the public seal of my office, the day and year aforesaid.

EDMUND I. LEE,

Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Charleston Harbor has always, is now, and from the nature of its sandy bottom, will ever be dangerous and difficult.

Long before you reach port, you are boarded by a pilot whose charge is proportioned to the size of the vessel, and is oppressively high. I think Capt Bray paid from $20 to $25 for a very small sloop, for which $10 would have been fair, between brothers. Now, if this money went to benefit the harbor, or the wharfs, or any part of the commerce of the town, it might, one day, indemnify the pay-all; but it is exclusively, the pilot's perquisite. On the other hand, if I recollect, the pilot is bound for the vessel and cargo, from the moment he takes the helm No matter how well any man, owner, or captain of a vessel, knows the harbor, he is not allowed to enter. These pilots, however, are very genteel men, I might say, perfect gentlemen; they behave very honorably, and are much beloved and esteemed by all nations who trade with Charleston. They are always upon the bar, and the moment you reach their limits, they come aboard without ceremony; ours was on board and at the helm before I knew it, though I was lying within a few inches of him. (I lay down during the whole time.) He had been nine years a pilot—the Captain has no more command of the vessel after he comes aboard.

We just reached port as the tide began to ebb, or we should have been obliged to await for the next tide.

Charleston Harbor is as handsome a sight as I ever saw, not excepting that of New York; and the appearance of the city, as you approach it, is the most happy and triumphant specimen of beauty on the Atlantic shore. Charleston, like New York, lies between two rivers, Ashley and Cooper; but New York runs into the harbor in a sharp point, and you see but little of the city

excepting the steeples, as the North and East River meet at an obtuse angle. Charleston meets you in an even and deep front—Cooper river running parallel with the shore some distance, meets the Ashley at a right angle; but the business part of the city ranges along the shore of Cooper river, where a long line of ware-houses rear themselves up in full view at once; whereas, those of New York run up East river, out of sight. Charleston, too, is more elevated, and is not hid by the dense clouds of smoke which constantly hover over New York—the houses are lofty and bright; these, with Sullivan's island on our right, also covered with buildings, made a splendid appearance. It seems that all writers have been silent on this beautiful bay, which is divided into East and South Bay.

But the cold chills ran over me, as I heard a peal of church bells ringing [Sunday] and I naturally enough concluded there was little hospitality in Charleston.

If we had no other evidence but the entire subversion of every thing estimable and patriotic, in this once interesting town, this alone is sufficient evidence, if the truth must come, that America must fall!! It is impossible for her to maintain her present government, unless ignorance, vice, hypocrisy and bigotry are qualifications.

Charleston, S. C. from being the garden spot of the United States, is now a receptacle for the refuse of all nations on earth; not only nations, but of jails, penitentiaries, pirate-clans, &c: the two ends of the earth appear to have met together in Charleston. Not a man of the ancient families is left, excepting one of the Rutledge family; two of these had shot themselves, another had drowned himself, (no wonder) and the family now consists of two old maids, and *they* are said to be deranged! The only reputable people I found in Charleston, were Jews and a very few Yankees!!

Of all parts of the United States, I had promised myself most pleasure in Charleston. I had often met with the citizens of this once polished city, and promised myself a fair treat—I had met with them years back, at the watering places, and found no comparison between them and the people of other towns; they seemed to belong to another species. Their looks, their manners, their dress, and their conversation were distinguished by a super-human elegance, far removed from any rival. They had all that simplicity of dress and charm of manner, of the Boston people of

this day; but there was an easy dignity, or higher order of nameless graces about them, peculiar to the soil of the south. They were those kind of people whom we can admire, and with whose company we never tire.

After the specimen at Wilmington, of southern manners, and my own personal knowledge of the citizens of Charleston, I looked for nothing else but to be devoured with kindness, and had already within myself, devised antidotes, and settled the mode of counteraction; all this I thought to myself, while both Captains after dressing themselves in their Sunday clothes, set off to hunt me a boarding house. Previous to this, however, a score of people came on board, and with them the revenue officers, and *two* of the Editorial corps, to take an account of the cargo. These regularly board the vessels, like the pilots, and not an article can be landed till this is done. I spoke to the printers and ascertained that one belonged to the Courier and the other to the Daily. I was quite pleased, and expected no less than a visit on board from the principals, particularly from the *Courier*, who was mayor of the city, or *Intendent*, which is the same thing. Meantime Capt. Bray and Capt. Baker walked ashore, to bespeak rooms and bring me a carriage—I directed them to go to the keeper of the Camden stage-house, to whom I had a letter, as I intended upon leaving Charleston to go to Camden; I had, moreover, a newspaper containing an advertisement of this house, settting forth the fine accommodations, best of liquors, airy rooms, no attention should be wanting to render travellers comfortable, &c. All this in the general, means nothing more than a hoax, or houses for the especial accommodation of ruffians, gamblers, pick-pockets and swindlers—the landlord the greatest swindler of the whole.

The Captains were absent a great while, during which time I suffered prodigiously from the heat of the sun; the sails being down, I had not the shadow of protection from its scorching rays.

At length my friends came with the news that I could not get in at the stage-house, it being full. (of insolence I presume it was) They had called at several public houses and all the same thing, excepting one,the coffee house hard by,which they feared I would not like, it being too near the bay. I was glad to get any where, out of the rays of the sun, as I knew that I should soon find friends who would procure me a comfortable house. There was a young man, a Yankee, at this house, known to Capt. Baker, whose in-

terest with the landlady procured me a room. The house was well furnished, the landlady gay and hospitable, but still there was something suspicious in her deportment, and that of the inmates of the house; but I was pleased with the conversation and appearance of the Yankee, who proved to have been unfortunate in business, which consisted in the loss of some vessels.

The first thing I did, upon retiring to my room, was to address a note to Mr. Pinckney, the Intendent, stating my arrival in Charleston, and that I wished to see him that evening, and sent it forthwith. The messenger returned without a reply, and said Mr. Pinckney was not in. The note being left, I expected either to see or hear from him that evening: dark set in, without bringing Mr. P. or a reply, when upon expressing my surprise, one of the company observed, that "the people in Charleston never did any business on Sunday, and that Mr. Pinckney was doubtless at church." I now gave Charleston up for lost: left to my own resources, I made myself easy, expecting at least that some of the gentlemen, when they saw my name in the papers, would call and show me the town, for if Pinckney had called I should not have noticed him, as he had proved himself unworthy the character of a gentleman. Is this not galling to all who remember what Charleston once was? This they owe to *Presbyterians!*

Next morning, between daylight and sunrise, I hastened to see the

MARKET,

where I very justly expected to see the whole world of fruit and vegetables. The market of Charleston, at least to me, is much more interesting than any (even that of Philadelphia,) in our northern states, as it not only puts the seasons forward about one-fourth of the year, but also presents us with the productions of the West Indies. The market-house, like that of Philadelphia; occupies nearly a whole street, leaving room for the cross streets, but the market-house of Charleston is not only wider but higher and neater; the floors, stalls, and shelves are as neat as a lady's parlor, and is much more pleasant to walk through, as there are but few people in this, compared to the Philadelphia market, the reason for which is, that white people do not, for the most part, attend the former. Vegetables are brought in by negroes, also fruit; but the most of the fruit in the Charleston market, is

brought from the West Indies, and supplied from the vessels.—There is more West India fruit in Charleston market, perhaps, in one day, than can be found in the northern markets in six months, and some that is never seen there, much of which I was unable to learn the names, the sellers being averse to converse with you, unless they think you are going to purchase. Besides every species of orange is to be seen, in astonishing quantities, even to the wild orange, which grows in the neighborhood; this is about the size of an egg, supposing it to be round, they are of a deep yellow, and sour as a lemon. Lemons in cart loads, and the *banana*; this is in taste, substance and color, like our *pawpaus*, but not in shape: it is long, perhaps four inches, and crooked like a long-necked squash; it has a sweetish,insipid taste, and grows in clusters upon a small twig, to the amount of a peck, and are brought into market hanging upon the stalk. Besides these, there were a great variety of fruits, and all the nuts of the globe, the names of which I could not learn.

Had the *pink* of the Pinckney's been there, he could, doubtless, have afforded me the necessary information. I was very curious to learn the particulars of the wild orange, of an old negro woman who had some for sale, but she proved insolent, as most of the negroes are who attend market. They are not half so obliging as the white people in our country—these are the greatest ladies and gentlemen in market, excepting the turkey-buzzards.

This was in the month of March, and I saw all kinds of vegetables, excepting green beans; peas, cabbages, onions, turnips, and every other species of garden vegetable, were in great profusion, and very neat; the meat was thin and poor, it would be condemned in our market. Butter is neither plenty nor good; fowls are only tolerable; fish is pretty good, I think bass mostly, they are fresh and neat. But I did not dream that such a variety of sweet potatoes, peas (dried) and beans existed on the globe, as I saw in Charleston market.

The stalls are different from ours, which are between,or outside of the pillars—these are inside under the cover, and are boxed up with a species of railing and raised from the floor, and have a gate opening from the outside: these stalls are filled with vegetables, and negro women to sell them. The negro goes in and shuts herself up, and is seated, and hands the articles over. These stalls are on both sides, and the whole is very neat.

But the *Buzzards*, they are all through the market as gentle as dogs. They were the only polite gentlemen I saw, and made me very many handsome bows; and one who strikes one of these pays a fine of $5. It is laughable to see how assiduous they inspect the meat and fish market, and how quietly and soberly they walk about the houses; and the chimnies are covered with them. They seem fond of smoke: they breed over Ashley river, near the town. They are a great advantage to the citizens in removing all kinds of filth and carron: the moment a cow, horse, or any animal dies, hundreds of these Buzzards light on it, and in a few minutes it disappears (even before it is known by the owner that the animal is dead) except the bones, which are stript clean, not a vestige of flesh or sinew is left. They are not so large as the Buzzard in our country and are properly called carrion Crows, they have a very innocent look.* But to return to the Market—I saw no white ladies in market, (it is said the missionaries had put a stop to it) and few white gentlemen—these mostly rode in their gigs, with a market basket hung under the chair or gig, and a negro boy rides behind.

Veal sells from 10 to 14 cents per pound, beef from 6 to 8, sausages 12, pork 8 to 9, butter 18 3-4 to 20, mutton 12 cents. Had the Southern Pink escorted me, I should have done more justice to the market of Charleston.

Through files of negroes I wound my way back, and seeing a printer's sign on my way, I went in; whose office should it be but the *Pink's*—"and where is the Pink," "sick madam"—all these mean people are sure to take sick when I arrive in the place. I stepped out pretty quick, and begged leave to assure the pink it was an honor I by no means intended to do him. I then stepped into another Printing Office, found a genteel man, writing at a desk, "was he the Editor"? "No." The editor hearing my voice came out: a fine, tall, gentlemanly man, with a keen black eye, and I opened the flood-gates upon him, for suffering the Priests to runaway with Charleston. I also informed him of the politeness of the Intendant, "a pretty specimen sir, of your Society, to promote such a man." Mr. *Cadoza*, (for that was the gentleman's name) acknowledged the charge and plead guilty, in the name of the town, but said he had no agency in encouraging the Blue-skins, or any other *skinning:* he was an Israelite, and the

* It is said they attend Medical Lectures, and go regularly to Church and Sunday School.

more I thundered away at him, the more he seemed to like me, and I left him, not in disgust, but in admiration. Mr. Cadoza is one of the first editors in the Southern country, and a most amiable man. He is a Jew, highly respected in Charleston, and one of the first citizens of the place: all this was accomplished by 8 o'clock, and I returned to breakfast.

In the course of the day I was introduced by my Yankee friend, to Brig. Gen. *Burns*, Lieut. Col. *Williams*, and Capt. *What-not*, all of the army. I thought Burns particularly, had a very knotty face for a General. But thinking it was the sovereign people's taste I *only* thought. Williams, who was passed upon me for a Mason, though a clownish, sneaking fellow, had more of the manly look, and I gave him a $50 note, or perhaps a $100 to change for U. S. money, and the greatest wonder in the world, that I ever saw the man or the money aftewards, as he was doubtless amongst the greatest villiains in Charleston, but as they all looked alike I had no choice. He was absent some time, but at length returned, and I took the No. of the note, lest it might have been a counterfeit—to have the fellow hung.

I had requested the Landlady and the Yankee in the course of the day to procure me a boarding house in some other part of city, and after dinner I recived a note that some rooms were provided for me at some inn, I forget the name, and that a carriage would call for me at 4 o'clock: about the time, the carriage came and my baggage being put in, I drove off, much pleased that I was now to have a view of the city, though I believe it is called a town.

As I drove on through the streets the town burst upon me in a new dress. Near the harbor, the shops and streets are thronged with negroes and hucksters; but the heart of the town displays fine wide streets, cool alleys running quite through to every back yard; elegant shops, and dry good stores, and well dressed people, with great activity of business—every part of the town filled with hacks, private carriages, stages, waggons, and drays. There are however, no licensed hacks in Charleston. The Pink ought to see to this. To all this we may add *fops* and fruitsellers, crying (or screaching rather) at every turn; the buildings are low, mostly of wood: but the most striking objects to me were the horses, by far the handsomest in the Union.

At length, after winding through several streets, and devouring every novelty, I arrived at the Inn, the name of which, as I said,

I have forgotten—upon calling for the landlord, he was astonished when I told him I was the lady for whom rooms were prepared. He never heard of it—no rooms engaged, I at once discovered it was a hoax—by whom projected, heaven knows—perhaps the Pink himself. I turned round and drove to the Stage house, stepped out and ordered out my baggage, called for the Agent, paid my fare to Camden, took a receipt, and told him to put my trunks in the Bar. Whilst I was paying—that is, changing the money for the fare. I sat down in a common dirty passage, upon a wooden bench, and laid down my note book, (also a subscription book) to take out the change. But before I accomplished this, the passage was immediately filled with ruffians, thieves and pick-pockets, they looked and acted quite rudely, and finally approaching too near for any honorable purpose—I took the arm of the only decent man I saw, and begged his protection a few minutes: I desired him to attend me into the street, till I would make the change, as the ruffians might not be so daring in the open street—all this was the work of a minute. When I requested the gentleman to show me the landlord—he was not in. The bar-keeper—"I want a room sir, till the Stage goes": I did not say this with a view of staying amongst such a crew, but to expose the ruffian who kept the house. As none other would keep open house, or at least open doors for pick-pockets, blacklegs, and thieves, as it proved in the end: his reply was, "they were full," and he told the truth.

I now resolved to repay the hoax, and having an opportunity to see the town free of expense, I stepped into the hack, fine lively horses, new coach, and a spruce driver. I bid him take a turn round the town, and had the pleasure of finding many novelties in the course of the drive, particularly the gardens, where amongst other things I saw the Banana, though I afterwards learned it does not bear fruit in this climate. The one I saw was about the height of a cornstalk, and like the Indian corn, has long blades growing out from the stalk, one above another on each side and opposite—with this difference the Banana leaf is much longer, one yard I think, and nearly a foot broad, the extremity of the leaf being the broadest, and rounding. Thus, after amusing myself till I was weary, I alighted at the Bookstore of Mr. Babcock, and sent off the carriage. This gentleman was the brother of my friend S. Babcock of New Haven, Con: he had also been my agent at Charleston, and he and I had correspond-

ed. I found Mr. Babcock quite a gentleman, possessed of all the warmth and kindness of the Yankee people; after chatting with him some time, I requested him to procure me a boarding house, as the Stage did not start for Camden till Monday, and this, I think, was Friday. Mr. B without hesitation sent his boy to engage rooms at Mrs Gallishot's, which being but a few steps I was soon comfortably lodged. The house was cool and pleasant, and my landlady, one of the sweetest women in the world. With respect to my visit to Charleston, as the citizens seemed to take no interest in it, I resolved not to force my favors upon them, but state the truth, and let them play their own cards as they pleased.

After tea, I was surprised with a visit from several respectable gentlemen, who said they had but that evening heard of my arrival through Mr. Babcock, and were much concerned to hear I was going to leave them so soon. I informed them it was their own fault, I had visited their city with the best intentions, and meeting with such a cold reception, self-respect, and especially respect for my friends, imperiously impelled me away. They plead innocence, and after a great deal of courting, woman like, I consented to stay a few days, and sent for my baggage. But my subscription book, which I left on the bench, was gone!

Mr. Cadoza advertised it next day, and my friends inquired for it every where, to no effect. Had my trunks remained at the Stage house that night, I should doubtless have been robbed of them too.

Several ladies called that evening, but finding a crowd of gentlemen, did not come in till they retired: I was much better pleased with the ladies than the gentlemen, and matters taking this turn, the kindness and good fare of my landlady, I was comfortable and happy.

The next day I took a walk through King-street, the principalbusinesstreet in retails, the same I boarded in—shopped it a little, and picked up a few adventures, as well as a few acquaintances, one of whom Dr. Holbrook, was quite a prize, he being one, if not the first man in Charleston; and to add to the pleasure, I discovered he was a Yankee. These when they are good, are sterling. I likewise found a friend in Mr. McDonald. Thus I swam along pleasantly.

The ladies being rather crowded out the first evening, (the dear creatures called every day) took the advantage of the gen-

tlemen, the next and ensuing evenings came first, took their seats and kept them! and the President of the United States might have envied my levees: this was the case while I remained in Charleston. But mind ye, these were generally the same people, and not more than one house could hold, and that there are many houses in Charleston. I was much better without them; and from the sample I had of a scape gallows *lottery* Yankee, every one knows him: I would expect one half of *them* hung before I returned. The second night the house was very full, and we had high times, as most of them were choice spirits. This evening there were several wealthy Israelites present, amongst whom were the Messrs. *Josephs'*: I have always admired the Jews and have ever found them the most punctual, honorable and upright men in our country: I have already mentioned Mr. *Cadoza* as one of the first gentlemen in the city, and no less so are the Josephs'. They are accomplished, lively, sensible men, and unsurpassed in philanthrophy. Their very souls seemed to start through their fine soft eyes. Thus we passed the time merrily, when a message was delivered by some unknown person, who just stepped on the sill of the parlour door and said "Col. Williams, Gen. Burns, and Major O'Fagan (for all I know) of the army beg leave to know whether they can have the pleasure of paying their respects to Mrs. R." "Where are the gentlemen"? I asked—"The Col. and his suit is at the gate in his carriage, waiting for an answer." I desired the messenger to withdraw a few minutes and I would send them an answer." I had through the aid of a friend, learned that this Burns was an Irish shoemaker from Philadelphia, and that Col. Williams of the *army*, was a low wag who prided himself in guizing such ruffians as would keep his company. I therefore ordered the messenger to withdraw till I would consult with my friends, whether it were best to have them arrested as imposters, or admit them, and expose them before the company. The gentlemen and two ladies, ripe for fun, recommended the latter, and one of the gentlemen went to the gate, and said "Mrs. R. was ready to receive Col. W. and Col. Burns"; the Captains, Lieuts. &c. &c. were proscribed. We waited some time without seeing them, as they had discovered there were several gentlemen in the house. Fearing we might lose our sport, I step't on the porch and invited the Colonel to alight from his carriage: It was still some time before one of them made his appearance—this was the Brigadier shoemaker:

He had borrowed a neat blue coat from somebody, a new hat, and was quite spruce: but the *knots* and the *wax* were still on his face. I said little to him, as I wished to get hold of the other, the greatest c——n of the two: Williams however, was cunning enough to tarry till some of the gentlemen whom he most feared, would retire: the house being kept by a widow, he had insolence enough to insult her, and what other ladies might have been present. Williams, therefore, staid back until several gentlemen actually departed, leaving enough however, to guard us. Meantime, Burns sat like a criminal at the bar, afraid to speak or move from his awkwardness: he was doubtless never in such company before.

At length Col. W. came slowly in, averting his head. He had borrowed a soldier's round-about, with double rows of buttons, and threw a cloak over it to hide the want of skirts, carefully showing the cuffs and buttons. I rose up, and pointing to a chair, said "be seated Col.—how do you do? had you not better dismiss your carriage and spend the evening?" The Col. actually suspected, from my manner, that something was wrong for him, and hung his head down to conceal his face. "Why, Colonel, why, what is the matter? show your face man; you belong to the army, and hang your head; take off your cloak and let us see your regimentals, and what corps you appertain to!" He writhed and twisted, and no doubt repented his affectation in throwing his head about, from one side to the other, gaping and pretending drunkenness, but never spoke a word. "So you will not show your uniform?" suppose it must have been made by a first rate taylor, imported perhaps. But he writhed his body, and threw his head about, imitating drunkenness, as the best apology for his insolence. "Now, sir, get up you ruffian, and take the door, and play your pranks among your equals; and as for you, Mr. Shoemaker, with your borrowed coat from Philadelphia, walk off with your friend, or you may expect to be led out by a constable; move yourselves, you ruffians!" Burns grew pale at the sound of the constable, but the ruffian Williams, who, doubtless, had half a dozen names, was loath to move, till I proposed to the ladies, whom I thought had been insulted long enough, to follow me to another room, adding, that I would send for a constable to help the Colonel to his carriage.

The Colonel then withdrew, covered with disgrace, and Burns followed him. I saw that he dreaded the ridicule of his com-

rades, with whom he passed for a great wit; he must belong to the *Pink's* good society. This circumstance, which reflects so much disgrace on Charleston, may be all charged to the Pink, for had he acted like a man, in the first instance, to say nothing of a gentleman, I should not (as *I ought not*) have been left to the insults of these ruffians.

I understood that the house where I first stopped, was not under the best character, and doubtless, these merry gentlemen were the particular friends of my lady of the coffee-house. It was supposed that they paid the coach-hire which carried me "*round town.*" If it was, they received their change; every inquiry was made at the livery stable, for the person who hired the coach, but in vain; no one knew the man who engaged it—perhaps it was the Pink himself.

Before I arrived in Charleston, I was anxious to see this Pink, thinking he belonged to the respectable family of that name, a family which has figured high in the history of their country; but from inquiry I was told that he is of low origin, not at all related to them. The Courier, once the best paper in the United States, has gone to the dogs, in the hands of this Pink of politeness, and he is very pious too. I am sorry I could not get a glimpse of the gentleman, to add his portrait to the article on Charleston; but he took care to be sick the whole of my visit.

Charleston, as I have remarked, has underwent a total change since the introduction of tracts and missionaries. There is no society in the place—business is done by low, unprincipled Yankees, low Irish, and Scotch. I visited most of the business men, and found very few gentlemen among them. In justice to Charleston, however, the importation of dry-goods, in particular, for richness, beauty and quality, are greatly superior to any in the United States.* We have nothing like them in the northern cities—compared to the goods of Charleston, those of New-York and Philadelphia, appear to be the refuse; every species of millinery and wearing stuff is superior to any thing of the same sort I have met with, in any part of the Union; but I cannot praise the sellers—suppose they take lessons from the Pink. The old gentry of Charleston have either died, run mad, or run away, and the terrorists, that is, the blue-skins, have possession. They have possession of all the schools—have established tract and other societies, h-o-l-y p-r-a-y-e-r-s, and holy absurdities,

* I have since found goods, equally as valuable, in New-Orleans.

and rule the once garden spot of the Union, with an iron hand.

Under all these disadvantages, I happened to stumble upon the only gentlemen, perhaps, in Charleston, viz: *Dr. Holbrook*, Messrs. Berritt and Babcock, A. M'Donald, E. Burch, Wm. Miller, James Haig, E. S. Courtney, James Fox, Gresham Jones, Wm. M'Dow, Laomi Baker, and —— Capers. I have mentioned Mr. J. C. Cadoza,* and the Josephs—these are the remnant (quite a small one) which have survived the "War, Pestilence, and Famine" of the blue-skins.

Shame on Charleston! shame on the great Drayton and Holbrook, to stand tamely and see this sterling city, once the delight of travellers, swallowed up by Presbyterians. The United States Bank, too, has doubtless had a hand in it. What is the consequence?—honor trampled upon, the bands of society dissolved, all principle abandoned, but the principle of giving money for the gospel. Hordes of sharpers, black-legs, pick-pockets, and swindlers, have taken possession of Charleston, once the seat of taste and refinement. Every one is now for himself, and the blue-skins take care of the common interest. Dr. Moses Holbrook, formerly a student of Cambridge University, and a native of Massachusetts, has long been a resident of Charleston. The Doctor is a gentleman of superior endowments—his manners are polished, in the highest degree, and above all men he is the most fascinating. His literary attainments are of the highest order, and he has few rivals in surgery or medicine. His person is stout and tall, about middle age, with a set of magnificent features, and an open, manly countenance. With all these advantages, he has an innate bent to please—his whole soul breathes love to mankind. Like the strong oak, which defies the storm, he is proof against the overwhelming destruction of Presbyterianism and tracts. Such a man is worth his weight in gold to his country. He is at the head of the Medical College in Charleston.

Alexander McDonald, Esq is about the same age and size of the Doctor, and like him, affable, kind and generous. He is a man of fine appearance and as generous as a prince. He is a merchant, on King street.

E. S. Courtney is certainly one of the best men in the world, though a Presbyterian. He had just been bought up, about four weeks previous; it was painful to witness the havoc the miscreants are making, throughout our whole country. This is the only

* Mr. Cadoza edits the Southern Patriot.

tariff I met with in the south, and a more appalling one is out of the question. Mr. Courtney, formed by nature for every virtue, is now a tool, for he is nothing more, in the hands of those despots. They came round his easy, good nature, and he fell into the snare. Mr. Courtney is not only one of the best, but one of the handsomest men in Charleston—he is a lofty, elegant figure, with a face of much manly beauty, and one of the finest human eyes, large, soft and black; he was ever with me, and said I should love him, and so I do, for he was a brother to me. Though I scolded him about the Sunday School, which he teaches; he is little aware of the intent of these Sunday Schools.

Mr. W. H. Berritt is a very gentlemanly man, a tall, keen figure, with a sharp, black eye, intelligent face, and very pleasing manners.

Mr. W. R. Babcock is likewise, a very pleasant man, and a fine, manly figure. He is one of the best men in Charleston—both these are popular book-sellers, and have not yet been bought; how long this may be the case, Heaven only knows, as the blue-skins are putting every thing down that opposes them. Why laws are not passed by the Legislatures, against these people, as against other enemies and swindlers, I can see no good reason.

Messrs. Burch, Haig, Miller, M'Dow, and Fox, were all your whole-soul, high minded men. I am under particular obligations to Mr. Fox, a most worthy man, nor less so to Mr. L. Baker, who, independent of this, is one of the best of his species. He is a tall, fine figure, and one of the most benevolent faces in the world—may Heaven shower its favors on his head.

Mr. Capers, a merchant, in King street, first name unknown, is another fine man, or *fine fellow*, as they say in the south; which means, every thing noble and generous. He is a thin, spare man, of very interesting manners.

Mr. Fox, of East Bay, to this gentleman, as I have remarked, I am much indebted; if I have a friend in Charleston, or wherever he may go, they will cherish a high sense of gratitude toward this man.

But the Messrs. Joseph's were Israelites indeed, their kindness and attention knew no bounds, and yet the *Christians*, who never offered me even a drink of water, despise this honorable sect, and talk of converting them! converting them to what? Into speculators and swindlers, and steel-hearted monsters! These

amiable men took me to their houses, they fed me, and clothed me, they took me in their elegant barouche, on a tour through the city and suburbs. Now, why did the christians, who talk so much about converting the heathen, and make so much noise about the holy Sabbath, I say, why did they not come and *see* a heathen, at least, if no more; no, the infamous hypocrites, skulked off. But Mr. Courtney came—true, but he was a mason.

The Messrs. Joseph's are small, and very handsome men, mild and friendly, and are, in their dealings, reckoned the first men in the city. I say this of these gentlemen, particularly as they are Jews, as all those I have mentioned, are the cream of Charleston. I saw a gentleman in the U. S. Bank, a very genteel looking man, but he made some excuse of being engaged—we will try to ease him of his engagements: on such occasions a gentleman is never engaged. I do not know his name. Capt. E. J. Halsey, of the ship President, was amongst those who deserve notice—a noble looking man, and very affable.

Nor must I forget a Mr. *N. Montrose*, much to the honor of New York, (whose son he is.) This gentleman dispersed a few *cits* who insulted me in a store. I am also under particular obligations to James R. McRain, Esq. on the same account, though I never saw the gentleman to my knowledge. Mr. *Roback*, a Bookseller, in King-street, but particularly his clerk, were kind, generous men. One Keenman, a Presbyterian Priest, told my friends "if I had called on him, he would have treated me with great politeness;" how kind that was in him. Had he been a Christian, or even an honest Pagan, he would have called on me—so much for hypocrites. As it is in point, I have now a newspaper before me from the North, containing no less than *three* inquests in one day on the dead bodies of persons *murdered:* so it appears crime increases in proportion to the *Tract*, *Bible* and other Societies.

G. Star Brewster, I find in my notes. Also Mr. George Barton, and Major Watson, whom it appears I must have met with in Charleston, but find no other notice of them.

The Editor of the *Southern Free Press*, called on me and from his appearance and conversation I would suppose he received very little encouragement. Freedom, or rather Liberty, is dead in the United States, and the people, particularly in the middle and southern States, seem enamoured with Slavery, and

that of the most despotic kind too. I mean Clerical Despotism—and this falls hardest on the poor! deplorable.

LADIES.

I saw comparitively but few ladies in Charleston, and most of these lived immediately in the neighborhood of my boarding house, in King-street. The ladies appear to walk very little in Charleston In our northern towns the ladies' under the pretence of shopping, are always parading the streets: the ladies here are seldom seen on parade, they ride out in their own carriages, generally in the evening. Those I saw were handsome shaped women, with very expressive eyes, handsome features and mostly well colored I do not recollect seeing a homely woman in the city, and though they are not so fair as the New England ladies, they have more expression. Miss *Sarah Swift*, Mrs. *Capers*, Miss *Holbrook*, Mrs Holbrook, Mrs. Alexander, the Mrs *Josephs*, and Miss *McDowell*, are all I recollect, particularly: Miss Swift is a very beautiful girl, tall, and finely shaped, with fine features and black sparkling eyes, with a luxuriant suit of black glossy hair: her complexion rather dark, but not a brownett: her countenance soft and winning, with a sweet voice, and very affable, friendly manners. Mrs. Capers, her sister, is a fair, delicate female, but equally handsome and fascinating. Miss McDowell: this lady has few equals in Charleston: she keeps an extensive Millinery, in King-street—indefatigable in business, upright, affable, kind and charitable. Miss McDowell commands the esteem and admiration of citizens and travellers: she is a stout, heavy woman, but has much beauty and expression of countenance, and her smile reaches your heart. May her patronage be equal to her virtues.

Miss Catharine M. Holbrook, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Holbrook, is a most charming young creature, beautiful, lively, and accomplished: she is one of the most faciuating women I met with in my travels, though she can hardly be said to be grown: she is small and delicately formed, and symetry itself.—Mrs. Holbrook is an amiable woman, from Boston originally, spare, tall, and delicate, and very accomplished. The Dr. lives in princely style, in 62, Queen-street. I was introduced to a Dr. *Snell*, at the house of Dr. H. He lives in New Orleans, and

happens to be one of those beings who does* little honor to the place of his residence.

But the pretty Jews—I have been running a race to get to them, the Mrs. Josephs, I never saw a Jewess before—I was delighted. They are both young, beautiful women, with sparkling black eyes, friendly and affable, and the most hospitable ladies in Charleston. If such a thing is possible, they certainly excell: they are all life and soul, and men and women are small.—Mrs. Alexander, the mother-in-law of the elder Mr Joseph, is quite a young and very interesting woman. These are amongst the first people in Charleston, and universally esteemed.

Mrs. Gailashott, my landlady, is a widow, and the niece of the celebrated Gen. *Lawson*, of the revolution. This lady has evidently seen better days: she keeps a very respectable private boarding house, and has been the handsomest woman of her day, though she is still a young looking woman: she is as fair as a lilly, with regular round features, soft, full blue eye and bright auburn hair: Mrs. G. is one of the most pleasant and engaging females in Charleston. This is a small acquaintance indeed, for so populous a city: but the fault is not mine. Hon. Drayton lives in Charleston, but he was then in Washington. I met with a few Yankees, but with the exception of those mentioned,† they are all mean low bred men, the scum of New England. The Jews do all the business of foreigners, as the former cannot be trusted.

The number of inhabitants in the city and suburbs, or "neck" has been estimated in round numbers, at 17,000 whites, 20,000 slaves, and 3000 free persons of color. But I should think this estimate rather exaggerated. The city it is said, is not increasing at present. Business has been annually declining for several years past. The public buildings are a Court House; Guard House; Picket Guard-house; City Hall; Fire-proof Building, for the preservation of public records; Exchange, in which are kept the Custom House and Post Office; Orphan House and its Chapel; German Friendly Society's Hall; South Carolina Society's Hall; St. Andrews Society's Hall; Charleston College; Medical College; Circus; Theatre; Two Insurances Offices: Six Banks; the Arsenals, belonging to the United States, the

* He never called on me at New Orleans, which place I visited shortly afterwards, though he might not have been in the city.

† "Do as you'r mind to up river—and had'nt ought" Yankees.

State, and the City; the Powder Magazines, and their Guard House; the extensive Market Buildings; Marine Hospital; Alms House; Shirras Dispensary; Work House and Jail; Six Banks, viz. the Branch of the U. S. Bank; State Bank; Union Bank; Bank of the State of South Carolina; Planters and Mechanic's Bank; South Carolina Bank.

There are, besides Lecture Rooms, twenty-one places of Public Worship, viz:—St Phillips, St. Michael's, St. Paul's, St. Stephen's Chapel,* for Episcopalians, four for Presbyterians, four for Methodists, two for Roman Catholics, one for Unitarians, one for German Lutherans, one for Baptists, one for Mariners, one for French Protestants, one Jewish Synagogue, and one for Quakers.

Among the Societies, are the Ladies' Benevolent Society; the Female Charitable Society; the South Carolina Society, with a large male and a female School; the German Friendly Society, with a School for males and one for females; the Fellowship Society with a School; the Hibernian Society; St. Andrews Society; French Society; New England Society; St. Georges Society; St. Patrick's Society; American Friendly Society; Charleston Mechanics' Society, with many smaller ones.

Among the Literary Societies, are the Charleston Library Society, with the largest collection of Books in the Southern States; Medical Society, with a large and valuable Library; the Charleston Bar Association, with a legal Library; the Franklin Library Society, and the Apprentices Library Society; the Literary and Philosophical Society, have each a handsome Library; besides other Societies which have Libraries, (I should think these were little read.)

There are four daily Newspapers published in the city, besides several weekly; the Southern Review, and the Southern Agriculturalist, are published quarterly.

The staple articles of produce exported from Charleston since its settlement have been Indigo, Rice, and Cotton.

The Indigo plant was brought from Hindostan to Antigua, and arrived in Charleston, in 1741, to the mother of Gen. *Charles Cotesworth Pinckney*—then Miss *Eliza Lucas*—from her father, who was at that time Governor of Antigua: with the seed it was sent afterwards to Mr. Cromwell, from Montserat, who was ac-

* Did you ever hear of so many Saints? I would add another, St Pink.

quainted with its cultivation.* This article of commerce has greatly declined of late years and the attention of planters has been pretty generally diverted to the cultivation of Rice and Cotton.

In 1693 a vessel in distress anchored near Sullivan's Island, on her homeward bound passage from Madagascar. The master of this vessel was an old acquaintance of Landgrave Smith, and at their first interview the latter inquired for some seed rice to plant in his garden, which was situated south of Tradd-street and East of Church-street. The cook was the only person who had any, and his small bag of seed rice was given to Mr. Smith, who sowed it—and from this providential beginning orignated the first staple commodity of Carolina; 1400 lbs. is a common produce of one acre of land.

COTTON.

Cotton was called by Heroditius "Gossimer." It is also mentioned by Theophrastus, book 4th, ch. 4th of his Treatise on Plants, Pliny, book 12th, ch. 10th and 11th of his Natural History: also in his 19th book, ch. 1st. as well as in other places: see also 2d Georgic of Virgil, 121st verse.

Col. John Peter Purry, a native of Switzerland, in his petition to George the III. of England, states that the 32d and 33d parallels of latitude "are the best suited for cultivating Cotton, Silk and Indigo." In 1735, Col. Purry settled at a place called Purrysburg, on the Savannah, 20 miles above the city of Savannah, and he probably has the best title to the honor of bringing the Cotton seed to South Carolina, previous to the year 1779. However, very little attention was paid to its cultivation: that year Carolina exported fifty bags only. About this time, Mr. Miller, and Whitney of Connecticut, invented the present Saw Gins for cleansing and separating the Cotton from the seeds. In about thirty years from this date 280,000 bags were produced in one year. From 100 to 250 lbs. of Cotton are annually produced upon an acre, according to soil and season. The Sea Island or black seed is more than double the short Upland Cotton, or green seed, in price.

I visited the most of the public buildings in Charleston: the

* There is a native species of Indigo plant—but of much less value for cultivation.

City Hall, is a large, splendid building, containing apartments for the public offices, but has no square attached to it: it is embellished with a handsome gallery, and a variety of valuable paintings, among these I saw the portrait of the renowned Gen. *Moultree.* This invaluable Patriot is still living and in good health: he delivered an oration not long since, full of pith and patriotism.—Genl's. Washington and Jackson, also honors their Hall. In this building I saw the largest Map I ever met with in the Union, viz. 10 feet in length and proportionably wide.

I saw a few shabby looking men in the hall. The Register made his appearance, and a very poor appearance it was: doubtless he belonged to the Tract Society: he was a thin, sallow, hardly second rate looking man, reflecting very little honor on this once patriotic State—his *deputy* was quite a genteel man.—This is the effect of Tracts, viz. put down merit and raise the worthless. This is the march of mind. Oh my sweet country, go on! and here my husband came and fought, for what? Women and Priests.

Upon leaving the hall, a splendid house was pointed out to me, "that is" I think my friends said the Attorney General, or some such great name. He knew I was at the hall and was stealing a peep at me. But the moment he found I discovered him, he withdrew as quick as a flash of lightning: he studied Tracts too, or took lessons from the Pink. The

EXCHANGE

is neither very large nor handsome. I did not find the Collector in, nor did he deign to call on me. The Post Office in the same building, is very loosely and very carelessly kept. I called several times for letters, and also found a set of insolent Clerks—to me they were not, as I would not take their insolence: but they were insolent and impudent to others in my hearing. The Postmaster does not attend himself—like the rest of our office hunters, when they procure the place, they seize the salary, sit down and eat and drink and leave the business to a rabble of clerks—these were *young*, awkward, insolent ruffians, not fit for ostlers, I might say with truth, not half so polite. Whether the Postmaster be a *Jackson* or a *Clay man*, or when appointed, is nothing to the purpose—man is man, and there is very little difference in these office holders, under any administration. They all

finger the cash, and leave the people's business to worthless characters. I did see the Postmaster, and he promised to do better; but a man who disregards his oath [they swear to discharge their duty faithfully] will care little about promises. I should think the Custom House needs reform too, I found no one at business. Thus the people are gulled by *names*, which cunning rogues assume, to get hold of an office. The name of *Jackson men* and *Clay men* ought to be laid aside henceforth, and all ought to be called OFFICE MEN. Offices, Sunday Mails, Priest Craft, and U. S. Bank, are the only *men* I find here. It is laughable enough to hear these South Carolinians making such a noise about the Tariff, and having to knock under to the Yankee nation, and Clay men, when they have not had wisdom enough to take care of what was left. If they had all the trade in the world at this moment, the Yankees would seize it all in less than a year. Look at their city! who does the business? While they stand cackling, and cackling, and cackling, like George Kremer's old hen: a set of swindling sharpers, break-jail Yankees, have come to their doors, and snatched the last dollar from them, and advocate Clay under their noses. This rabble, and the U. S. Branch Bank* and Blue-skins have plunged them into poverty and distress, which they feel severely, but cannot tell whence it comes, and wreak their vengeance on the Tariff.

The *Court House* made a handsome appearance, though I did not see the inside. But the

PRISON,

I despair of credit, when I state there were but *six* prisoners in it, and not a woman—out of these six, but one criminal, and that was a doubtful case!! This is for the population of the city and the State too, without a parallel in the *world!* All the rooms were empty but one. The jailor has very little trouble in Charleston. I was so struck with astonishment that I could not for some time believe the jailor. But the fact was too plain for doubt. I have seen 27 committed in one day in New York, and Philadelphia the police officers set every day in the week, and from 10 to 1500 prisoners in each place. But they have more *Gospel*

*McDuffie in siding with the United States Bank, is worse than any Tariff man, though I neither oppose nor defend the Tariff.

there. I enquired why they had so few criminals—they said "they hung them all." But this was doubtless a jest, as I hear of more hanging in the north than in the south. Let the cause be what it may, the fact certainly exists. McHyams is the keeper a very clever, humane man. I asked him if this were always the case—"Yes, only when the pirates were here" said he, very unconcerned.

WORK HOUSE.

Very few, in fact I saw none but negroes in this place, to which is attached a *Stepping Mill.* This Stepping Mill is much lighter than that in Philadelphia: it is designed as a punishment for house-servants, and has been substituted in place of the cow-skin when a slave displeases his master, he or she is sent to the Work House or Stepping Mill, as they work and grind alternately. There were 70 in the Work-house, and these are changing ing daily, some going home, and others coming in. What is this compared to our towns—compared to the white people, where we have at least 100 to one, and in some instances 1500 to one: this proves the beauty of Tracts, but Charleston is coming on with Tracts too. As to the cruelty so much talked of, of masters to slaves—I saw no instance of it: so far from it, they are 10 times better fed, and better clothed than the poor white people of Philadelphia and New York, and particularly Washington City. I think those would make a happy exchange to swap situations with the negroes of the South. In fact, these negroes, though they are called Slaves, are the most independent people I saw in Charleston, and more than one half of them deserved flogging, as they are the most impudent people by far, in the city, and no gentlemen or ladies dress finer. Whoever has seen an IRISH Hackman, in New York, may form some idea of those negroes. I beg their pardon,—colored gentlemen. I never heard a slave receive an angry word from Washington City to this place, and as to living, very few live half so well. I fancy the poor people of Washington City would be very glad to jump at the leavings of these slaves. I am no advocate for Slavery, but I despise the infamous hyocrites who can fabricate such falsehoods, and slander the innocent.* But the appearance of the

* I was told that formerly Slaves were used bad in this country.

slaves gives the lie to the report. Let every one who has seen black people in New York or Philadelphia, and those any where in the South and say what a difference in appearance—the first lazy, ragged, slothful, drunken and stupid, and the latter neat, active, wholesome and lively.

The Tread Mill is a very slight punishment, in fact it is play, it is in the disgrace of the thing the punishment lies. I found a great difference between the Tread Mill of Philadelphia and this; there were *nine* white men on the former, and but three on this, it being easier to turn. Two of these were bucksome young lassies, very modest, plump, and seemed to blush at my arrival, one of them particularly, as her handkerchief dropped from her handsome round bosom. The third was a man, also young. The girls were neatly dressed, and were doubtless the house servants. They grind corn into coarse meal, called *grits* and half *grits*, a kind of small hominy. I left them laughing at the idea of being an object of curiosity to strangers.

POOR HOUSE.

The keeper of the Poor House, as well as the keeper of the Work House, and Prison, was a very amiable, pleasant man: his name is John Humphreys, and styled master of the Poor House: he deserves much credit for his attention to the Paupers, who spoke highly of him, and looked neat and comfortable. There were 120 in all. They have meat once a day, and hominy and molasses, bread and tea twice a day.*

ORPHANS' ASYLUM.

I cannot speak so well of this Institution, though it seems to be the pride of Charleston. It certainly is a noble building, and stands in a fine situation. But the children did not look neat, and such was the ignorance of the master and the matron, that they could give me no information whatever; neither as to the cost of the building, number of orphans, or annual expense; and so little did the citizens of Charleston interest themselves in my visit that it can result but little to their advantage. They may consider themselves principally indebted to Dr. Holbrook, for the most of

* Mr. H. showed me a very fine child which was left at his door, and has never been owned since.

the information I obtained. But the Doctor could not attend me every where. I soon tired him down. I walked down three gentlemen in one forenoon, the Dr. was one of them: I dare say he remembers it. Had the people elected a *man* instead of a *Pink*, I would doubtless have been better attended. Let them act with more judgment next time. The citizens must blush for the meanness of their Intendant. I cannot conceive what sort of an animal he could be, thus to disgrace the whole South.

The citadel is a very extensive and costly structure, neatly enclosed by a high wall. The arms of the State are said to be deposited here, but I am unable to state any thing more of it.—The commandant did not make his appearance. I left a note for him, but he neither replied to it, nor called! He must have been a clown too.

The *Panorama* of the city of Mexico, was exhibiting in Charleston during my visit; and through the politeness of Dr. Holbrook, I was gratified with a view of this beautiful painting. It is generally known the public are indebted to the fertile genius of Robert Bufford, Esq. for this surprising work of art. It is painted on 2700 square feet of canvass, from drawings made on the spot, by order of the Mexican government. The whole piece is one profusion of palaces, churches, parks, gardens, balconies, pyramids, steeples, of stupendous height—while the beauful lake of Tezeuco and the Cordilleras, are visible, and heightens the beauty of the view. The streets cross at right angles and are neatly paved. People are seen on foot and on horseback, and so perfect is the imitation, that it actually seems real. The mountains are seen behind the city in sharp points, which are lost amongst the clouds.

I recived a pamphlet from the gentleman who attended the exhibition, descriptive of the piece, but my limits will admit of nothing but a brief remark. One instance may give some idea of the wealth of the place previous to the revolution, viz. £15,400,000 sterling was coined annually! The most prominent parts of the painting are the *Mint*, the *Amphitheatre*, and the *Cathedral*. The Amphitheatre will hold 3000 people where they assemble to see the Bull-fights. The Cathedral is 500 feet long, 420 wide, and took *ninety* years to build it. Most of the Churches in Mexico are said to be ornamented with massy gold

and silver in the interior. The painting is well worth the attention and patronage of the learned and the curious.

I visited but one Seminary, whether Academy, School, or College, I am unable to say, as I was mobbed by the pupils, the only sample I received of their improvement, they are the same formidable rabble I find at all our Seminaries, since they have fallen into the hands of the Presbyterians. Though I blame the citizens of Charleston generally, for surrendering their children up to infamous men, who teach them to be ruffians and blackguards. Yet I blame such men as Messrs. Drayton, Hayne, and Dr. Holbrook, much more: a few others may probably deserve the remark, but as I have not the honor to know them, they have escaped. Now that one, or all of these gentlemen, whose talents are sufficient to expose the fraud and cunning of those wolves in sheep's clothing, and not only depict them to the lowest understanding, but to point out the proper mode of instruction, should be tame and silent spectators of the destruction of every honest and noble principle in the rising generation, argues at least want of patriotism and independence. We might propose as a general question, whether a brief article written and signed by these gentlemen, on the subject of conducting Schools, would not receive the general assent of the citizens. It is the refined and polite that are to blame for the corrupt system of education which has completely overturned the progress of knowledge.

" Amongst other things Mrs. R. you must visit Mr. Courtney's School" or Academy (I do not recollect) said a friend—at that time I had not seen Mr. Courtney, nor was it necessary; always the patron of learning, I take the liberty whenever I travel, to visit all public Schools. Accordingly I called at the Seminary, as I approached the building which sits on a large square in the heart of the town, I discovered a number of youths at play on the square—but as the School hour drew near I walked on and entered the building: I found a few more youths at the door, and upon inquiry for the tutor or principal, they did not understand what I meant, and replied only by stupid grins: I walked in at the first door that offered, and finding a young man only in a large School room, I inquired for the teacher: he replied he was not in, and saying this, he walked out without further notice, and I took a seat to await the coming of the master. Meantime, the pupils surrounded the building, and assembled at the windows

peeping in, yelling and using every indecent epithet: I locked the door to keep them out, expecting the teacher would silence them when he came. They soon however, collected at the inner door, a gallery running in front of it which communicated with the outer door. They now began to thunder at the door, and continued to yell like wild beasts, and finally would have broken the door if I had not unlocked it; and such another rabble, excepting the University of Virginia, I never beheld. They were all well dressed to besure, but such language and behaviour, would disgrace pick-pockets, and doubtless I would have been torn in pieces, had not the teacher, (not Mr. Courtney) who was up stairs, came to my relief; and it was not till he threatened them seriously, he could force them to retire, while I hung to his arm for protection. This accounts for Mr. Courtney's conversion to Presbyteriansm; and such are all the Seminaries under their concontrol, so that when the great struggle arrives, which those pious hypocrites can explain, they will have "a disciplined army of cut-throats," ready to Dr. Ely's mind. Mr. Courtney is little aware of the motives of these traitors in inveigling him into their Church. Now, what parent who has a child at this School, can promise themselves happiness from a youth raised and tutored in this manner. It were better to let their children take chance in the streets amongst the negroes, whose manners are greatly superior. The gentleman disapproved of the regulations, and was much hurt at the conduct of the pupils, and after forcing them to their rooms, he very politely attended me part of the way home. I was pleased with his appearance and manners, but did not learn his name. He does not belong to the Blue-skins as yet, but doubtless he must either join them or resign. As for the members of Congress, they can get their sons educated at West Point, and their country may go to the dogs.

This evidence of the march of mind on Dr. Ely's plan, is more fully illustrated by the *graduates* of the Medical College, which took place while I was in Charleston.

I have in the first part of this work adverted to the lamentable fact, that the knowledge of medicine is nearly extinct; and what are called Medical Colleges, are nothing more than so many dens of speculators, to swindle the public first out of their money, and then turn armies of literal murderers loose upon them. I would feign hope there is still virtue enough left in our

country, if not love of life, to enact severe laws against any set of men who brave public opinion so shamefully. They ought to make it criminal in all Faculties who license an ignorant rabble to kill by law. At first it was *one*, now and then, and then by tens and by twenty's: but they are now turned loose by hundreds. From 140 to 150 of these legal murderers were licensed at Charleston, while I was there.

Ignorant as the people are in the city, they despise these *medical* murderers; and the evil is viewed with pain and horror. These students are a vulgar herd—from the interior, from the mountains, from little villages, and are mostly people of no fortune, no learning, no principle, and wishing to live without work, attend lectures at Charleston. But why need I say Charleston, it is the case throughout the Union. But to resume, these ignorant cubs are the terror of the citizens during winter, chasing negro women, insulting white women, frightening children, pilfering and rummaging shops, taking the streets and sidewalks, blackguarding and insulting every one they meet, and as ignorant, and more so than one half the negroes. "I am a Physician madam" said one of these hopefuls to me one day, when I asked some one "if that was not a *medical*." A medical student is the lowest character in Charleston, and always coupled with disgrace: to say they are impudence itself, is giving but a faint idea of a medical student: they are only equalled by the hopeful converts of the Gospel. Now the Faculty cannot help the ignorance of these fellows, but they could help giving them license. What the United States is to become, under this march of mind, needs no conjurer to tell. These fellows previous to their licensing receive certain subjects from the Faculty, upon which they are requested to diffuse, for instance, one is requested to explain the cause, symptoms and cure of one disease; and another must explain another, this they are requested to hand in or deliver, I did not learn which, to the Faculty previous to receiving their license. They immediately refer to some medical book, and as I am told transcribe it. Many of them however, are not able to do this, and procure some one to do it for him.

It was amusing to see them running into the book-stores and druggists, purchasing a few dollars worth of books and medicines, to commence killing, forthwith. "I hope I see you," is all they can say; you hear this whenever they meet, and this "I hope I see you," passes for ton; meet them an hundred times a

day, you hear nothing but "I hope I see you," and the response, "I hope I do." These are pretty fellows to tamper with human lives: if these quacks would only practice upon their brother hopefuls of the gospel, it would be no matter, but the innocent, as well as the guilty, fall under their hands. I hope this trifling with human life, will rouse the indignation of the people to elect members to their Legislatures, for the express purpose of putting a stop to this universal butchery.

I over-looked a Col. H. Hunt, a citizen of Charleston, a gentlemanly looking, stout young man, though he was not able to keep up with me.

That part of Charleston bordering on the harbor, is distinguished by "East and South Bay," and the prospect of the environs of the city, at this season, is one of matchless beauty. There are no wild rocks, nor rising grounds, but the whole city and its environs are literally covered with flowers of every hue. These are mingled with evergreens, of every description. The white and red rose, which grow to a vast height, and the beauteous jessamine, overspread the face of the land, while the air is perfumed for miles around.

The streets are paved and lighted, and planted with the china tree, which was just putting forth leaves, and formed a delightful shade. It would grow very high, but the citizens keep them trimmed. They likewise have a night watch, who cry the hour, and a man goes daily through the streets, with a cart and barrel of water, so contrived as to wet the streets while he drives through them.

The cellar-doors are left open during the day, and there is a wide alley between almost every house, and an extensive back-yard, kept surprisingly neat, and cooly shaded, attached to each dwelling. The town, however, I mean the buildings, are not handsome in the general, being mostly of wood, and low, many of them have piazzas. The water is not good, though better than that of New-York. There is no grass nor clover in this part of the State; the people sow oats and wheat—cut it when green, and feed it to their cattle and horses. Their cows are not larger than our two years old.

I have heard many great tales of the streets in Charleston deluging the people and houses with sand; this can only be said of the streets on the Bays. There are some handsome bridges and

machinery near the city, and when the rail-road, which is now under way, is finished, Charleston will doubtless revive, if not swallowed up entirely, by the blues and other sharpers, before that happy day. It is contemplated to extend the rail-road to Hamburg and Augusta. It will certainly be a great advantage to the market; but I fear there is neither enterprise nor talent enough in Charleston to prosecute the plan.

Amongst all the medical students, I was introduced to but one, the only gentleman, I was told, among them. This was a Mr. James Hughs, and though said to be best qualified among them, he was rejected by the faculty, for presuming to offend one of their highnesses, a blue-skin, I'll warrant. He lived in Columbia, S. C., and gave me a letter of introduction to his father; he was a very modest young man, and appeared much mortified that he was rejected, while so many ignoramusous were received. I advised him to go to farming, or any thing in the world before a quack.

At Charleston, it appears, I also met with G. Star Brewster, Esq. a very genteel man, but of what occupation or country, I am ignorant; likewise Messrs. J. D. Wright, D. M'Gregor and G. B. Tab, some where on my tour, I find their cards but nothing more.

HISTORY.

In 1670, Col. William Sayle, with a few emigrants, landed at Port Royal island, but in a few months they removed up Ashley river above Wappoo creek, and settled on the western shore, which they called Charleston, in honor of King Charles, II. The following year, another small colony arrived from Barbadoes, and introduced the *first* and for a considerable time the only slaves, into Carolina.

Owing to the shallowness of the water in Ashley river, for several miles below their settlement, which prevented vessels of any considerable size from reaching them, in 1672 they removed down to the point of land at the confluence of Ashley and Cooper rivers. The latter was then called Wando, and the land called Oyster Point; this settlement took the name of "Oyster Point Town," until 1680, when it became the seat of government, and received the name of New-Charleston. In 1682 it took its present name, and was incorporated in 1783.

After spending six days and a half in Charleston I bid it adieu and took the stage for Camden, at 1 o'clock, A. M. on Sunday; having, as already stated, reached Charleston the preceeding Sunday, at the same hour, P. M. wanting a half day to complete a week's visit. Every thing had been settled by my friends (no thanks to the Pink) and my kind and charming landlady, Mrs. Gallashot, had a lamp burning in her room, and coffee ready made—success to her, and as she is a handsome young widow, I hope she will receive the patronage of all the genteel widowers and bachelors who may visit the place.—She lives in King street.

As this was the second day of the glorious birth of young doctors, full of that vanity which always distinguishes ignorance when promoted, they were posting home, in all directions, and the stages were full for several days; of course I had a hopeful batch of young quacks to my share. They had discovered my name on the way-bill and would have postponed their departure, had it been possible; so, after holding a council with their pockets, they determined to hazard their wits to disappoint me, as I shall show.

When I have no friend in the stage, let the distance be ever so short, there are always a chosen few who take the proper steps to secure me from insult.* Accordingly on the previous evening, the stage driver, quite a genteel man, was brought into my parlor, and introduced, when he promise to pay strict attention.

My friends then withdrew, promising to see me in the stage at two o'clock, A. M.

Meantime the learned Doctors went to work to defeat my purpose, as they dreaded (and well they might) my company above all things. I am almost ashamed to publish a transaction, so far beneath the dignity of man, & am of the opinion that the person who asserted man, was only an improvement of the monkey species. But the plot would have disgraced children of eight years old, and proves the ignorance and imbecility of those unfortunate young men. They came in the night and nailed up the gate!! Lo! what a march of mind!! When the stage called for me (the hopefuls in) it was attended by a troop of these young quacks, to enjoy the fruit of their wisdom, and above all, my disappointment. The poor fools were not aware it might be possible to have two

* This would be needless, if they were gospel spreaders, in reality.

gates. The driver finding the front gate fast went to the other, on the corner; he was attended by Mr. Fox, of East Bay, who came to see me in the stage. He happened to know one of the "Hope I see you's," and introduced me, requesting him to pay attention to me. I laughed at the idea, to myself, as I had seen too many samples of these gentlemen's attention to confide in any of them. It was kind, however, in Mr. Fox, and Charleston is under great obligations to this gentleman. His care of me saved it from the hardest of the storm. Mr. Fox (a relative of the celebrated Fox of England) pressed my hand, and the stage drove off, while the "Hope I see you's," finding their efforts vain, stood gaping like fools, and revenged themselves, by raising a yell, as we drove off. As you all know puppies, I need not explain.

ROAD TO CAMDEN.

The curiosity of my readers must now be on tip-toe, and no doubt expect a real farce; they will not be disappointed; it was a comedy, outright. There were eight of the *Hopes*, a countryman and myself, the only female, in the stage making ten passengers. Though the moon shone bright, I was unable to distinguish any of their faces, but it was not long before I heard their voices and "hope I see you." He under whose care I had been placed, was the first to begin, and had he been any thing but a brute, he would, in some degree, have shown a sense of honor. There is a degree of honor I have heard among thieves, but the obscenity of these quacks would have disgraced thieves.

This fellow immediately commenced a series of obscene questions, addressed to one of his brother brutes, too shocking to think of, much less repeat, and finally they all united in blackguarding and horse-laughs, till daylight. During all this time I remained silent, grasping my purse tight in my hand, having been warned that light-fingers were not unknown amongst the "Hope I see you's."

At length daylight displayed the sweet creatures, whose vain looks proved they were ignorant of their ignorance; and the impudence concealed under a thick coat of brass, plainly bespoke that they considered themselves greatly my superiors.

As I had not the honor of being introduced, I shall introduce them as near as possible by the names of those things which they most resemble; and first, we have Dr. Noodle, alias Evans, from

Pike—Dr. Van-dunder-thump, from Columbia, S. C.—Dr. Slop, alias Obadiah Soap Suds—Dr. Sucking Bottle—Dr. Top Gallant—Dr. Twittle Twattle—Dr. Lackbrain—and the eighth was the only one who might be said to lay claim to decency amongst the Hopes. He was a small, plain, modest young man, dressed in domestic cloth, and neither joined with nor spoke to the hopefuls, during the day.

I was struck with admiration at the politeness and modesty of the young man, and am sorry I do not know his name, or destination. He appeared to great advantage contrasted with the others, and I am much mistaken if he does not excell them. He paid me great attention, and rendered me infinite service in keeping between me and Dr. Noodle, who doubtless aimed to pick my pocket, from his insolent intrusion.

When daylight disclosed their faces, the road being smooth, I opened upon them, looking them in the face at the same time. I bore down with all sail, upon their want of respect for a female, their want of all sense of honor, as men, as gentlemen, and citizens—drew a comparison between them and the brute creation; adverted to their reputation as physicians, which they must know was now about to be published to the world; that they were just entering upon the stage of action, for themselves, and their first acts would establish their characters forever; let their conduct be what it might hereafter, it would never be able to wipe out the disgrace of that morning—such wanton brutality would stamp their characters with eternal infamy.

One of them, Dr. Slop, had opened a book, one of mine, and asked me "who Mr. Hallowell was!" (Hallowell is a town in the state of Maine) Now what can be thought of a faculty who license such ignoramouses? a child of seven years old would have known better. Hereafter, I hope the faculty of Charleston will not expose themselves, and at least, if they disregard the crimes the tolerate, they will license none who do not understand geography. That such ignorant men should be allowed to tamper with human life, is a serious cause of complaint. Old women would be much safer, for if they did no good, they would do no harm. In Cincinnati, I am told, they get license to kill for $20; in Philadelphia, I think, they pay $40. but they pay roundly in Charleston, $150 is the price! shocking swindling! I trust that laws will be passed, to send every faculty to the state-prison, who dare trifle with the lives of their fellow-citizens in this shameful man-

ner. They would still make the same money, for when young men understand that they must possess the requisite qualifications they will acquire them. I was not backward in my argument, to convince these young bucks that they were nothing more than quacks.

They were astonished to find they stood so low, not only in my estimation, but in the estimation of the people of Charleston, where they had no idea of being taken for less than the first men in the state. "One hundred and fifty more licensed murderers, Mrs. Royall," said a gentleman to me, the next morning after they received their licenses. They all seemed to be affected but Dr. Van-dunder thump and Dr. Noodle. Dr. Van took it in high dudgeon—how much I dreaded him will readily be perceived. Dr. Noodle, as I afterwards learned, was from the border of Alabama, adjoining the Creek Indians. It is called the *State Pike*, by way of ridicule, the name of the county being Pike. It appears to be a harbor for people, obnoxious to the laws, and is divided into *Upper Hog Thief*, *Lower Hog Thief*, and *Middle Hog Thief*. It must be another Conwayboro'.

But the cream of the farce is, that this Dr. Noodle, whom it is given up, is but one degree removed from an ideot, was president of the gang; every one knows Dr. Noodle, and may judge of their choice. It was his task, as he was considered a great wit, to deal out bon-mots, while the company (all but the young man mentioned) would raise a horse-laugh, as each was delivered. His wit, however, never rose above "I hope I see you!" I never was among greater fools.

Had you heard them "I think I have an affection in my shoulder," another, "feel my pulse, and see if I hav'nt a fever," another, "I think I have an affection *on* the liver, I have thought so some time." Oh! the goose, who cared for his liver or his lights?

At length the stage broke down, no wonder, such a weight of talent! Nothing but an old woman's wits saved them from walking the balance of the way. One of the braces broke, which is easily remedied by putting a rail or pole under the body. But there was much difficulty in persuading the learned gentlemen to assist in raising the stage body, to put a pole under the brace—they would stain their delicate hands. The countryman laid hold at once, but his strength was not sufficient, and there we stood in the road; at length a negro came along, with two beautiful horses, they solicited his aid, but his horses, he was afraid, would

not stand. I coaxed him awhile, and told him one of the gentlemen would hold his horses. This was degrading, to be sure—I think they were the simplest upstarts I ever met with. Dr. Noodle, as the head man, refused outright to lay a finger on the stage. Then, sir, said I, hold the horses, you goose; it was the stage horses I meant, the driver being afraid to let go the reins. At length his Noodleship did condescend to stand before *our* horses, and the black man having tied his, I requested him to take a pole which I saw in the gutter, and we were soon under way, while they had the meanness not to offer him a cent, and unfortunately I had no change. The man was much of a gentleman though black, and seemed pleased that he had it in his power to be of service; he, as well as the beautiful animals in his care, belonged to some gentleman in or near Charleston.

Shortly after this, one of the lynch-pins broke, and after hunting in the bottom of the stage for some time, I found a small piece of iron which kept the wheel on, until we reached the dining house, where we hoped to change stages, or get a lynchpin made, but there was no stage, and the blacksmith was gone to church; but the landlord, a very clever man, by the way, procured something which answered the purpose. The landlord very politely ordered me a cup of tea, as I was quite outdone by the heat, the dust, and the———

I should have mentioned that we breakfasted at a house kept by Mrs. Gallishot's sister, who gave us a good breakfacst—she keeps a fine house.

The country through which we passed this day, was level and the road fine, but very dusty. We were soon in the long leafed pine, after leaving Charleston, though we passed some handsome country seats near the city, and the houses literally robed in the most beautiful flowers. The soil seems to be the favorite of flowers. On the small creeks we found the cypress, and the same profusion of myrtles, and evergreens, mentioned in North Carolina, long moss, &c. The country contains many fine streams of water.

About sundown I parted with the Hopefuls—my road turning out to the left, a northwest course. Dr. Topgallant was going with me, his residence lying in that direction. We took a two horse stage here which was in readiness.

While shifting the baggage, I stepped into the tavern to rest and found the proprietor a very genteel man. From the time I

left Wilmington, N.C. to this place. I appeared not to be known. This gentleman, whose name I am sorry I do not know, was however, familiar with my name, and expressed much pleasure at the interview. He was handsomely situated, and appeared every way worthy of patronage. For the few minutes I was there, I never witnessed more attention, or hospitality—success to him. We had now 20 miles to travel, the night dark, no lamps, most of the way thinly settled, and the *Santee* river to cross! before we reached our quarters. The driver however, quite a lad, was a fine fellow, and we went on well, till we came to the river, where the driver, after blowing his trumpet repeatedly for some time, had to leave the horses and go in search of the Ferrymen, who lived at some distance from the river. He found them fast asleep, and upon my threatening them, the negroes, with my Black-book,they very humorously replied, "L—d massy! Misses we black enough ready—god blessy Misses forgive us dis time, we never do so gin—you see how quick we put you over." They did so indeed, we were but a few minutes crossing, though it was a considerable stream. I could just perceive the surface of the water, and the opposite shore.

The Santee is a smooth, beautiful river, formed by the Congaree and Watteree. It is the largest river in South Carolina. It is connected with Cooper river, by a canal 22 miles in length.

After crossing the river, our road lay through a most terrifying swamp, for two miles and upwards, the horses not being able to go out of a slow walk. The driver said the road or swamp, was so unhealthy in the summer, and fall season, that people were afraid to travel it, and the mail in those months was carried in a sulkey.

At length, about 9 o'clock, we reached our quarters, which some of your *very* particular folks would have reckoned bad—but if it be any thing in the shape of a house, I care nothing about the balance. It was old, empty, and dreary, and the worst of it was, there was no tea. My beaux, Dr. Topgallant, had received such a lecture, not on anatomy, but manners—that he was also easy pleased.

I had a tolerable chamber, but neither lock, nor latch to the door; the Dr's. chamber a djoining mine, was in the same situation. I therefore resolved, if there was a prospect of danger in the night to run into the Doctors room for *protection*. We slept soundly however, till day-light, without molestation, and

the lady of the house, or rather the cook, had me a hot cup of coffee by times, and we were early on the road, with a new driver and fresh horses.

About 7 o'clock we reached the most beautiful country I ever saw in my life, bordering on the Santee; the land was rich, and level, and in a state of the highest cultivation: the fields seemed endless; and the grounds near the houses laid off into squares, gardens and avenues, of inimitable beauty. The avenues are planted with the wild orange, myrtle, and other evergreens. One of those seats had four rows of the orange tree, forming two avenues of considerable length, and of singular beauty. The trees were all of one height and shape, forming lines true to a hair; these were again bounded with hedges of roses of equal symmetry; summer houses, bowers, walks and gardens. It has no parallel in the north—it ought to have been called the land of flowers. The fences for miles were concealed with roses! we have no comparison for these! they are as tall as apple trees, and inexpressively brilliant, while their fragrance fills the air for miles. In the course of a few hours we lost sight of this beautiful region, and entered into thin land.

We had to go some distance to breakfast,and growing hungry, I stepped into a house, while the driver was watering his horses. The people were poor, and most of them sick, and had nothing but half of a cold broiled chicken: I gave them 12 cents, took the chicken in my hand, got into the stage, and eat it without bread.

I was to part with the Dr. at the breakfasting house: he seemed anxious to recover my favor, and appeared very penitent. He said he was indigent, and had a widowed mother to take care of, and spoke so feelingly, that I forgive him, and wished him success at parting. Had I travelled with the others a few days, I would doubtless have made converts of them too. We took breakfast at a very fine house, the lady was a *real* fine women,and having heard of me, refused payment, and not only this, but invited me to spend some days with her. The improvement in the state of society, in this part of S. C. is doubtless to be attributed to the enlightened Editor of the Camden Journal—one,if not the best editor in the State, who had spread my name far and wide, though I had never seen him. Such men are a treasure to their country, and worth a million of those canting hypocrites. The gentleman who knew me, the preceeding evening,

at the forks of the road, said "he had often seen my name in the Camden Journal."

I was now alone in the stage, had a civil driver, and the beauty of the scenery engrossed every power of my soul. I passed over the *high hills of Santee!* Whoever has passed through this part of the State, will readily concur that nature never formed more beautiful scenery. These hills, celebrated in history, consist of lofty heights, and deep vales, thickly clothed with timber, the road alternately rising upon their summits, and again sinking into rich vales. When on the heights you have an extensive prospect of hill and valley, for many miles, in all directions. At length, the hills assume a more even surface, and contains many very handsome farms,one in particular, the property of a Mr. Singleton, is a great curiosity—being at once the largest, neatest, and the most beautiful I ever beheld. The man, and the land must have been well matched—for more taste, more industry, or more beautiful fields are not to be found in America—high, rich and level. One field lay on the road, it was paled for about two miles on the road, and must have been laid off with the compass. The field was swarming with active, stout negroes, with white clothes on, some ploughing and some hoeing. But the house, the gardens, the avenues, and the hedges of roses: It yields to none. Hon. McDuffie married this gentleman's daughter. It was said this field contains 1000 acres.

We passed through a small town, (the name of which I do not know) the residence of the Governor of the State, who was then absent.

As we were to proceed to Camden, without dining, I asked a tavern keeper for some bread and cheese, for which he would receive no compensation, and I eat it in the Stage. The village was handsomely situated, and commanded a delightful prospect; as the road must run near the Wateree, the land is probably good, it grew very dark before I reached Camden.

I had written to a friend, (for he was a friend, though I had never seen him) Mr. Daniels, editor of the Camden Journal, some weeks previously, that I would certainly visit Camden, as well as the whole southern country. Camden had been the seat of my husband's conflicts in the revolution, and I longed to see it for his sake. I also longed to see it for its own sake, both from my own knowledge of the urbanity of the citizens, and from report. I therefore apprised my friends that I promised myself much pleas-

ure in their society. But when they heard I was at Charleston, a burst of grief, not unmixed with censure, appeared in the Journal. Charleston lying some distance south of Camden, they concluded that I would of course pass on to Savannah—up the Savannah river to Augusta, and so on south, through Milledgeville, which was the direct course. Had expedition been my object, I should undoubtedly have proceeded directly from *Fayetteville* to Camden, which was but one days drive! But then I should have missed Wilmington, where I likewise had many anxious friends: and had those of Camden known me as well as I trust they now do, they would not have doubted for a moment, as nothing but death could (then, or ever shall) divide us.

Camden was too strongly entwined round my heart ever to be separated. It had long been the subject of my too anxious thoughts!

They had however, by some means heard I was to arrive in the stage that evening, and a number of choice spirits were assembled at the stage house to receive me.

CAMDEN.

I shall never forget that memorable evening—nor shall I ever forget the thrill of pleasure I felt when the gentleman who help'd me out of the stage, said "I am *Daniels!*" Humble as the great may deem us, we yet have hearts, and hearts that feel. Mr. D. amidst a crowd, led me into the house, and I was soon surrounded by as true hearts as ever beat in human breasts. We were in fact all crazy, and it was with great difficulty the most sane part of the citizens could restrain the other part from firing a salute, they actually had powder and guns ready. Though I begged them to retire, urging my fatigue and want of refreshment, they hung round me till I took tea, while their hearts as well as my own, overflowed with joy. These were the happiest moments I ever felt! The dear creatures at length tore themselves away, and I was about to retire.

They all flocked in again next morning, and after being introduced to several gentlemen, not in the preceeding night, arrangements were made for escorting me round the environs of the town, as I wished to view those places where the sons of freedom fought and bled, in which my husband bore his part.

A carriage was provided, and attended by Mr. Daniels, and Col. McWillie: I passed through the principal streets. I then

visited the Monument, erected to the memory of the brave Baron *DeCalb*. Congress voted a sum for this purpose some time since, and the corner stone was laid by General Lafayette, when he last visited the United States. The cost was $2900. The base is of white granite, and the pyramid of beautiful white marble. It is 20 feet high: the corner stone was laid with masonic honors.

We next drove by the house where the British commandant kept his head quarters. It is a large two story frame building, fresh and entire, with the very same weather-boarding on it, and astonishing to tell instead of being dark or decayed, was fair and whiteish. The portico had been repaired and people were living in it. This house, the property of Mrs. English, is on the borders of the town, and was, with one or two exceptions, perhaps the only one that survived the conflagration of the British, who burnt Camden to the ground. In front of this house the British reviewed their army, and one of the trees which they planted in the ground as a stake merely to direct their centre march, is now green and flourishing. I stood for some moments on the ground, pondering upon the distress and conflicts of the citizens in those stormy times.

The engagement in which Gates was defeated, was fought two miles from Camden, where, I am told not a vestige of the battle or entrenchments remain. One object of remark in this part of the town is, the splendid mansion of Dr. *McCaa*, a most superb building.

I have already remarked that a friend of mine, Henry G. Nixon, of Camden, fell in a duel not long since. It appears he was killed in Augusta, and was brought to Camden to be interred. This gentleman was not only the pride of Camden, but the pride of mankind. Beloved he lived, and lamented he died. He was an Attorney by profession, polished, humane and generous as a prince: he was admired by all who knew him. The tear of the widow and the orphan flowed for his fate!—alas! that such a fate awaited such worth! cut off in the bloom of life! May distraction pursue the wretch, who robbed society of such an ornament. My friends anticipating my wishes ordered the driver to proceed to the grave. * * * * * *

* * The pang that wrung my heart, as my eye rested upon the fresh looking earth, that concealed all that remain of this amiable man, may easily be imagined. But I will not

harrow up the wounds of his friends! many hearts bled for him—peace to his shade. His parents still have a treasure, no way inferior, as I have mentioned in the 1st vol. of this tour. Dropping a tear to his memory, my friends after indulging me in silence some minutes, drove on.

We now proceeded across the town, through a long, handsome street, and passed the scene of the ravages of the late dreadful fire which had recently afflicted Camden. Some of the finest buildings were destroyed by this fire; it ran at an angle with the street I was in: it is also one of the principal streets, wholly destroyed. Dear city, the afflictions of Heaven fall heavy on thee!

The next object was, the house where Gen. Lafayette was received. It is a large, handsome building, and stands upon an eminence to our left. Our carriage stopped! "There" said Col. McWillie, pointing to the gate in front of the building "was the imposing scene." The wealth, the youth, and beauty that covered that spot, just there (pointing to it) I never saw before nor ever shall again. It was a glorious day, the sun shone bright, and Camden, adorned in all her pride, stood there. It appears that Camden, with the surrounding country, had made a splendid preparation for the reception of Gen. Lafayette, and upon a much larger scale than most of the southern towns, and from their liberality and high-minded patriotism, I readily believe it. The General spent three days in Camden.

The citizens of this State, as well as of North Carolina, are in the habit of building little summer residences promiscuously in the woods, on the tops of pine hills, and wherever they can find water; to these houses they retreat from the heat and dust of their towns. I saw many of those houses on this tour in the woods, not a garden or field to be seen, which have a romantic appearance: they are built without care or ostentation, merely as a protection from the weather.

Near to Camden are several groups of these cottages, which might be called another town, though I cannot say they have streets.

After a short drive from the Lafayette house, we came to one of those groups, built differently however, from those on the road, being smaller, and built with much care and neatness. This little paradise is the property of Dr. Blanding. These neat cottages stand near the Dr's. mansion, a very beautiful building, and

the wall is situated in the midst of flowers, bowers, and a summer house, forming a most inviting retreat.

We thence proceeded to the battle ground of Gen. Green, and Lord Rawdon, the first commanded the American troops, and the latter the British. Green's army occupied a conical hill, which we were then on, called "Hobkirk Hill," and the British between him and Camden. Green fought hard, but at length gave way and retreated to a swamp. The remains of several redoubts are still to be seen, and the graves, mostly Americans, are visible!! These are on each side of the road, and though on a high barren soil, the graves are overgrown with flowers, and a rich coat of fine grass, the only grass which I saw in the State, and mark the dimensions of the graves precisely!— As we stood in silence, contemplating the sweet repose of these long deceased, and never to be forgotten Hero's, we united in admiring that firmness of bravery which once shook the spot we were on, and the richness of blood evinced by those flowers—— which annually return to proclaim, and recall to our minds its unperishing fame.

We thence proceeded southward to a place called Kirkland. This was also renowned in the revolution. It is a piny ridge.— Upon this ridge, the first cannon was planted, and Lieut. Kirkwood being placed in command, rolled the balls upon the British as they came up the hill, and forced them to fall back, whence the place is called Kirkland.

A number of cool summer cottages are erected at Kirkland, not over a mile from Camden, to which the citizens retire in hot weather. It may be called a village, having a regular street.— Here they breathe the cool air, and drink the pure water of health and contentment. We now wound our way down the hill, through a forest of pines which were once peeled of their bark by Lieut. K's. balls, and over plains of flowers to the city. This was the first time I ever saw the brilliant red berry of the Holly. Hobkirk Hill I ought to have mentioned, took its name from Lieut. Hobkirk, of the Maryland line, and was the last man who planted the American Standard.

Here, as at Charleston, are found several wealthy and respectable Israelites; also a few of the rabble from Europe and the Yankee towns; these creep into the southern towns and carry on a picaune (fip-penny-bit) traffic with the negroes at first, and by degrees accumulate, and set themselves up in opposition to the

people of the land, though the last in merit. But few of the better sort of Yankees settle in the south; now and then, however, it happens that they do. They remind me of a remark I once heard upon the Irish, viz: "When they are good, there are none better—when bad, none worse."

To begin with the citizens of Camden, one of the first as well as the best men in the place, is a Yankee, though he now unites all the warmness of heart of the true Yankee, with the refined urbanity of the south. Every one is aware I mean none other than Mr. Daniels of the Camden Journal; he has resided long in the southern country, and is a real southern, in every sense of the word; learned, liberal, polite and ingenious—he is beloved by all who know him. C. F. Daniels, Esq. is rather a small man, and light make, under middle age, a neat figure, with a thin, round face, neither fair nor dark, and a keen, dark gray eye; his countenance is staid, firm and steady, and upon the whole he would be taken for a stern philosopher. I never saw the semblance of a smile upon his countenance in our many interviews, but his language, his manners and his actions are all of a piece, and breathe the essence of philanthropy. He is not only all-soul, as the phrase is here, but all heart, which overflows with the milk and honey of human kindness. I had long been an admirer of Mr. Daniels, having been familiar with his fame as a gentleman and an Editor, and was disappointed in but one thing, viz: he greatly exceeded my anticipation. He is an Editor whom every one likes; never bitter, but often feeling, witty, and sometimes sarcastic, and such are his talents and independence, that few care to engage with him. In short, I know few men his superiors, take him on any ground, and were I to trust my life to the honor of any man, he is the one. I am rather under the impression that his worth and honor constitute his earthly possessions.

Col. William M'Willie.—It is difficult to portray this gentleman's character. He has all the soul and warmth of Mr. Daniels with one of the finest figures and the most expressive faces in the world. Whoever has visited Camden, remembers Col. M'Willie—if they forget every one else, they never fail to repeat the name of M'Willie. He is a young, tall, portly figure, but his countenance and manners, for modesty and sweetness of expression, ease and elegance, would defy the ablest pen. If I were a judge, I would say he was a model of grace, beauty and manliness. His face is fair, rather oval, his eye dark, soft and

bashful, glows with a soul-searching kindness; but the innocence of his smile, his smooth, sattin voice, and the modest sweetness of his countenance is unsurpassed by the babe; to all this he unites loftiness of manners, adorned with inimitable grace and warmth of feeling. He certainly is the most captivating being in the south.

Some ladies, on horseback, passed by our carriage, during our excursion. I remarked to my friends that their ladies rode well, and made some remarks on the beauty of their horses. "Yes, Mrs. Royall, we have fine horses, and our South Carolina girls know how to ride them—we have the finest horses and the finest girls in the Union," said the Colonel, and upon reflection I think he is right, for I never saw ladies of greater beauty, or that rode with more grace.

Thomas Salmond, the Intendant, (Mayor) I beg his pardon, he should have had the precedent. But I am like millers, they must take their turn. Though the Intendant was not able to call on me the first day, he sent two members of the Council to welcome me, and see that I was comfortable; he did not forget that among his other duties; unlike the Pink of Charleston, who would do well to take pattern by the former, he deported himself as every gentleman always does. The Council deputed by him, welcomed me in the name of Camden, and gave the landlord particular charge to attend me, and though I esteemed this mark of respect, as I ought, yet every gentleman (and there are not a few) in Camden was devoted to me while I remained there.

Mr. Salmond is a Scotch gentleman of considerable wealth and great elegance of manners, without any pride or parade. He is one of your *real* gentlemen: besides his property in S. C., he owns a considerable plantation in Alabama, yet he is not above serving the friends of his home, and is one of the most industrious and benevolent men within the bounds of the state. He is a stout, middle-aged man, with a full, fair face, somewhat marked with the small-pox; he is dignified, prompt, and manly in his manners, one of your thorough-going business men, who, nevertheless, at once sees and relieves the wants of the poor, and lends his talents to the rich. He may be called the *key-stone* of Camden; he is heart and hand against the tract craft and all kinds of craft. Had I my way, (now Noah grins) I would make R. M. Johnson, President of the United States, and his worship, Sal-

mond, Vice-President! and friend Daniels, I believe we will let him guard our liberties.

The Jews, always favorites of mine, ever since one of the noble race saved me from famishing in Philadelphia, same time I called on Dr. Ely, when the brute ordered me off. These gentlemen, as in Charleston, are amongst the most upright, honorable men in Camden. The first of them are Col. Chapman Levy, also an attorney. The Col. is a middle-aged man, a tall, handsome shaped figure, thin visaged, rather dark, with a piercing eye and fine, gay, open countenance; in his manners, he is affable, candid and friendly; he is a man of taste and information, much beloved and respected in Camden. He is now, or has been, a member of the state legislature. Such is his probity, and such the confidence of the people, that he could be elected to any office.

Haman Levy, Esq. perhaps a brother, is a wealthy merchant, in Camden. He is of common height, a good figure, round face, dark complexion, with a full, black, sparkling eye; he is accomplished and pleasing in his manners.

Dr. A. De Leon, another respectable Israelite, is a young looking man, with a keen, intelligent countenance, penetrating eye and very dignified address, though warm-hearted and friendly. All these Jews are Masons; of course they are humane, friendly and liberal to the whole human race, and are, above all men, tolerant.

If any man in Camden excelled in kindness and respect for me, it was Capt. John Boykin, a brother-in-law, I think, to the Governor of the state. His whole time, to a moment, was mine; he embraces more generosity and impassioned tenderness of heart, than any human being of my acquaintance; his kind attention knew no bounds, and this is his general character. He was the first man, as he informed me, who supported Gen. Jackson for the Presidency, in South Carolina. This extraordinary man is about thirty years of age, of middle height, not handsome; but his countenance is the picture of benevolence. But there is little difference in the people of Camden, the nursery of every virtue that ennobles man.

William J. Grant, Esq. a descendant of the noble family of that name, is a thin, spare figure, fair face and a full, sparkling black eye; his countenance very engaging, and manners gentlemanly in the highest degree.

Capt. William B. Hart, an attorney, is a young, handsome figure, full, round face, gentle blue eye, and a very pleasant man.

Henry G. Loper, Esq. is one of the finest men in Camden.—He is a merchant, and a young, tall, manly figure, fine grey eye, dark visage, very pleasing and familiar.

A. W. Noel is an attorney also, a young man, stout make, oval intelligent face, and very promising.

Col. Morris Wheeler is nearly six feet in height, and well shaped, with a high, smooth forehead and fine Grecian features. His eye is a mild blue, his hair auburn, and his countenance sprightly. He and W. N. Wood, Esq. are from New-Jersey.

Mr. Wood is a very young and handsome man, with a profusion of glossy hair, and is a saucy rogue, too.

Doctors John and William M'Caa, are both very gentlemanly pleasant men. I believe the physicians will out number the lawyers. I find another Doctor, Anderson, represented to be a stout, genteel man.

Col. John C. West, a merchant, is a very interesting man, of handsome appearance, affable, generous and polite. He is much respected in Camden.

Dr. David Evander Reed is a tall man, erect and imposing, though slender, and a gentleman of much ease and freedom of manner. His face is fair and oval and his countenance bespeaks him candid and liberal.

I shall be obliged to visit Camden again, as we were all in such a delirium of joy and uproar, myself not the least, that I find from the notes, my sketches of portraits in Camden are the most imperfect of any in my travels. This is, perhaps, the best character, I mean the truest, I could give of this delightful spot.

Col. Nixon, the father of my deceased friend, called amongst the rest; we were both deeply affected at the interview. He was silent, and so was I; but we felt to the heart, the irreparable loss of so much excellence—I mingled my tears with his! But he has still comfort left, in his amiable and surviving son, whom I saw at the Virginia University. The Colonel grew sick, drew his chair near the fire, and leaned upon his hand—oh! how I felt for him: I handed him a bottle of essence which seemed to revive him. This amiable man, as may be supposed from his noble sons, stands pre-eminent in every grace, and in every virtue. He is still a young looking man, with a face of singular sweetness

and expression; he is of good size, with a full, soft black eye, round face and arched brow; his features are without fault. May Heaven shower its choicest favors upon thy head, amiable man; I share thy wo.

It so happened, that sundry gentlemen had been at a party in the neighborhood, and several of them called at Camden, and of course, upon my *Royal*-ty. They were all your hot spur's, high minded and full of glee, quizzing, and mischief, participating in the general joy, their urbanity knew no bounds. It was nothing but skipping and spouting, jesting and romping about, the whole time; we had a complete comedy of it. No wonder I forgot every thing I ought to have remembered: these wild rogues said I "must give my studies to the winds." Of all people, the southerns are the closest followers of nature, gay, lofty, artless and candid, alike unawed and unaffected, they indulge in a freedom of thought and action, unknown in our states But this is only found in those untainted with the plague, I mean priestcraft; these are here, as every where else, grim, barbarous, and savage.

Amongst those was a Mr. Clarke, Editor of the Telegraph, somewhere; he was a complete comedian, and ought never to be off the stage. His eye, his countenance, his figure, conversation, and even his clothes, were all of a piece, and inimitably comic. He was of good height, quite a young man, and very slender, particularly his legs, which were all of one thickness, like a pair of tongs, and to set them off they were covered with brown inexpressibles, as tight as the skin. To finish his theatrical dress, he wore a bob-tailed, no named coat, which he kept buttoned close to his body, and ludicrously cut, even to a notch, all round, and as full as a woman's dress. His herewith slender legs showed to admiration, and no one was more pleased than himself at his comic appearance. In going through his part he often came in contact with my papers and equipage, in his theatrical sweeps; sometimes taring off a paper, and at others dipping the tail of his *stumpy* coat in my bowl of tea. His action and countenance on these occasions, though not intended, was the most highly finished picture of comedy.

Hilarity and laughter departed with him and his companions, who set off to tell the people of Colombia I was soon to be there; but the wags found so much food for mirth on the road that I arrived there before them. But to return to Camden: there

remains to be mentioned Messrs. John Peay, William Caran, C. J. Shannon, Jonathan Ecles, and Colonel Thomas Inis (I think is his name); the latter lives at Mount Hope, near Lancaster, S. C.—all fine, warm-hearted men. Besides these, Messrs. Addison, Liverpool (an Englishman), Adamson, Comee, Whitaker, Applewhite, and Cook,—the two latter very young, pleasant men. These are all I recollect, and are alike high minded, polite, and liberal

One Hatfield, a blue-skin, thought he might slip in unperceived; but I instantly challenged him, and expressed my surprise that such a man was countenanced. "We did not know it, madam; how can you tell?" Any one might tell I asked, "what brought him to Camden?" Imagine my grief when informed he was at the head of an academy! Is this not distressing! To think that these refined people should be gulled by these traitors. Oh that they had the courage to drive them out of their country "But gentlemen," said I, "why would you set this Presbyterian over your youth, do you not perceive him to be an ignorant clown?" "We did not know him, he was a stranger, he has not been long here." "And would you place a stranger at the head of an institution of so much trust?" "He brought a letter of recommendation to Mr. Davis." And who is Mr. Davis?—a blue-skin priest." Thus we are going under the hammer, and that too with our eyes open. These Presbyterians are in possession of all our strong holds, and if they give them up without bloodshed, I am much mistaken. If they, as I perceive they have, been able to set up their standard in the patriotic south, there is no hope They own all the cash, the United States Bank, and presses; they control the army, the navy, and West Point, and have put down the only periodical paper of any value in our country, the North American Review! This paper is now wrenched from the Unitarians (shame on the cowards) and goes for stopping the mail on Sundays.

If there be a man of patriotism (which is doubtful) on the SUBSCRIPTION list of the North American Review, I hope he will no longer support a paper that undermines his liberty. This paper is now, not only edited by some knave, but a fool, and hundreds of dollars are gulled out of the people for this stuff because it was once a fine paper. I see, too, that they are endeavoring to overturn Cambridge University! God send them

speed, I mean their God, and that they may *Salemize* every cowardly Unitarian as they certainly will; not but they would have commenced *butchering* before now, had (as they expected) Gen. Jackson came out a professed Presbyterian. To this end they had fortifications (churches) erected over the whole country; and while I am upon the subject, I will introduce the opinion of an able counsellor, who said that the ring-leaders of this conspiracy, such as Dr. Ely, are subject to the laws enacted against conspirators, and I should not be surprised to see them tucked up. This will be another black list, for if once the people are roused, they will not be satisfied without a complete vengeance.

This discovery destroyed our harmony and pleasure for that day; I do not know that I ever felt more indignation. Hatfield, I understood, was making ready to leave the place; a low-bred, gallows looking Yankee, it would have taken an hundred men to have brought him face to face with me again. It is plain they do not believe, as they do not trust in a God. No wonder the south is prejudiced against the north; look at Charleston, filled with the sweepings of the Yankee towns, and playing the game here of catching fippenny bits, and much worse things from the negroes. It is unpardonable in this noble race, that they do not carry on business, and encourage their own people, and let those outlaws pass on. No! this would hurt their pride; a lady cannot carry the smallest packet in her hand, she must have a servant at her heels. Here are the refuse of all nations, creeping in; the fate of Charleston, one would reasonably think, might open their eyes.

I fell upon another blue-skin, one Douglass, a low-bred Scotchman. I am sorry to see this noble name coupled (for the first time, however,) with meanness. He looked vengeance at me, as I passed him by accident.

I also saw an unfortunate man at Camden, by the name of M'Donald, who said he was a brother to Gen. M'Donald, of Baltimore, and a Lieutenant in the last war. It is strange that the General, if he is his brother, does not provide for him, as he needs a friend.

STATISTICS.

Camden contains a court-house, mayor's hall, a splendid masonic hall, an orphan asylum, a prison, a market house, 3 church-

es, a male and female seminary, and 2,500 inhabitants. It suffered a severe loss by fire, just before my arrival, but they were rebuilding. The monument I have mentioned; there is also a beautiful bridge over the Wateree, built by Mr. Towns of New-Haven, Connecticut. The Wateree is navigable for boats to Camden, and is a beautiful, smooth stream; it unites with the Santee sixty miles below this. The scenery on the river is very handsome, and the land on its banks very rich and productive.

Camden is situated upon a beautiful, rich plain, near the Wateree, and though the houses are not showy, it contains many handsome buildings and most charming gardens—the best business houses were burnt. The prospect from any part of Camden is extensive, but lacks hills and dales, excepting on one side. The water of Camden is good, and its trade flourishing.

HISTORY.

Camden was finally settled in 1768, by Joseph Kerkshaw, said to be a most benevolent man, the friend of humble merit, and the never failing friend of the distressed.

Hon. J. Blair is a member of Congress, from this district, and singular! Gen. Jackson, Gen. Blair, and the present Governor of South Carolina, were all born in *Waxaw*, not far from Camden. The Catawba Indians were the aborigines of S. C.

Lord Cornwallis, in the Revolution, took up his residence in the mansion of Mr. Kerkshaw, the founder of Camden.

I ought to have noticed my Bookseller, Mr *Young*, particularly as he is opposed to Tracts, he deserves encouragement. Mr. Young is a genteel, intelligent man, and very obliging. Likewise a Mr. McTeeth, who was born *with* teeth, a singular coincidence.

I forgot too, Mr. Andre, one of the counsel, an amiable man. Mr. A. is a tall, elegant figure, and like his townsmen, the prince of hospitality. Mr. *Adison*—In haste, I forgot to state he is the printer of the Camden Journal, and a most worthy, respectable man: we exchanged several visits, and the boys in the office, *dear* fellows, they almost devoured me.

I must not forget the *march* of mind in the South Carolina Legislature, who granted all the escheat estates to the Orphan Asylum, amounting to 30 or 40,000 dollars. This sum is now in the

hands of the Presbyterians! Bravo! they know how to clinch the *cash!* Shame on South Carolina—going to the dogs, like Virginia ; and the Christian Almanack selling in Camden by the (Postmaster) for 12½ cents. The poor fellow was much alarmed when I detected him, and presented me with a treaties on gardening. It was inscribed as follows: "Presented by J Eccles, of Camden, to Mrs. Anne Royall, as a tribute of respect to her genius." It contains 12 pages, and is no doubt a useful work.—But had he been a Blue-skin, all the tributes would not have saved him: he was a mighty Methodist. Strange that men want to be any thing but honest men. I cannot see through it.

At length the trying time arrived, when I had to part with friends, dear to me as life. My bill was paid by the City Council ; and on the third day, after dinner my friends gathered round me to take leave: my heart was pained to the core—the thought of being severed from souls of such feeling and worth, was bitter indeed! I could have expired amongst them—we pressed hands in silence and I stepped into the stage! Imagine my feelings, upon receiving a parting address on behalf of the town, delivered by the amiable and accomplished Daniels. The citizens, with hats off, in deadly silence listened. The pathos, the eloquence, the depth of feeling, the warm sensibility, the touching strains in which the speaker portrayed the qualities and services of my deceased husband—the delicacy of terms in which he alluded to myself—the pleasure of my visit, and my arduous pursuits, entwined our hearts in the most indissoluble friendship. Tears dropped from several, and overpowered by my feelings, I waved my hand in silence, and the stage moved off!

It was late in the day when we left Camden. I had but one passenger in the stage, a middle aged man, from Baltimore: he was a Cabinet, or rather a Piano-Forte maker, as I afterwards learned. He was poor company, and had sundry oddities about him, such as talking to himself and whispering. He spoke a little, and sung a little, to pass off the time. I pressed him to sing myself, as I was low spirited, after parting with my friends, but his music was little better than his wispering.

I tried the driver for a song, but he could not sing at all, and all the amusement I had, was the activity of a sucking pig, which followed the coach for nearly a mile. The poor little thing had been separated from its dam, and being attracted by the sound of

the coach took into its head to follow us, mistaking it for its parent.

The land was rich, and the country charming, while we followed the river, but we soon left it, taking a southern direction. After leaving the river our road led us up a gentle eminence, and we were once more in the long leafed pine, with few inhabitans.

We stopped to change horses and stage at a small village, and an indifferent tavern. But the women were fat, kind and friendly. I saw but little of the country however, as it soon grew very dark, and continued so till we reached

COLUMBIA,

34 miles from Camden. When the coach stopped at the stage house. Mr. *Pianoforte* having witnessed the attention paid to me at Camden, the nature of which he could neither appreciate nor comprehend, like all conceited fools who envy what they cannot imitate, took it upon himself to do the honors of *beauing* me into the tavern. I scorned his impertinance, still more than his oddness, and told the driver to tell the landlord or barkeeper to come to me. I was not acquainted with the man, he was not introduced, and by the way he had a repulsive impertinence about him which I disliked. When he found I refused his hand, "here, here" said Piano, "bring a chair, quick, make haste, why don't you run." I ordered him to begone; and although my friends who went on before to apprise Columbia I was to be there that night, had not arrived, I was politely and promptly attended.

A very genteel man led me in, and taking me up to the second story, left me in the largest and most splendidly furnished parlor I was ever in in any part of the Union. It wanted little, if any, of being equal to the east room in size or beauty! More costly or more highly finished furniture I never at any time saw in a public house, and it is the first time I ever found the owner and house equally matched, and a third remark is no less due, the bar-keeper was equally accomplished. I surveyed the room in astonishment, and in a few minutes a chamber-maid came in to set my table for tea, after which to my infinite joy, she showed me an elegant chamber, adjoining my parlor.

One of my greatest luxuries is to have a chamber near my parlor, where when weary with my pursuits, I can retreat and come forth merely by opening a door. Thus I was blessed, and though I had the same comforts at Camden, I had not half the splendour.

Next day about 10 o'clock, my gentlemen who were to go on before, came on behind. I suspect they called to see every pretty girl on the road. One was a Mr Clifton, who lived in Columbia. Mr Clark I have mentioned.

I had had a misunderstanding with a Mr. Cunningham who had recently lived in Wilmington, N. C. He was now deputy Postmaster at Columbia. I had sent him word not to let me catch him in the bounds of the Union; and when the stage stopped at the Post Office to put out the mail, Cunningham came to the stage door and asked "if Mrs R. was in the stage," I replied harshly enough in the affirmative, knowing it was C.

Next morning he was the first man to call—we soon adjusted our difference, and in a moment were warm friends—there is no middle ground with me.

I had a letter from my friend, Capt. O'Hanlen, of Wilmington, to his brother James. The letter was despatched early in the morning, and my interview with Mr Cunningham was hardly concluded till Mr. O'Hanlen came—they just saluted, and went off to apprise and bring in their friends, as I apprised them of the shortness of my visit. The parlor was soon filled, and I thought myself in Camden! the only difference, doubtless, was in the associations of the latter.

I had seen Mr. McLean, the contractor, at Washington City, he was a host in himself. He happened not to be at home when I arrived, but came in that morning, and I now could have carried the town against all odds: there was Mr. Cunningham, he would have died for me; and Mr. McLean would have fought an hundred duels for me, though one of the best tempered men in the twenty-four States; and as for O'Hanlen, he would have gone to Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope, or any other Cape, to have challenged any man who would have dared to intrude upon me: though now I think of it, he did get offended because I had one of these non-comparisoned *fops* ordered out of the room. But O'Hanlen, though not quite so straight forward as his brother, the Captain, is nevertheless a good fellow, and would be great

if it were not for Mc. one of the greatest tormenters of his life. Whoever wishes, I mean whatever traveller may happen to pass through Columbia, if they wish for mirth, a treat of real comedy, let them take a ride with Messrs. McLean and O'Hanlen. The former is the greatest wag that ever fell in my way—facetious, witty, ingenuous and buoyant. The latter, rather taciturn, if his tormenter would not force him to talk in self defence. They are sworn friends, and the very soul of good nature, and hospitality. In two things only, they differ—O'Hanlen is a very pious Methodist, and is rather shy of the ladies; on the other hand, McLean is a great admirer of the fair sex, and pretends to no religion at all. Finally, it was agreed that these my friends should take me in a carriage, and show me the town, the public buildings, the river, the bridge, and whatever I wished to see.—Mr. Black of the Bank, furnished the carriage, and off I went as light-hearted as a lark, with my two beaux.

I read (as you would read a book) in their faces, the entertainment that awaited me. as we stepped into the carriage, but the beauty of the town engrossed all my attention till I had seen the most of it.

Columbia is a beautiful town on the Congaree, a smooth, sweet flowing stream, navigable for steam boats to this place, and uniting with the Wateree. 60 miles below this, forms the *Santee*, so that they have *ees* enough. The Santee, so celebrated in history, is the largest river in South Carolina, and unites with the ocean, 12 miles below York, 60 miles northeast of Charleston. Columbia is one of the most beautiful towns in the Union, and is the present seat of the State government of South Carolina.—For health or beauty it is not excelled by any town I have met with in my travels.

It stands on high ground, with a gentle descent at all points, and for beauty it has no parallel in the South. Viewed from any point, the whole town may be seen; all the streets are wide, and straight, and cross at right angles. The public buildings are showy, large and well built, mostly of brick, and the suburbs are equally beautiful: it is doubtless the handsomest site for a town in the State.

After driving to the several public buildings, and the bridge, over the Congaree, we returned, while I laughed my very soul out at that tormenter, McLean. Had I been in O'Hanlan's place

I would have challenged him forthwith. But O'Hanlen, innocent as a babe, acknowledged part of the allegation, and charged McLean promptly with throwing temptations in his way. Mr. O. being very pious and very innocent, the mischievous Mc inveigled him into a love affair, and the bait took; but O. said he repented sincerely, and would never be caught again—"it was this vile rogue's doings" said O'Hanlen, and doubtless it was: with all the elements of mirth, Mc is full of frolic and fun, but the best natured, and the best tempered, and on every ground, one of the best men in the world! Mr. *McLean* I mentioned under the head of Washington City, in 1st vol. having seen him by accident when he came on for the contract. He has been a contractor for the mail some time back: but I now viewed the man at my leisure—the soul of honor and philanthropy—the favorite of the graces: he can muster more resources from every quality that enobles man, than most of my southern friends, which is the highest compliment any American need court. He is in the prime of manhood. rather low, but his features and countenance are handsome and interesting I asked him (as he spells his name like the late Postmaster General) "if they were related," he said he could not tell—the Postmaster *wanted* to claim kindred with him, but he cared nothing about it: "this is like him," I never knew a mean man of the name. I do not know which side the honor would lie, if he was not such a tormenter of the innocent O'Hanlen.

James O'Hanlen, Esq. of Columbia, is a younger and a taller man than his brother, the Captain, of Wilmington, and though an attorney, and equally amiable, has not half the good sense and point of his brother. He is a pale looking man, neither handsome, nor the contrary—gentle, modest, and pleasant: he is a very amiable man, though a Methodist; and if it were not for that sly Mc who is forever (I would whail him, Methodist or no Methodist) throwing temptations in his way; and yet O. loves him dearly. Mr. O. is an attorney, and a better man so far as he goes, need not be—but he has neither the decision nor discernment of his matchless brother.

He showed me the house they were both born in, which was in Columbia.

I had but two days to spare for Columbia! still keeping New Orleans in view—a quadruple heat to contend with—the heat of the climate—the rapidly approaching season, and my "quick

time" travelling, of course the pleasure of my friends at Columbia, as well as my own, was actually sacrificed to this polar star of my tour. Knowing this, they were continually pouring into the hotel. Mr. *Pardee*, the proprietor of the U. S. Hotel, where I put up, and his assistant, Mr. Taylor, never had two more laborious days! one or the other continually coming up with company! and never was the duty of a hotel in better hands! Both real gentlemen, and men of liberal education; and for the honor of New England, both Yankees! Not your trash which flock to these southern towns to swindle the people—but your right down clever fellows. I pitied them sincerely—exhausted with fatigue, Mr. Pardee came into my parlor nearly fainting, through himself in a chair on the night of the second day, and said "I could not stand it another day:" not a man entered my parlor without his presence and permission, or that of Mr. Taylor.—This is the way to conduct a public house. Mr. Pardee is a young man, with a tall, elegantly formed person, quick and graceful in his movements—polite, prompt, and obliging in his manners, with very handsome features—all this joined to the elegance and size of his house, the best table, and attentive servants, renders his house a paradise, and worthy the patronage of every traveller: he is the best man, and the best tavern-keeper I ever met with.

I was highly amused with some strollers, rather shabby, dirty looking gawks, who stopped with him while I was there. When they came to pay their bill, (I think it was a dollar per day) they were much astonished and displeased, and rather disputed the bill. The sight of his elegant furniture, the most superb I ever laid eyes on in a tavern, was worth the money, to say nothing of reposing on his fine beds, &c. If he had not been the best disposed of men, he would not have taken them in. From Boston to Columbia, I never saw a more splendidly furnished tavern. Poor Mr. Taylor, I pittied him too, though he was rather stouter than Mr. Pardee. He had a hard time of it, and if *they* sunk under the wait of fatigue, of two days, both in the prime of life, how must I have stood it, receiving so many from day to day, a dozen at a time, introduced to every one, and must say something to each, these would scarcely be down stairs, till another party would come! thus it is continually. My friends who attend me in this, the most laborious by far of my duties, must have some idea of the sacrifice I make for my country, when

they reflect that it is unceasing. At every town, I have to go through the same labor, for it is truly labor. It is not like common levees; there they merely salute and pass on! But here, they gather round me, I have to look and scrutinize the face, the manners, and countenance—converse and write, and often take my meals, all at the same time; and such a number of people too, as call on me; one half of them doubtless from idle curiosity—but though these soon took their flight, they are nevertheless alike the objects of my attention.

However flattering it may be to attract such attention, my friends are aware that such oppressive duties would exhaust the most youthful and robust constitution, and after receiving company the whole day, and often till bed time, have to write or travel and often both, several hours of the night, it must excite astonishment, how flesh and blood can endure it. The only rest I have is in the stage (I write in the steamboats) and two or three hours (sometimes not one) of sleep.

For the time I saw more company at Columbia than any of the southern towns, excepting Warrenton, Va. and such was the crowd, that it was impossible to notice the half of them.

Mr. John G. N. Taylor, who acted as assistant at the United States Hotel, as I have said, is a young, stout man, with an elegant figure, handsome features, and a noble countenance. I am under eternal obligations to this gentleman for the kindness with which he guarded the avenues to my parlor, and his untiring attention. He suffered none but known gentlemen to approach me; this is always a very difficult, and by far the most arduous imposition on my friends, as the proscribed are always the most anxious to see me. But they met with their man in Mr. Taylor; I was protected from every thing of the rabble kind. To this Mr. Taylor was prompted by his sense of honor and respect for himself and the house. Mr. T. is a most worthy man and a pattern of genuine politeness.

Mr. Cunningham, with whom I had a difference, but which is now forgotten, is a young, good sized man, handsome features, keen blue eye and pale visage. He also, being one of my attendants, had a hard time—he is much respected in Columbia. The firmness with which this gentleman met and discussed the charges I had against him, and his candid acknowledgments, proved highly honorable to him. We parted warm friends.

Col. E. H. Maxey, another favorite name of mine, is Mayor of Columbia, or as they are called here, Intendant, very politely called, and welcomed me in the name of the town. Col. Maxey is a young looking, spare man, of middling height, with an oval, thin face and a piercing black eye. He is mild and winning in his manners, and every way a pleasant man.

Joseph A. Black, Esq. I shall never forget him, a greater quiz never lived—all good nature, and at once a perfect southron, lofty, high minded, gay and ironical, wealthy and generous as Van Rensselaer, plain as a country farmer, in his dress, amused me no little in pleading for the Post Master, Dr. Green. I had had an affair with the Doctor, not a love affair by any means, we were both too old for that; it was rather of a contrary nature, something about the Post Office. Mr. Black plead like a lawyer for Green, and after a long speech succeeded. But unfortunately, in the course of the day, somebody told me Green was a religious character! this undone the whole business, for of all characters they stand the lowest with me. Mr. Black coming in, in the evening, I told him it would not do, Green must go out. "Oh! Mrs. Royall, now I thought you were friends with the Doctor, is it possible, now, that I have to plead his cause over again?" It will not do, sir, he must go, and besides his hypocritical canting he is rich; let some poor, honest man, if you can find one, have the office. "Now Mrs. Royall, Green saved all our lives in the late war; if it had not been for him we would have perished for bread; you like charitable people—why, Green fed the whole of us poor devils in the war. He had a large trough, and would call us up like pigs and squeeze our heads into it; you laugh.—Well, it was the same thing, a parcel of poor devils were going to school here and had no money, hundreds were fed by Green! Some came back and paid him, but the most of them never paid him a cent. Now I know you like people of this principle; come now, for my sake, forgive Green." Oh! the coaxing rogue, how sly he came round me—nor am I the first woman, I suspect, brought over by his silver tongue. He certainly did plead most fervently for Green, and I gave him my word. Mr. Black is rather a middle aged looking man, of good height, spare and thin visaged , and benevolence beams in every feature of his face and glows in his eye. He has few equals in S. C.

I find another Black, Samuel R. Esq. probably a son of the former, a young, thin figure, of genteel appearance.

I found a son of the celebrated author, Ramsey, in Columbia. He too, is also a writer, and writes well; I saw a pamphlet he had written, which was well done. He has nothing extraordinary in his appearance, however; he is a low figure, of modest, retiring manners, and doubtless a very amiable man—he is much esteemed in Columbia.

I saw too, a Mr. Fayolle, whether a citizen or stranger, I am unable to say. Mr. F. is a perfect Adonis, finely formed, young and handsomly featured, with a most fascinating black eye, and glosssy black hair. But one Shields whom I believe, came in with him, behaved so ill that he had to be taken out of the room. He was brass itself; it strikes me he was from Alabama.A Mr. Douglass who came in company with him, was a promising, genteel youth—I think they were students of the college.

Col. Brown, a middle aged man, is a noble looking, man; and a gentleman of very elegant manners, and benevolent countenance, though I ought to have had more of his company and patronage.

Mr. Hughes, the father of the young man rejected in Charleston, by the faculty, called with the other gentlemen. This amiable man, as might be supposed, was rather hurt at the insult offered to his son, while such a number of scrubs, not fit for ostlers, were licensed. I should esteem it an honor to be rejected by such a faculty. Mr. H. is a middle aged man, of modest manners, and quite a gentleman.

David W. Sims, Editor of the Telescope, is a young man of promising appearance; he is a tall, slender figure, round, full face and fine black eye; his countenance and manners are mild and winning and rather prepossessing.

While speaking of Editors, S. J. McMorris, Esq. of the firm of McMorris and Wilson, of the Southern Times, a most gentlemanly, promising man. I did not see Mr. Wilson, that I recollect.

Col. W. J. Taylor, son of the ex-governor, is an attorney, of good height, round, full, handsome face, and a sparkling black eye, his countenance is open and manly, and his manners affable and friendly. I see a third, Thomas Taylor, whom I must have met here, but find no remark of him further.

John Clifton, Esq is one of the hotspurs whom I saw at Camden, in company with his friend Clarke; he is an attorney, all

soul and scarcely any body. I suspect he gets but little practice —he ought to give up the law and join the army or the navy, where he would soon cover his famished bones with flesh. He is a lean, thin visaged man, but has a great flow of spirits, and is one of your real clever fellows, a true southron; he is quite a young man, sprightly, sensible, and handsome, and much beloved in Columbia.

John Bryce, Esq. Warden of Columbia, is one of the most amiable men in the town; warm hearted, intelligent and polite.—He is a most interesting man, and no less so is Henry K. Corbet, Esq.—a keen, sensible, and very pleasant man, of fine appearance.

I found a citizen, late of Albany, N. Y. in Columbia, a Mr. O. Hochstrasser, a real Dutch name, and a real clever fellow, warmed by the genial sun of the south. Mr. H. is, in every thing a southron, warm hearted, gay, benevolent, candid and liberal—he does honor to New York.

Isaac S. Cohen, Esq. is another whole-soul man, of good height, though slender, with a keen, dark face, fine eye and insinuating manners.

Theodore Stark, Esq. is, if I recollect, a relative of the immortal Stark, of Bennington, Vermont.—He is quite a young man and a handsome figure, with a dark complexion, round face and very noble countenance; his manners are lofty and genteel.

Dr. Green, of the Post Office, was rather loath to pay his respects, nor would it have stopped any of the planets had he never done so. He is an aged man, with a long face, forbidding countenance, and uncourtly manners; he is a mighty Methodist before the Lord, and a mighty heap of franking to him, by stockholders in the bank,so it would seem that these religious people make it a point to cheat Uncle Sam every where; how *slick* they can swallow an oath. This fellow has borrowed this long face to hide his sins, and I have no doubt but he goes regularly to church and makes long prayers. Of all people, keep me from these praying hypocrites—why do they not pray in secret? With all deference to friend Black, I could see nothing of the benevolence he spoke of in Green's countenance, though he had too much honor to tell me a falsehood.

Augustus Fitch, M. D. is a very gentlemanly man, a spare, good figure and engaging appearance.

Mr. W. J. Middleton, of the bank, is a very fine looking man. Also, Messrs. P. M. Butler, Samuel Weir, James Henry, T. Bunan, and Andrew M'Laughlin. The latter, a great wag, full of mirth and fun, said "he was *tape seller*." Let him sell what he may, he is generosity itself, and highly spiced with wit and good nature. These were all respectable and wealthy men, by a long way plainer in their dress and manners, than the people of the north, but more elevated in manners, and have rather more warmth of heart. There is a carelessness in the dress of the gentlemen of the south, unknown in the northern and middle states. A half worn hat and half worn frock coat is the common dress, and their manners are equally plain.

I saw but one fine dressed man in Columbia, and who do you think he was? He was no less than one of the "Hope I see you's." He was in sleek broad cloth, from top to toe, and came in to see me. I asked him if he acknowledged his faults; if you do, sir, I forgive you. "No!" What could he come for, then? if I wished to see broad cloth, I could go to the stores and see it. He was very ignorant and conceited, and I would mention his name, but for the sake of his friends, who are very respectable; I would not wound their feelings.

It is impossible, as I said, in such vast crowds to notice every one distinctly, unless I had had more time. Besides the gentlemen mentioned, Captains William Clarke and James T. Goodwin, both attorneys, and Capt. D. E. Smeeny, Doctors Ozier, Brown, and Lee; Messrs. Palen, Barkley, William Finn, (or some such name) Rowland Keenan, Sparks, Miller, William T. Ellerbe, George Davis, M'Clintic, the latter a tall, keen looking man, a Mr. Wilson, probably an Editor, and a Mr. William Lawry; of the latter I find this remark, "a most amiable, gentlemanly man." This remark, however, may, with unqualified justice, be equally applicable to the whole of them.

There were a great many others, equally entitled to notice, but they crowded in so thick upon me, it was impossible. This being the seat of government, I ought (to have done it justice) to have spent a week in Columbia, at least,but unfortunately it was not in my power. Numbers called, I understood, for several days after I left the town: but I think I shall see those dear people again.

I saw no ladies; I suspect they were at church, for notwithstanding this is the residence of the celebrated Dr. Cooper, the

blue-skins are here as thick as yellow-jackets. Apropos—You might have expected President Cooper would have waited upon me; not he, indeed, how mortifying.—but I saw his poney, next thing to himself; it was saddled and bridled, about the size of a stout goat, and stood tied before a store door, where I suppose the owner was, namely, (as Sir Walter Scott says) in the store. I cannot find out how Sir Walter manages to drag that word into his compositions so often. I never wrote the word before, I copy Walsh.

But to return to Dr. Cooper; he is at the head of every thing in South Carolina, and is reckoned a great man, and doubtless he was better employed. I forgive him for his bold and manly stand against the copper-heads, as the Presbyterians are often called. This will immortalize his name, without the aid of my feeble pen, and it might be he is a woman hater.

I was however, sufficiently honored, and highly gratified in Columbia; the hospitality and kindness I received there was not surpassed by any town in the south, though by associations I was more attached to Camden; and O'Hanlen made it another Wilmington. Indeed, I was much disappointed in Columbia, as I had heard an unfavorable report of it: but there is nothing like seeing and judging for yourself.

Columbia contains a State House, a Court House, Jail, a College, a Lunatic Asylum, one Bank, three Churches, and between 4 and 5000 inhabitants. The State House is neither large nor handsome, though there are many beautiful buildings in Columbia. But the Lunatic Asylum is superior to any thing of the kind. It leaves that of Philadelphia, a long way behind for beauty, and convenience, and one, if not the handsomest buildings in the United States, if we except the U. S. Bank of Philadelphia, and cost $100,000. The rooms are highly finished, large and commodious: but what renders it superior to any thing of the kind, is the beauty and arrangements of the yard, for the amusement of the patients. The Asylum in the first place, is built without the town, remote from the noise and bustle—but still in view, and forms one of its greatest ornaments. It stands on the finest situation in the vicinity of the town, enclosed by a high brick wall, in the rear of the building. The wall falls back, taking in a beautiful lawn: this lawn is equally divided by another wall, one part for the men and the other for the women. It is furnished with seats and bowers, and planted with handsome trees.

Here the lunatics are suffered to walk about and amuse themselves during the day.

From the top of the building, you have a perfect view of those unfortunates. I stood and looked at them sometime, they seemed to be very happy, most of the men were sitting, and were silent—one only was walking about, with his hands behind his back, in one of which, he carried a small splinter of wood: these were all well clothed; so also were the females.

One of the women was singing delightfully, she was sitting in a bower, and doubtless not one of them was half so comfortably furnished before—shade and sunshine, bed and board, the best attendance, it is a fair paradise. There were very few in sight, I do not recollect the number in all.

As I lingered upon the top of the Asylum, inhaling the cheering sweets of flower, plain and sunshine, one of my friends pointing to a house not far from the building, said "that is the residence of the wealthy *Wade Hampton*, Mrs. R." every one has heard of the man, the wealthiest planter in the United States. It would have given me pleasure to have seen Mr. Hampton, but was told he was not well, just having returned from Louisiana, where his principal possessions lie. He is 80 years of age, and said to be quite childish. The house he occupied was quite a common wooden house, and he is said to be a plain man in his dress, and rather churlish.

I did not visit the College, as I was not invited to do so: of it therefore, I have nothing to say, good or bad. I was indeed invited by some of the citizens, but from the conduct of the President, I felt a delicacy on the subject and declined the invitation. The bridge over the Congaree is very handsome, and cost $86,000, the workmanship is very fine. The Congaree is a beautiful stream, and steam-boats come up to Columbia, a great part of the year.

Columbia is a very flourishing town, and one of the handsomest in the United States; and the citizens are industrious, polite and hospitable.

ROAD TO AUGUSTA.

On the third day of my visit, with great reluctance I left Columbia at 1 o'clock, A. M. in my friend McLean's line—fine drivers, fine horses, and fine coaches: we left the world behind.

This country however, is very hard on horses, on account of the sand which increases as you advance southward. No one can imagine the labor a horse encounters in this sand, they can only proceed at a slow walk while dragging through it: nor is there any remedy as there is no stone in the region of sand. At first however, we have only a patch of sand now and then.

But we had fine and rapid travelling from Columbia to Augusta, through in one day, 82 miles Our course is first west, when the road turns suddenly to the south. I had three fellow passengers, a little boy, a countryman and a gentleman from Montgomery, Alabama. The two former stopped early in the day, but Alabama went on to Augusta. We breakfasted a little after sunset at a very indifferent house, kept by one *Rall*. Being in a humor for mirth, I amused myself with Rall, a great hog: I told Rall whom I was—he had never heard of me! "I travel free, the people on the road do not charge me on account of my husbands services." He did not care "he liked money." "Then you must be one of the pious sort, they are the only money loving people I find." This was hard cutting, he was a *mighty pious* Methodist.

Seeing several people looking at us as we drove on, I pointed out every pious fellow on the road—"she is right" said the countrymen, "these are all Methodists along here." *Alabama* thought it very strange indeed. I had a notion he was a little sprinkled with piety himself, but he was tolerably clever. He was a merchant it appeared, had been to the north to purchase goods, was a tall, youngish looking man, and a great Clay man. His name I afterwards learned was Daniel Sayer.

When he discovered whom I was, he immediately began to sound my politics, and finding I took neutral ground, or rather no ground at all: he used his best endeavors to bring me over to the Clay side—all in vain, I have never taken any side but the side of the people. But it must be very plain, that it makes little difference what side an old woman is on.

We spent the time very pleasantly however, and though we had a hot sun, the rapidity of the stage created a cooling breeze.

Shortly after we got rid of the countryman, we took in a very pious woman, she was very ignorant, of course, and the poor thing had a hard time of it. I am indebted to her however, for a discovery in the art or science (or something) of grafting—ob-

serving some peach trees on the road, in full bloom, and being struck by the uncommon brilliancy, and profusion of flowers.—The lady informed me that they were *not* the common peach tree, that it was the peach engrafted on the rose bush, and that they did not bear fruit. This is the first time I ever heard of it, and am surprised those who are fond of flower gardens do not decorate them with this beautiful flower. It is uncommonly rich and variegated, and combines the beauty of the rose and the peach bloom. The trees were the size of common peach trees. Of all seasons of the year, this must be the most pleasant travel in this region, the whole country is literally robed in flowers of all hues, every shade, cluster upon cluster: we have nothing like them in the north. I was surfeited with delight, I drank in pleasure, like water. You are hardly ever out of sight of flowers, from the deepest to the lightest shade.

As we drove on we overtook a strange figure walking on foot before us. He must have been the wandering Jew, I never saw any thing like him: he was an aged, lean, erect figure, with a monstrous load in form of a knapsack on his back: he was clad in a long thin white robe, carried a cane in his hand, and walked amazing fast, considering his load, and his age. We were lost in wonder at the man—nor could we find any one who knew or had ever seen him before—so he must remain amongst the unaccountables. It was laughable to see him run a fair race with the stage, and as for turning his head, either to one side or the other: he had doubtless never looked back in his life.

We entered upon a beautiful country toward the evening, consisting of hill and dales, and handsome views; one place in particular we could see a mountain which was five hundred miles distant. To this was added fine streams of water; and passing a village called Hamburg opposite to Augusta, a little after dark, we crossed the Savannah river on a bridge, which separates South Carolina from Georgia. In a few minutes we arrived at Mr. Shannon's Tavern in

AUGUSTA,

a little after tea. Mr. Sayer very politely introduced me to the lady of the house, and happening to lay some letters on the table near which I was sitting, I observed there was one for the landlord and one for Mr. Pemberton.

Being much fatigued, and in haste to retire, I laid the letters on the table, while looking for something else in my reticule, without any thought of delivering them that night as it would only attract company. But the lady I think, or some one, perhaps Capt. Shannon himself came in. I gave him both letters, and never thought of them more; for letters, unless in particular cases, are only form, as the people knew me from report. I was however, forcibly struck by the appearance of Capt Shannon, my landlord, one of the finest looking men I ever saw! His face shone with uncommon brightness, while his manly deportment was at once refined and captivating: he merely came in to know my commands, which was no sooner said than done, and he walked out of the room. Meantime, tea was brought in and I sat down to supper.

While taking tea, a stout man in the garb of a gentleman came into the room, and walking backwards and forward, eyed me with an impudent assurance. I felt insulted at the liberty, but was silent. I nevertheless marked him out for a subject, as no gentleman would have intruded without an introduction; and I had observed to Capt. S. that I was too much fatigued to see company that night. After he had satisfied his impertinent curiosity he walked out. I asked Mrs. Shannon whom he was and expressed my displeasure at his intrusion—"oh" said she "he lives in the house, it is Mr. Hull." I must say the appearance of my landlady, and the manner in which she spoke, was by no means prepossessing.

The Alabamian, pursuing his journey early next morning, came in to take leave, and I retired to my room, determined to watch the movements of this Mr. Hull.

Early next morning, I went to see the market. This I always do as early as possible, after my arrival in every town, before the people are aware of my presence, to avoid the gazers. As usual, I asked the chamber-maid to go and show me the market. Having met her at the back door, she turned into another door without making a reply, while I remained on the door step waiting for her. As I stood there, I heard her say "she wants me to go to market with her." What does she want at the market said the landlady, "she must be a fool." I stepped out on the platform and told the lady that I had been accustomed to be attended by the chamber-maids, but if it was not convenient, or contrary to the rules of the country, I would wait till the gentle-

men had arisen. I do not recollect her reply, or whether she replied at all—but going to the bar, I found a most amiable man, who readily attended me He was a nephew of Shannon, who proved to be his assistant, and every way worthy his noble uncle. The gentleman's name who attended me was Holland. The market house, was nearly half a mile from the tavern, so that I did not blame the lady much, and not at all, had she replied in a lady-like manner. The market house at Augusta, is a neat, new, beautiful and commodious building, but differs in the model from that of Charleston; the stalls being open: nor is the market so plentiful. The meats, however, are better, but the vegetables and fruit is greatly inferior to the Charleston market Fish is also scarce and indifferent; butter is scarce and dear, but every thing else was cheap enough The benches, stalls, and every thing about and around the market house were as neat as a gentleman's parlour; and the street in which the market house stands, is the handsomest street I ever saw! wide and level, and the buildings very handsome, indeed actually superb. The shops are lively and showy, and seem to be actively engaged in business. But the street, I could but admire it: it is more like an avenue than a street. Indeed, the whole city is very beautiful, and has a new appearance; but this street is the most cheering part of the city. We looked into the shops as we returned, which were richly furnished; the buildings lofty and very handsome, with tasteful iron porticos to the windows, like the fashionable houses in New York. It appears this part of the town had suffered in the great fire, which happened some years back, and has been rebuilt in the finest style; and take it all together, it may be called a beautiful and flourishing town, and the land around it has a favorable appearance.

Much rich land must lie somewhere, for such mountains of cotton I surely never dreamed existed in the United States; whole squares covered with bales, mountain high: I never saw such a sight, though I lived in the finest cotton country we have, viz Alabama: the cotton bags line the shore of the river, as far as the eye can see; they do not pretend to put it in houses, all the houses in the town would not hold it. I was astonished! I always conceived Georgia to be a poor sandy soil; and doubtless much of this cotton was the growth of South Carolina, which is brought here to go down Savannah river, and thence shipped to market.

I had the honor—the extreme felicity of breakfasting with the family of Hulls! nearly a dozen or so. There was Mr. Hull himself, and Mrs. Hull, the big Miss Hulls, the middling Miss Hulls and the little Miss Hulls, the big Master Hulls, and the little Master Hulls—all rightly named Hulls, without kernel.—I was also honored with the company of Mrs. Shannon, and her daughters I think four, as to the number, I am not certain but they were equal to four. My landlady, I believe, would have been an amiable woman, but for the company she kept, and two or three etceteras. I looked at the group, and my heart ached for Shannon!!

If ever a good man had so many she torments—a noble high-minded man, the very soul of chivalry and honor, and so fine a temper the least child could lead him,—how he manages to maintain such a rampart of women, and in the greatest extravagance too, was to me a matter of wonder. But the Hull, we must dish him first. Mr. H. was one of your low Yankees, and had, it is said, lived in every town in the Union—was a man without property, and a professed quiz, full of conceit, and looked down upon the whole human race—lived by shuffling and shaving, was then a seller of lottery tickets—a fine trade to support such a family in a first rate tavern. He was a good figure enough, and had a handsome, full face,but the very picture of scorn and impudence. He had the advantage of me, however, in one thing, he had marked me out for his victim, long before I arrived; this was his forte, to brow beat what he could not imitate, and at the time I reached Augusta, he reigned, without a rival, in the art of quizzing. Thus equipped, at all points, for the combat, he commenced at breakfast, and so adroitly that not one in a thousand would have detected it. I cut him off pretty short, and retired to my parlor where I was soon waited upon by Mr. Pemberton, the Editor of a Jackson paper, the gentleman for whom I had brought a letter which Capt. S. had very politely delivered. Mr. Pemberton, a very genteel man, sat and chatted some time, and asked leave to bring in his friends, which he did in the course of the day.

I had, as usual, requested Capt. S. and Mr. Holland, to suffer no one to intrude on me, and to bring in none but such gentlemen as they approved of.

I had mentioned Mr. Hull to some of the citizens in the course of the day, and expressed my opinion of the man. "Who told

you, who told you"—"not a soul told me, I discovered it myself." "Well you are right—he is just such a man as you say—he ridicules every stranger that visits the place, and runs them off—a common sputterer, assuming low wit without merit, he wreaks his vengeance on all who possess it, and consoles himself in the idea that he is the none such of the place: we are glad you found him out." All this I had discovered, and was well pleased the citizens were no longer to be brow-beat by this quizzing bully. Hull was rather timid, and fearing he would lose such a precious victory, went another way to work.

Seeing several gentlemen coming in, and inquiring for some one to introduce them, he thought now was his time, under pretence of conferring honor upon me: by introducing these strangers, he would have a good opportunity to regale himself on his favorite dish and tip the wink to the strangers. Accordingly, what does the gentleman do but stalks into the room, followed by two very genteel men, and introduces them. The word had hardly passed his mouth, before I asked him "who authorised him to enter my room at all, or to introduce company. This is a liberty sir, I will not suffer—I mean no disrespect to you gentlemen, I am glad to see you, take seats: but this man has not been introduced himself, nor would I allow him the liberty in any event." They were all thunder-struck, and Hull sneaked off heart-sick, nor did he ever exercise his talents upon me afterwards; and the whole town was in a roar of laughter—Hull completely put down—even boys laughed at him. The conceited fool, he had a great deal of assurance. But no wonder! he held the town in awe, though every one despised him, excepting my landlady. I saw he was a great favorite of hers, as well as he was of the bottle. In short, they all took a little "Brandy O." But heavens, how Mrs. Hull and Mrs Landlady, and the big Miss Hulls, and middling Miss Hulls, and the little Miss Hulls, and the Master Hull's was offended and the whole of them fell on me like so many wild-cats at dinner. They were very vulgar people, and I was astonished that the Captain suffered travellers to eat at the table with such a crew. From respect to the Captain's feelings, I never dropped to him a hint of their insolence. I admire the New England custom on this account—travellers are never set down to eat with boarders. They are always taken into a separate room, and do not mix at all with the inmates of the house.

But the Hulls ruled here; a piano-forte being in my parlor, which the Miss Hulls claimed as their parlor, (they had the whole house) they would come in and make the piano-forte ring, to hinder me from writing. Some ladies called the next day, and one of the Hulls had the rudeness to play as hard as she could hit the keys to drown our voices.

The gentlemen who called in with Mr. Hull, were Messrs. *Dillon & Belcher*, very decent men. I was pleased with their company and appearance, but am not aware whether they belonged to town or country.

I spent but a part of three days at Augusta, being engaged to visit Savannah, which is 340 miles distant from Augusta, directly out of my course! This is the second time I have had to cross the country and retrace my steps, to recover the great travelling line to New Orleans. My friends therefore, ever watchful of my wishes, had introduced me to a friend of theirs, Capt. Bowman, of the steam-boat Wm. Gaston, which was to sail on Wednesday, of course I had little rest.

Meantime, I saw as much of the town as possible, and of company the same. Mr. A. Pemberton, Editor of ———, is the Chesterfield of Augusta—sensible, refined, very independent and affable, he at once calls up every feeling of esteem and admiration. These are the men to conduct a free press. His

> "———heroic soul, amidst its bliss or woe,
> Is never swelled too high, nor sunk too low."
>
> "Collected and prepared in every stage,
> To scorn a courting world, or bear its rage."

Mr. Pemberton is in the bloom of manhood, with a handsome, manly face and figure, and ingenuous countenance; his eye is a soft, azure blue, and is altogether a pleasant man. His uncle, same name, is much like him in size and manners, excepting his full black eye: he is of middle age and a very able man.

J. G. W. Worter, Esq. Editor of the Georgia Courier, is also a young man, and a stout, good figure, thin, fair face and blue eye: his countenance is intelligent, and his manners easy and polite.

Rev. Joseph Stokes, a Roman Catholic Priest, was almost amongst the first to call on me. Now what is heasay compared to facts? This amiable man no doubt heard I was a Heathen, but this only heightened his desire to see me, and inquire into the state of my funds, hearing I was an aged widow, and a stranger,

with a long tour before me: nor did he endeavor to convert me to his faith. I have, as I have often repeated, ever and uniformly found these Roman Catholics the most pleasant in their manners, and the most humane of the Christian sects. Mr. Stokes is a small man, and quite young, with a very handsome person, and cheerful, gay, open countenance, and a man of elegant manners. He did not bring me a tract—but mind ye, he did not forget to furnish me with the price of a dinner, they never forget that.—But my friend Stokes was sadly mortified, that I called the Presbyterian Clergy *Priests*. The Presbyterians are also mortified at the same thing. "We are no Priests" said one of those Quaker hanging ruffians to me one day. "There's no Priests here that I know of" squeaked out a Jenny Dismal to me at another time. What is a poor heathen to think of all this? One is compelled to judge by the actions of each. Therefore be it recorded, and transmitted to posterity, that Mr. Stokes, a Roman Catholic, found me in a strange land, and called to know if he could assist me in any way, and not a single Presbyterian, though the town swarms with them, came near me. I ask which was my neighbor? As usual, they shut themselves up close. Why did they not come and convert me! No, they did not even give me a bundle of tracts!

John Madden, Esq. the friend of Mr. Stokes, and a most amiable man, small, young, genteel and friendly. I found few men in Augusta more worthy of esteem. A Mr. *Dillon*, also a very clever, worthy man, boarded at the same house with myself. Also, Mr. S. H. Hamilton, a very amiable man.

From the country, I had several calls from gentlemen who attended on business. Of these Messrs. W. Nelson Wood, John Clark, and N. W. Jersey, (I think is the name) were your whole soul men—lofty and independent in their manners, a true characteristic of the gentlemen of the south—you have the real southern gentlemen from the country. The towns are polluted with canting hypocrites from the north and a rabble from all parts, who swarm to them like so many ravenous wolves to swindle the people.

Augusta has its share of these tract gentry, not a corner of the earth escapes them; most of the women here belong to Dr. Ely. He has more Seraglios than the Grand Turk! Shame on the men again! Shame on these southern Patriots.

Messrs. Shannon and Holland, I have mentioned. There is no difference in these—they both approach perfection in the accomplishments of the sex, and every manly beauty. It was Capt. Shannon who hitched up his horses without fee or reward, or even solicitation, and conveyed the President's Message to Milledgeville, the Contractor refusing to carry it without pay. Capt. S. was not slow. He has a fine son, a little child born the 8th of January of which he is exceeding proud It certainly is a fascinatingly child. I hope Gen. Jackson, will leave it a token in his will, though the high-minded Shannon would be offended, were he apprised of this remark: He scorns any thing like a reward for his noble actions. Holland—the much admired Holland, is no less enviable. The mines of Peru would not reward his kindness to me. I trust he may receive the esteem and thanks of the virtuous and the good wherever he may go.

But I met with another conceited *fop*, rather younger than the Hull. This was a mighty self-wise consequential lawyer. But poor fellow, he suffered so much I must let him off as easy as possible. His name is Black, not unaptly. Well then, this Mr. Black is a Lawyer, no less—and Co Editor of a Clay blue skin paper. His partner was one Clubfoot Bunce, of the Hartford Convention: he was the blue-skin—so that it might be called a black and blue concern, or the d—l's mourning—as we learn his majesty mourns in black and blue. Let this be as it may, this Mr. Black, putting on all sail, the second evening of my arrival came to see the mighty Mrs. R.: so it was, too mighties met together. He is a low, snivelling, pale faced man, with a face as much like a white cat I once owned, as a cat and a man could look. He made an affected bow, sat down on the sofa close by my side. Had I been a young woman I should have expected nothing less than a serious proposal, as the next thing. He lisped very pretty and paid me some indirect compliments, chatted of the weather, the times, &c. and retired. He was more simple than the Hull, but had not half of his assurance

Next morning their paper came out, and one was thrown in at Capt. Shannon's door, it contained an impudent article respecting myself, stating ironically the great Mrs. R. was at the *Globe*. I do not recollect whether the Captain or Mr. Holland picked it up first,but which ever it was, picked up a cane and went to the office to cane Black, and not finding him, he scared the old Clubfoot nearly to death, shaking the cane over his head, the Clubfoot

begged and apologised, and beseeched—" he did not write the article—he did not, he would never do so no more?" "How dare you name my house, you old s———l, said the gentleman, or any person in it." It strikes me this was the Captain—and Holland, finding the paper, with cane in hand, set out upon the same errand—meeting his uncle on his return, who told him to hunt up Black, as he had given it to Blue. He would have caned Blue at any rate, had it not been for his club-foot [some suspicions are entertained he is the evil one himself.] Whether the other gentleman found Black or not, I never heard: but I saw Black on horseback in the course of the day, talking with the Captain at the corner of the Globe, pale and trembling. But he is punished enough, poor fellow, I felt for him: he had powerful enemies to deal with. I cannot exult over a fallen foe. Had these gentlemen known half the insolence of the Hulls, even to the least child, they would doubtless have found it hard to appease them—but I kept dark, not wishing to disturb the family, particularly as I was soon to take leave for Savannah; and as I was compelled to return to Augusta, I resolved to myself to put up at another house, and see the balance of my friends—for as yet, I had seen but few, comparatively.

Augusta, as I have said, is a most beautiful and flourishing town—the buildings and streets are greatly superior to any town in the south, and no one can form an idea of its trade. 160,000 bales of Cotton are annually exported from hence, down the river to Savannah and Charleston! besides, Tobacco, &c.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Augusta contains 7 Churches; a City Hall; Masonic Hall; Theatre; Jail; Court House; Medical College; Hospital; Market House; an Academy; a great number of Warehouses; and a noble Bridge over the Savannah river; 4 Sunday Schools!

Well done, the Presbyterians will soon be ready for the great struggle; and they have over and above a Temperance Society. This I understood, like all Temperance Societies, has only caused more drinking. The Market House I have mentioned. It is a beautiful and extensive building. But the Masonic Hall is by far the largest and most splendid building of the kind, I have met with in the south. The cost of this noble edifice, was $30,000. Three Lodges hold sittings in it, viz: the Encampment, the Roy-

all Arch Chapter, and the Grand Lodge of the State. It contains the largest and most splendid ball room perhaps in the U. States, being 56 by 50 in the clear. I was truly gratified to find Masonry prospering, the farther I went south. No Anties here, though they have nearly as infamous a set of miscreants, the blue-skins, like so many vultures. They kept out of my way however, excepting one tall, black looking fellow, who passed by accident by me; it was laughable to witness his long strides when he was told I was hard by. Can such a man trust in a God? The city is rapidly improving, from 20 to 30 fire-proof buildings are now erecting.

VOYAGE DOWN SAVANNAH RIVER.

I had arrived at Augusta on Sunday evening, and departed on Wednesday, after dinner. I had been introduced to two Captains of steam-boats, fine, generous men. Capt. Wray, of the steamboat Carolina, and Capt. Bowman, of the Wm. Gaston. They both very politely offered me a passage. I chose the latter, as he was to sail the earliest. Capt. Wray is one of the finest looking men introduced to me at the place, a tall, stout, noble figure, and alike generous and high minded as his countrymen. Nor less so was Capt. Bowman: he was another stout, whole soul man, as noble as a prince; and through the politeness of the gallant Mr. Holland, I was conveyed in a barouche on board.—Capt. Bowman received me from his hands, and both attended me on board. But we did not sail till early next morning, as the freight was not all on board. I therefore amused myself in viewing the Bridge, and other objects on the river, and on the shores, which were alive with boats and rafts, and fishermen—but especially a *Dry Dock*, the first I ever saw. This Dry Dock was a floating kind of house, roofed like another house and cabled to the shore. It is for the purpose of repairing boats. By means of a gate which rises and falls at pleasure, the boat is taken into the dock, repaired and taken out with great facility—for instance, the gate is raised, this lets in the water, which sinks the dry dock low enough to receive the boat, the gate is then shut down and the water runs out, the boat rises, and they go to work.

I was no little amused too with the vast mountains of Cotton on each side of me, and still more piling on. The bales of cot-

ton are not put in, nor on the steam-boats, but upon large flat-bottoms, piled on to a vast height, one of these on each side, so there we looked like floating mountains.

Toward dark, who should come on board, but his quizzing majesty, the Hull—sails, rigging, masts, and all gone to the naked Hull—suppose he had been in a storm. What an impudent curiosity the man must have, right into my cabin. . Now if this fellow would attend to his own business, instead of pimping, watching, and pursuing strangers over the town and country, he might at this day have had a home of his own, instead of poisoning other people's houses with dirt and filth. What business he had on board I am not aware, but I, as well as two other strangers who were on board, kept our eyes upon our baggage. No wonder the southern people cry out against the Yankees.

We just finished lading about dark, and afraid to stir in the dark with our floating mountains, Capt. Bowman resolved to make time fly as pleasant as possible. and going to his house he brought Mrs. Bowman, a very sprightly young lady, on board, and we had a merry time of it until bed time.

The young lady, a Miss *Holmes*, (if I do not mistake) was a tall, slender, elegant figure, with a beautiful round full fair face, and sprightly dark eye. Mrs. Bowman was also a tall, elegant woman, with a fine lively black eye, and handsome features.—They were both lively genteel women, and from pure frolic and fun, demolished the Captain's stores—made a considerable inroad upon his fruit, and run him fairly ashore on the subject of his toilet, dining and tea equipage, &c. This was what the Captain liked, and took it all in his kind, easy way. He had toiled hard all day at these endless cotton bales, and wished to beguile the idle evening with those laughter loving women.

At length they said they would not take passage that time, and we pressed each other's hands—the Captain attended them home, and I returned to the only state-room in the boat. Whether the Captain returned that night or not, I am unable to say, as we were out of sight of Augusta, when I awaked next morning.

Savannah runs a little east of south generally, is a smooth, deep, pretty stream, but rather crooked, which kept our floating castle continually turning and whirling round the bends. It requires great attention, as well as a thorough knowledge of the stream, to tow those enormous loads to market in safety. It is nothing

for a single steam-boat to run up and down. But three boats abreast—the difficulty in turning quick with those top heavy boats, renders the transportation of cotton, a matter of great trust and confidence. The freight towed by the Wm Gaston, which is quite a small boat, amounted to 5000 bales of 3 to 400 cwt. each, the price for which is from $500 to $700, agreeably to the water. It is not the weight, but the bulk which makes the difficulty. The boats in which the cotton is laid resembles a ferry-boat somewhat in shape, but it is deeper, and has a hold in which corn or any such freight may be carried.

It is very severe on the captains, as they are always on duty (they rarely sail at night) from day-light till dark, and every thing is conducted by signs, not a word is spoken. The engines are differently situated from ours, the Wm. Gaston, (and I believe they all) had two engines, these are on each side of the boat, and placed so high up as to be in view of the captain. He stands erect upon the top of the boat, near the bow, and the engineers keep their eyes fixed upon him, without intermission; while he with his back to them, and his eye steadily fixed ahead, never turns round nor speaks, but instructs the engineers by the motion of his hands. He sometimes *shakes* one, and then the other hand, sometimes both, and often differently; and though I could not unriddle the mystery, the engineers understood him perfectly, and stopped, proceeded, went slow or fast, as the mute orders were given. The steersman is directed in the same manner. These engineers were mere youths whom Capt. Bowman had taught himself—they were the most tractable engineers, doubtless, on the water. Nor did I ever see such vigilance displayed by a captain before, and not a drop of spirit on board. The captain used to laugh and say "they all belonged to the temperance society."

These captains make money equal to coining during the freighting season. As they are responsible for the cotton, every precaution is therefore taken to guard against accidents. Smiths and Smith-shops are on board; and with all their vigilance, we at one time made a narrow escape from a tree that was lying just under the surface of the water: we must have gone within an inch of it. It is therefore indispensable to keep a close eye ahead, and the water at this time was muddy. The boats draw 4 feet water and carry 120 tons.

There were but few passengers on board, two foreigners, dark looking Italians, Germans, or something like, who seemed to be pedlars—they spoke no English, and smoked their pipes all the way. A very entertaining youth who was bound to St. Mary's, and a poor Irishman, his wife and one child: these were very poor, and the captain generously gave them their passage.

I was so struck by the innocence and poverty of these people, that slender as my means was * * * * They sat on the stern of one of the cotton boats, and often caught my eye. The man nursing the child, while the woman would wash her thin rags in the cold river water, leaning over the boat.

As the boat was side by side of the steam boat, for mere curiosity and to pass off the time I drew from them a part of their history, which really did not seem credible.

The man had a brother who lived but a short distance off on the shore. This brother had arrived in America some years back, and had acquired considerable property. The former brother hearing this in Ireland, had quit his country the previous fall, and also came over, and at the expense of every thing he owned, arrived at his brother's.

He met with a very cold reception from the wealthy brother, who did not exactly turn him out of doors, nor invite him to stay, and finally, not willing to eat the bread of idleness, the poor brother went to work with the rich brother's negroes, and his wife went to work in the kitchen, and expecting at least a little sum to begin with, worked hard till about two days since. But instead of giving him any thing for his labor he never offered him a rag (to use his own language) to put on—and as both him and his wife needed clothes, he thought it high time to cease working, and go in search of some other place. His resolution was soon taken, and their wardrobe being light, they were soon ready and approached his brother to take leave. "Brother" said he "I must go somewhere else to seek friends and employment. I spent my last penny in coming over to this country, and if you will only give me a trifle to bear my expenses to Savannah, I promise you I will never trouble you again." One would think nothing less than the most hardened robber could have resisted such an appeal. But this brother turned off like another monster, and said "he had nothing to give! he had maintained him all winter, and he thought that enough." Pat's blood, it ap-

pears, was up, and he left his steel hearted brother without speaking another word. Upon stating his forlorn situation to the agents of the steam-boats, they gave him a line to Capt. Bowman, and a trifle of money, and Capt. Bowman very generously sent them a plentiful meal from his own table three times a day. Such was the account this poor Irishman gave of himself, and from his modesty and firm independent countenance, I believe him. Such is the effect of wealth on low-bred men. This man, could he be discovered, ought to be denounced by every Irishman.

Meantime, I was all attention to surrounding objects, the vast rafts of timber floating down the river—Georgia on one side, South Carolina on the other, and now and then a steam-boat; they do not salute by ringing of bells, as we do—they however ring the cash, which is much better. We saw but few plantations the first day, but a new world of beautiful natural growth, lined the shores, with the exception of the sycamore, and a few scattering cypress and holly—the whole were new to me: the willow and cotton tree were all of which I could obtain the names. The willow in this country, is different from ours to the north, it is the most rich and beautiful tree on the Savannah, differing in color, figure and size, from the northern willow, and forms an unremitting fringe on both shores.

The boughs are pendent and slender, the leaves narrow, but its chief beauty is its exuberance, and its bright pea green.

The cotton tree is a lofty, straight, slender tree, without limbs, with a luxuriant top. The leaf is precisely in shape, like the lombardy poplar, though it is of a dark green. The whole of the forest was transcendantly beautiful. I saw none of the common growth; flowers were profuse, and of every hue.

Though the foliage had attained its full growth, (30th March) I was surprised not to hear the birds singing, and upon inquiry, was told it was too early in the season.

The land was level, and as rich as rich could be. There are no fences on the river, the fields being secured by the depth of the water.

The first plantation we saw of any note, was a Mr. Knights,' large and fertile. The corn-stalks of the last year were thickly spread over the ground, but were very small; they had been ploughing some time, from appearances, and must have planted,

as I saw them planting corn two weeks previous to this. Thus whirling and turning nearly round and round, our two engines sending up volumes of smoke, which fairly darkened the air, we passed the first day, and as usual lay to all night

The second day we began to look out for the *Aligators*, I watched for them with great anxiety, as I had never seen one. Meantime, the land grew more flat and more fertile, the underwood thick, and matted with flowers—the larger growth more lofty, and beautiful, and the long moss again in large black bunches. It is very disgusting. This is however, relieved by *reed* and vast cane-brakes, as thick on the ground as hempstalks. There were no banks on the shore, as the previous day ; the river being high, ran out over the bottoms, this fertilizes the land to such a degree which, and hot suns of the climate, produces a most astonishing growth, wherein every species of poisonous reptiles breed, being the haunt of the Aligator and numerous snakes.—These places are so thickly overgrown, that a bird could not fly through it.

Now and then an opening appeared opposite some plantation, these were covered with vast droves of sleek small cattle, which verge from the cane-breaks, to see the day-light and drink at the river—now and then, negroes leading their plough-horses to drink also, and sitting along the shore eating their meals.

South Carolina and Georgia, will always have to depend on the west and the north, for flour and meat, as they can raise neither the one nor the other, in sufficient quantities for their support. I saw but few hogs, no bullocks, and but very few sheep.

The Georgia shore presented a more beautiful and much better cultivated appearance than South Carolina, and infinitely more comfort. The negro huts on the left (S. C.) were small, old and shackling—those on the right, (Geo.) were neat shingled cottages, and many of them beautifully painted white, resembling villages. Many of our northern people who cry out against the south, for slavery, I fancy would be glad to swap situations with these slaves. I have been told it is the pride of those southern people to treat their slaves with kindness and lenity, it is their interest to do so, and the looks of the slaves prove it. They are not half such slaves to their masters, as these

northern people are to the blue-skin Priests, and have a great deal more sense. Vide the chamber-maid of *Raleigh.*

As the day grew warm, I was told to look out for Aligators, and about noon, a young man on board pointed out one swimming in the river, but this was by no means satisfactory, I only saw the fins above water. It was not long before the cry of another Aligator,was heard—it was a young one, about 3 feet in length, it was lying on the tufts of grass, surrounded with water on the flat shore, nearly hid by the cane. It was the color of the cat-fish of the western waters, and shaded like the cat-fish. I was, however, too far off to have a distinct view. But as we gained upon the south, they became numerous, some qute near us lying on logs, as still as though they were dead; some again were on the hillocks of grass, amongst the under growth. These were different in size, the largest might be from 8 to 9 feet in length, and as thick as a slender man's body, though they taper from the head to the end of the tail. Although they seem clumsily made and lie so very still, they spring into the water with the rapidity of lightning, when alarmed, though they hardly stir for the steam-boats, unless they pass near them.

The captains of the steam boats generally carry a gun, powder and shot, and the passengers amuse themselves by shooting them. The young gentleman of St. Mary's, therefore, as soon as he reached the region of Aligators, prepared for action, and though he missed a few, he must have killed from 60 to 70 in the course of the day. Many of these would drop dead off of the log; others struggle in the water some time, tinging it with blood.

When they swim, the tip of the nose, and the fins only, are seen, and perhaps the back—but the surface of the back is so black, it cannot be easily distinguished. They are a most frightful and disgusting animal, and like the religious robbers, have the true serpent's aspect. They are hideousness itself, they are formed like the lizard, with four short legs—only magnify the lizard and you have the *figure*—and look in the face of a blue-skin and you have the eye and countenance of the Aligator.

Savannah river abounds with them, and were it not that such numbers of them are shot, they would overrun the country.—They often go on shore some distance, and destroy young pigs, but avoid people. Their gait on land I am told is slow.

As we advanced towards the city of Savannah, the land becomes still more fertile and the growth more redundant; and though patches of sand are often seen, the plantations are numerous and in fine order: the houses and gardens are beautiful.—The magnolia and live oak appear again, with their rich glossy green, which, contrasted with the soft downy leaf of the willow, mingled with every intermediate shade, was truly magnificent.

It is one of nature's finest treats to sail down the river at this season. The Savannah is the first river I have seen that resembles the western rivers,and though the trees are not half so large they are equally tall and straight.

The fields were plentifully stuck with stacks of fodder, but neither grass nor clover to be seen. We met with a few Islands covered with reed, and very often creeks make into the main river.

On the third day, we began to draw near the city, and the rice fields began to appear; the land being nearly all in cultivation, the country seats bespoke opulence and taste, and was marked throughout with skill and industry The whole presented one flat rich plain, as far as the eye could see, on both shores; and the ditches leading the water round the rice fields, true to a mathematical nicety, added to the total absence of wooden fences, seemed to decorate the prospect.

At the distance of eight miles we saw the city of

SAVANNAH,

The steeples first,—the houses soon after became visible. Savannah being built on a bluff, makes a handsome appearance as we approach it; the river spreads out to a great width, and the harbor exhibited a number of steam-boats, and some shipping, and almost rivals the beauty of Charleston harbor.

When we landed, after faring like a Princes, on board at free-cost, I took leave of the hands and servants on board, as kind and generous as their master; and the gallant Captain Bowman took my arm, and led me to *Newcomb's* tavern, where he saw me safely lodged in a neat parlor, and then went off to apprize my friends of my arrival. We had met with one of the city council on our way to the tavern, to whom the Capt. introduced me, who also accompanied us to the tavern.

I had scarcely laid aside my bonnet and shawl, before a tall, genteel well-dressed man entered the parlor, and pronouncing my name, said, "I am Williams!" It was Col. Williams, the Mayor of Savannah!!! This was a pleasing surprise, and an honor, worthy the city of Savannah!—a little different from the reception I met with, from the mayor of Charleston, S. C.

After chatting a few minutes, resting his fine blue eye upon me, with that true-bred politeness, which ever accompanys the gentleman, the Col. desired me "to command him at all times, during my visit," and apologising for his pressure of business, took leave.

I had corresponded with Col. Williams, and without ever having seen each other—had received from him several very polite and flattering letters. Independently of this, the Col. had been highly recommended to me, by Judge Berrien, the Attorney General of the United States! My pleasure, therefore, at our first interview may well be imagined. This was a favorable omen, and spoke volumes for the reputation of the city.

This was Saturday. I had shipped some books to the care of Col. Williams before I left Washington, and after taking some refreshment, I walked to his store to see that all were safe, overhaul and re-ship them to New Orleans. I was induced to do this as early as possible, for two forcible reasons, 1st As I was to travel by land to New Orleans, there was no time to lose in shipping the books, that they might meet me at that city,—and 2nd. I wished to arrange the matter before it became known I was in the city, to escape the gaze of public curiosity. But it does really appear, that privacy and I have taken leave for ever!

While I was solacing myself with the luxury of a little walk, through new and interesting objects, unknowing and unknown, behold! the news had spread from one end of the city to the other!

I set out, however, in blessed ignorance of this, alone.

The streets of Savannah are one sea of sand; the novelty of this, and the pride of China (*alias* China-tree) in full bloom, filling the air with the sweetest fragrance, the profusion of its foliage, and the soft tinge of its exuberant flowers, the hum of insects, the Cabbage-tree, the fruit shops, the genial sunshine, and the pleasant shade.—I have no name for the scene! To have flown, as it were, from the snowy regions of the north, and find myself

in this fairy region from snow to sunshine, from cold to warmth, from winter to summer, from leafless trees amongst trees bespangled with flowers, a thrilling sensation stole over my senses, and I remember nothing more, till I found myself in Col. William's book-store,—this was the happiest walk I enjoyed for many years. I found several persons at the door and in the store, who terrified me with a scrutinizing look; "thinks I to myself," I am blown, but I slipped by them into the store without seeming to notice them.

There is no pleasure, (and I think I understand the term, because I feel it,) so grateful to me since I have been cast upon the world, as that of being unknown! Next to this my pen, and the conversation of feeling intelligent company,—and the greatest terror of my life, is to be gazed at, by a promiscuous public.

One of my boxes being consigned to a Mr. Wellman, of Savannah, by the agent of New York, I was attended thither by the amiable Mr. Henry, to whom I was just introduced—met Mr. Wellman on the way, and turning back with us, we found the box all safe, and I returned to the book store to arrange matters for shipping; meantime, a considerable crowd had quite encircled me round, the gentlemen formed the inner circle, and the Jonny-waps with their mouths open, formed a straggling corps of their own But I was now in the right company for the Jonny-waps, and a whisper to a friend at the store door soon dispersed them. These people are every where, they increase with the tracts—the reason why, the tracts leave them more ignorant than they find them. In fact, tracts is only the forging of fetters, by tyrannical Priests, to bind the people; and even here, in this paradise, I discover a few of these Beasts of prey.

Finding it vain to avoid the rush of the town, I let them look on, set about business with as much despatch as possible, counting and shifting my books, and receiving the salutes of the citizens, at the same time, so that before I was aware, I had made the acquaintance of a large portion of the city.

Savannah is the garden spot of the south, whether as to opulence, trade, refinement, hospitality, or site. It certainly does not surpass Wilmington or Camden, in hospitality or refinement, for that is impossible, but it equals them in this respect, and greatly exceeds them in numbers. Wilmington has her *Dudley*, Camden has her *Salmond*, and Savannah has her *Gaston;* nor

has Wilmington, though a beautiful site, such an extensive prospect, by half. The buildings of Savannah are rather indifferent, like those of Charleston, S. C. and much inferior to those of Augusta. They seem to take most pride in decorating their streets, with those beautiful trees, and their despatch of business. Of all people, they take the most pleasure in an unwearied attention to business. The business season commences late in the fall, and ends in June, and such is their industry, that they scarcely leave time for refreshment or repose. After the business season is over, they then enjoy themselves with their friends—travel to the north, or amuse themselves as they please, till the business season comes round again. This is the routine of all the southern towns. Though Savannah is an even sandy plain, this plain is considerably elevated above the river, and rises still higher in the rear.

From the top of the Exchange, we have one of the handsomest prospects in the southern country, and by a long way the most extensive. For the distance of eight miles, you see one continued plain of rice and cotton fields. Splendid mansions, groves of live oak, magnolia gardens, the river with its islands, steam-boats, and shipping, the whole city with its squares, and regular streets, lined with the pride of Savannah, (I would say instead) of China, with the endless cotton warehouses, the marble monument, erected to the memory of Green and Pulaski, presents to the eye, a most ravishing picture of beauty, or rather novely to a traveller. The harbor excepted, it greatly exceeds any view of Charleston, S. C. Its chief beauty consists in the symmetry, extent, and uniform evenness of the great rice and cotton plantations, and the alternate rows of those exquisitely variegated trees and houses.

The wharves and streets near the river, were alive with people and drays.

Having often mentioned the china-tree, I never saw it in bloom till now, and one of them, growing opposite my window, so near that I could put out my hand and pluck the flowers; I amused myself the second day of my visit, (Sunday) in viewing the flowers, the negroes marketing, and the people walking to and fro.

The China-tree is in symmetry and attitude, something like the apple tree, if we allow it about twice its height, and it would

grow much taller, but they are topped from time to time, and neatly pruned. The color and form of the flower, is much like the liloc. It is, however, more deeply tinged with red—on the outside of its tiny petals, which are exactly like those of the liloc, and like it, grows in large bunches, the stem not so long, nor is the body of the flower so pointed—very narrow hair stripes of a blood red, appear on the outward part of the petal, and it is somewhat deeper shaded than the liloc. These hang in bunches on the boughs of the tree, as thick as the leaves, which are in heavy clusters of a beautiful bright green, in shape like the elder,—thus mingled and shaded, the tree is extremely beautiful, and very ornamentive. Market is held on Sunday morning in Savannah, all the negroes (who reap the benefit) for many miles round come in, and the market is numerously attended. It is hardly necessary to say this is a special privilege of lenity, and accommodation to the slaves, who cannot attend with their own perquisites and manufactures in the week; and it is also a day of visits and finery. This privilege is not the only one they are allowed: the poorer sort traverse the streets during Sunday, with brooms, and various other manufactures of their own. This would soon be stopped by Dr. Ely's gang, though they are silent on all the other commandments.

Amongst the novelties of Savannah, I was amused with the gait of the people, as they walked the streets. They are so much accustomed to wade through the sand, that they have contracted a habit, something like a wading step, as one would walk through a bed of tough brick mortar. Their gait is slow and regular, their step long, their head thrown back—the better to breathe, I suspect—and they rise and fall every step. This is more strongly marked in the men.

It is impossible to mention, or even recollect, half the gentlemen I saw in Savannah, without encroaching upon their mutual rights; a few, therefore, can only be expected.

Indeed, my visit to Savannah happened to be at one of the busiest seasons in the year: in those times, the people scarcely take time to eat, or sleep; a few minutes at a time, therefore, was all they could spare. First one, and then another, would run into my parlor, dropping with fatigue, covered with dust, and fanning themselves with their hats, to know that I was properly attended. So it happened, while I remained at Savannah,

three days; one of which was Sunday. Colonel William T. Williams, I have mentioned: he supported the character, I had conceived of him from report; affable, generous and kind; he is, nevertheless, a business man.—Having to attend to a large book and stationary establishment, besides commission business: this, and his official duties, as Mayor, it may be supposed he had but little time to attend to me.—Col. Williams is a tall, spare man, of very genteel appearance, with a thin, fair oval face, and mild blue eye, and as I said, very affable and friendly in his manners—he is highly respected.

Francis H. Wellman, Esq., is a stout, tall, erect manly figure, over six feet in height, and proportionably made; his face is round, and features handsome, with a full black eye, of dove-like innocence, and black, glossy hair.—His countenance overflows with sympathetic kindness, while his manners are at once lofty and graceful; he is in the prime of manhood, and upon the whole, a rare specimen of every thing, that enobles man, or constitutes personal beauty.—He is a native of Bermuda. *George Schley*, Esq, is the Postmaster of Savannah, and one of the most honorable and faithful men in the Department Not a tract, or National Preacher in his office! It is the best regulated Post-office, in the United States Mr. Schley is of young appearance a tall, neat figure, fair handsome face, and sprightly blue eye: while his dew-soft countenance unveils the benevolence of his heart, his conversation and manners are elevated, though mild and winning, he is the best reader I ever heard.

Here, again, we have the Israelites; these, like those in the other southern towns, are noble, high-minded men, and none are more highly respected. They are men of wealth and character, every where in the south. *J. P. Henry*, is one of this sect; one of the handsomest men in the southern country. He is of good height, heavy make, and of young appearance. His features are remarkably fine, with a fair complexion, and a most facinating black eye. But the manners and countenance of the man, for generosity and kindness, would be hard to depict: whoever has seen Mr. Henry once, can never forget him

Moses Sheftall, Esq. (counsellor) another Israelite, is one of the most agreeable men in Savannah. He is a middle-aged man, genteel, and very graceful in his manners. T. M. Driscoll is a bookseller, about middling; he is a wild, rattling good hearted man, doubtless: but think, he does not sell many books; he is

one of those that take the world easy. His clerk, Mr. W. T. Hagard, is a very amiable, steady young man, mild, sensible and pleasant.

A. J. C. Shaw, Esq. one of the best of men, is a fine, stout, elderly figure, round, dark face, a mild, black eye, and benign countenance. He is frank and friendly, and the soul and body of benevolence.

Captain *Pooler*, is a young affiable man, with an oval, fair face, full dark, grey eye, and great elegance of manners.

W. R. Gale, clerk in Col. Williams' book-store, is an upright, steady, industrious, persevering young man, and very obliging. I am always proud to bring humble merit forward, (merit is always humble) the favorites of fortune, do no not need friends.

Col. *John Shellman*, of the Revolution. I was peculiarly fortunate in meeting with Col. Shellman—he is surveyor of the Port of Savannah. Identified with every virtue, hale and sprightly, straight, firm and manly, with one of the most expressive faces I ever saw: at once, a gentleman, and a philanthropist, keen and sensible, he is one of the noblest relics of the Revolution; but I saw him but for a minute, as he stepped in with others. While I was busily engaged shipping my books, number of gentlemen came into the store to salute me, but engaged, as I was, and their business calling them away, I merely recollect, they were the finest collection of gentlemen I ever saw. It was an entire display of every accomplishment, derived from study, or business. Their manners were marked with elegance, ease and dignity. Of these, the District Attorney, Mr. *M. H McCallister*, Esq. was one, a noble, fine, stout-made man; also, J. S. Pelot, a Naval officer; John Stevens, Esq. collector of the Port of Savannah, a most gentlemanly man; Arther G. Miller, Esq., Messrs. J. O. Reynolds, Edward Padleford, (a generous yankee) C. B. Carter, George D. Sweat, Aaron Cohen, O. Palmer, Steven Mitchell, Robert M Charlton, the latter an attorney, J D. Lamotta, Esq., a remarkably fine looking man, with a full, black eye; G. B. Lamar, Esq., a brother of the member of Congress; Robert G. Wallis, Esq; Messrs. J M. Jones, Lewis Giroden, Embler, and Morris; William Gaston, Esq. Gen. Crodon, one of the council all these, and many more flocked into the store, so that Col. Williams' store was turned into a levee. Of these, William Gaston is the pride, not only of Savannah, but in the whole southern country. He is known throughout the U. States,

and venerated as deity: like Steven Van Rensselear, he is as rich as Crœsus, and as liberal and generous as he is wealthy. He is the idol, as well as the life and soul of Savannah. The boat I sailed down in, was named William Gaston, in honor of him. He is beloved to idolatry by the citizens. He is of New York. I never did know a more enviable man: he is every man's friend, the poor, the stranger, the unfortunate! He merely holds his immense fortune in trust, for the good of mankind! Wherever distress is, there you find William Gaston. In New Orleans, in Europe, Gaston's name is familiar. He is a very industrious man, and attentive to business, and seems to be the favorite of heaven. She continues to heap her favors upon him, with an unsparing liberality, and the more he gives, the more he has: all lovely and amiable, as he is, sorrow and distress flies before him; and he is said to work like a day laborer. In my short visit to Savannah—only three days, I was asked an hundred times, at least, "Miss Royal, have you seen our Idol? Have you seen William Gaston?" They grudge the *Mr.* Capt. Bowman, of the William Gaston, apprized me on my voyage, down the river, "the boat was called after the best man in the world, you will say that, when you see him." This great and good man is quite young, of middling size, with a mild, blue eye, and smooth brow. His countenance and features, are distinguished by nothing remarkable. His face is neither handsome, nor the the contrary, and his first sight appearance, is by no means striking,—he has quite a common exterior: his dress plain, and language divested of all parade and formality; takes the tone of his actions: for instance, "Oh, take it, take it, you may meet with some accident. I cannot, Sir, I will not, I have friends every where, I should be a swindler, my pride, Sir, well act as my steward, give it to those who need it, excuse me, I am busy, good by!" "Stop, sir," "Oh, I'll return in a few minutes, a vessel is going to sail." I have found numbers of feeling men, since distress forced me to face a friendless world, but those were like myself, schooled in misfortune. But, to meet this fellow feeling, in one who never experienced want, or the frowns of the world, I gazed at the man in astonishment.

Mr. Gaston has neither wife nor child, and I hope for the good of mankind, he never may, as women always model their husbands; and about ninety-nine out of one hundred women, are selfish and penurious, and, must know every thing. The

moment a man marries, he surrenders his liberty, and though I shall be censured by many of my fair sisters, in the present case, by putting my veto on so fine a prize. I am not so harsh, as Solomon the wise—I have found many amiable women, kind and charitable: but it too rarely happens, that one of these fall to the lot of a good man. Unfortunately, they too often fall into the hands of some Nero, and vice Versa, the same of the other sex.

Instead of building Theological Schools, to hatch vipers, like Bartlett, of New England, or burying his treasure in Banks, like Girard, of Philadelphia, Mr. Gaston, scatters his treasure amongst the poor and indigent. Which is the Christian? Let actions determine. Such is Wm. Gaston, of Savannah, meek, modest and familiar: he is an honor to his species, and to New York, whose son he is. To see this man alone, was worth a trip to Savannah. But this dear spot had other, and many blessings in store for me. After refreshing myself with a cup of tea, after dinner, on the third and last day of my visit, I was seated at my table as usual, whenever I can steal a moment, engaged with my pen, when a genteel stranger entered the room, and saluting me by name, said "my name is *Flournoy*, Mrs. R. I had the pleasure to see you at Ballston Springs once, some years back, I was in company with Judge Drayton, of S C. do you not recollect me? He paused—I had often seen the name of Flournoy, in my subscription book! I had met with many fine people from the south, both at Saratoga and Ballston! I had likewise met with many gentlemen from Boston, and amongst such a number of names I was at a loss to know to which place the name of Flournoy belonged. I had often inquired for him in Massachusetts, but no one knew such a man. But he mentioned a circumstance which soon brought him to my mind. There are always a mob of ruffian-runners and servants about the Springs. I had heard the celebrated Judge Drayton was at the boarding house, at Ballston, and wishing to honor my page with his name, I sought and obtained an interview: this is the time the Judge, supposing from my appearance I was in distress, generously put his hand in his pocket and relieved me. This was the business of a minute, and the Judge walked out, and I also was preparing to depart, when one of the ruffians aforesaid, came into the parlor, and was very insolent; and as I walked out, I met with a very young, but modest, genteel man, to whom I complained. "No

one shall insult you here Madam, said the young man:" I cannot recall what is passed, but had I been present, I would have chastised the ruffian for his insolence. The word had hardly escaped him, when the same ruffian appeared, the gentleman rebuked him severely, and told him I was under his protection, nor did he leave my side one moment, till he saw me seated in the stage! But though I did not know his name, as he merely wrote it on the paper, I never shall forget the melting benevolence that diffused his countenance, as he drew up to the stage door to take leave! This was the man who now stood before me, whom Gaston himself might envy! Heaven from on high, had watched over us and brought us together once more! The pleasure of the moment defies description—it was the happiest of my life. We devoured each other in silence, for some minutes. Flournoy, was the first to break silence. "I heard you were in Savannah Mrs. R. and came in to see you." It appeared he resided four miles from Savannah.

Col. R. W. Flournoy is still a young looking man, [I saw him in 1826] a thin figure, and delicate features: his eye is blue, uncommonly mild, and his countenance is stamped with every virtue, while modesty tinges his manly cheek. The novelist may take this for one of their scenes. The Col. spent but a short time with me, being, like all the southern people at this season, engaged in shipping. He called once more, however, to take leave, and I flatter myself it will not be the last I shall see of him. Of all earthly blessings, there is none to be compared with friendship.

This gentleman, with Wm. Gaston, and those *first* mentioned, called at my room, the others, as I have remarked, flocked into the bookstore, in such numbers, that it was impossible to notice them distinctly. Messrs. R. Raiford, James Eppinger, Col. M Myers, Lazarus Petty, Isaac Minus, and Augustus Osmler, called at my rooms a few minutes. Mr. Raiford called with my friend, Col. Flournoy: he is a stout, noble figure, and a most consummate gentleman, with all defference to Hon. Wayne, he is a citizen of Savannah; and no less accomplished is Mr. Eppinger.—Col. Myers has a very manly appearance, being a neat figure, with a fine eye, and manners peculiarly engaging. Mr. Osmler, is a kind, keen, sensible German, and a warm hearted man.

Mr. L. Petty, is a young looking man, of very pleasant manners. Mr. I. Minis is a middle aged, stout, fine looking man: but

a description of one, excepting as to size and features, may serve for the whole, as they say themselves; they are all your "whole soul men." This was the most splendid turn out that ever did me the honor, every gentleman in Savannah called. The only man who treated me with disrespect, (or what is the same thing, did not call) was Col. M'Ray, at the head of the Cantonment.—He must have been a blue-skin, or *Anti mason*. Had the man even been sick, he might have sent an apology, as several of the officers called. Nor must I forget a pair of Fops, (they grow every where) these were Messrs. Wright, a shallow booby, and Ingles of Virginia, a merchant, and a poor sample. I see one C. S. Masters, with the following note, viz: A good for little, good hearted man.

I was pleased however, to meet with an old acquaintance, formerly of Philadelphia, and introduced to me by Mrs. Gen. Lellamand, whose husband was his friend, he being also of France: his name is Louis Lauret, he, with Mons. P.P. F. Degrand, were both introduced by Madam L. at the same time. He was very polite, and gave me a letter of introduction to his brother-in-law, of New Orleans. Though Monsieur L—t seems to have been unfortunate, since I had the pleasure of seeing him in Philadelphia He had married!

My time being short at Savannah, and momently engaged, I saw no ladies excepting at a distance—they seemed to be plain looking, like the gentlemen, and neatly shaped. My landlady was a very amiable woman, and her daughter was a sweet girl. But I cannot praise Newcomb, the landlord, much: he suffered the rabble to make too much noise. Newcomb is a Yankee, and keeps a good table and good servants.

MARKET.

The Market of Savannah, is similar to that of Charleston, the meats indifferent, fruit and vegetables fine, peas were plenty, and had been for ten days; radishes, turnips, and lettuce, grow all winter. Fruit, domestic and foreign is found every where in Savannah, in great perfection—the greatest market is on Sunday morning. The godly ought to petition Congress to stop the market! Anyhow, Doctor Ely ought to come here and see the women. There is a Mrs. Gobbleton here, seeking the Lord, the Dr. ought to come now while the holy fit is upon her. If he can

only find one woman in a holy way, it is enough for him, he can soon erect a Church of women. It is astonishing these Priests care nothing about the men, but suppose they have no souls.

But I have run away from my story. I told one of those blackys' who was crying brooms through the street on the h-o-l-y Sabbath, that Dr. Ely would get foul of him some day: he would have been flayed alive in the blue skin country for this; though they would have robbed every widow and ignorant woman in the land to save his soul. This picture speaks the liberality and good sense of Savannah. There are the churches, let those who wish to be *pious*, as they call it, go to church, since they wish to act the hypocrite by outward show; and let those who wish to buy and sell do so, it is no hypocrites business.

Much business is done in Savannah, all the produce of the State and a large portion of South Carolina, comes here to be shipped, and the time being limited, they work themselves nearly to death. The following table may give some idea of its

TRADE.

Statement of the Exports from Savannah, (Geo.) of Upland Cotton, Sea Island Cotton, and Rice, for the years 1827, 1828, and 1829, distinguishing the quantity sent to Foreign Ports and to the Ports of the United States.

	bales Upland,	bales Sea Island,	tierces Rice.
	1827.		
Foreign Ports,	110,507	13,933	7,115
Coastwise,	110,142	———	7,592
	220,649	13,933	14,707
	1828.		
Foreign,	63,176	11,648	7,297
Coastwise,	77,952	———	7,168
	141,128	11,648	14,465
	1829.		
Foreign,	128,233	13,729	9,524
Coastwise,	103,375	———	11,272
	231,608	13,729	20,796

There is also a handsome retail business done in the city.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Savannah is on Savannah River, 17 miles from the sea, and contains a Town Hall; Masonic Hall; Custom House; Court House; Monument; Jail; Market House; Churches*; one Academy; Poor House; and ——— inhabitants.

The Town Hall is a large, handsome building, in which the Mayor holds his Courts, and in it Lectures on Chemistry, are delivered gratis. I saw a very handsome engraving of the city, in the Mayor's office, done by Gordon. The Monument is erected in honor of Green and Pulaski, and stands in the centre of the town. It is a plain, square marble pillar, 55 feet high, and cost $10,000. The corner stone was laid with Masonic honors, at the head of which, stood Gen. Lafayette. The Jewish Synagogue was burnt down; all the streets cross at right angles, laying the city off into 16 squares. The streets are wide, and paved on the sides; but such is the depth of the sand in the middle of the street, that carriages sink into it, and people can scarcely drag themselves through it; and yet this difficulty is entirely eclipsed by the beauty of the trees, which line the streets, and the profusion of delicious fruit.

To sum up the whole in few words, so far as I have travelled, Savannah is the first city of the south, by a long way. The citizens are wealthy, sober, intelligent, hospitable, industrious, and high-minded, to a degree which few towns in the United States, can ever reach. I cannot say the society is better than in Camden, S. C. and Wilmington, N. C. but it greatly excells in wealth and numbers. I met with more of what we call gentlemen in Savannah, than any town in the United States.

History.—Savannah was settled by Gen Ogglethorpe, in 1733.

Of all the citizens, I became most attached to Mr. Wellman. There are always a *chosen few* in every place, to whose care I am consigned. Mr. W. was one, and laborious as his business was, which scarcely left him time for sleep or refreshment, he never failed to call once a day, at least, to see that all was right. Poor man, I felt for him: he used to come in quite exhausted, generally of an evening. On one of these occasions, I had a fair trial of the worth and inedpendence of the man. There are a rab-

* Unknown.

ble of strangers about all taverns, mostly pick-pockets, &c.—These people of course, are always proscribed, and by way of revenge, in the present case, had been knocking against the wall of my parlor in an adjoining room. As soon as Mr. Wellman came in, I apprised him of it!—"No" said Mr. W. "they certainly would not have the assurance." While he was yet speaking, they repeated the noise: Mr. W. bid them "begone."—Whether they heard him or not, I cannot say, but the noise continued. I told him to call the landlord, and have them put out; accordingly, he called once or twice, but received no answer.—He is a giant in size, and being provoked, he stamped upon the floor with such force, that the whole building resounded! It was like great guns. But there was never such scampering before. The landlord, meantime, made his appearance, and the moment he showed his face—"what do you mean sir, by suffering such conduct—what do you mean I say! Let me hear no more of it, not a particle, do you hear sir"? The landlord made many apologies, and walked off. But there never was a more still house while I remained there. He is certainly one of the most decisive, and at the same time the most independent man in the world. Yet he was over-reached by the blue-skins at last!!!!

Compelled to leave Savannah in the next boat, on my return to Augusta, (Capt. Bowman, had returned the second day) my friends Messrs. Wellman, Henry, &c. undertook to secure me a passage in a boat which left Savannah on Tuesday, which day was fixed for my departure. It appeared, however, that my landlord, without consulting me or my friends, had been to the Captain, as he pretended, to get me a passage. What he told the Captain, must forever remain a secret—but I shall ever believe, that let the Captain be as mean, (which he certainly is) and unprincipled as he may, the tavern-keeper acted the v——n. He owned the stage line, or a part of it: he was in the stage interest; and though my friends could not be brought to believe the man guilty. From long experience in the trick and managment of stage owners, I saw through it at once. I have been thoroughly schooled in the corps. But to the point, I do dot know the name either of the boat or Captain, but desired my friends to procure me a passage. They were told "*all* the births were taken"! My friends insisted, said "I *must* go if I went without a birth! you will oblige us sir. "No" I could not. They

returned to me and said I must wait for the next boat. I never wait! and if I would, my business would not! I must keep pace with the sun! I did not at this time know my *Yankee* landlord had been to the boat at all. Yet I thought it very odd, that such friends as I had at command, could not succeed in getting a passage, and immediately inquired "if a stage ran to Augusta."—"Yes, the mail stage goes three times a week." "Who owns the line"? Newcomb and somebody else. This satisfied me. I next sought Newcomb, and requested him to "go to the Captain of the steam-boat, which left Savannah next morning, and engage me a passage." This was said to try the knave. "I have been down to see him," said N. "and he says he cannot take you." "Who told you to go sir," "nobody, but I heard you say you were going tomorrow;" "and so you mentioned my name did you"? Yes, "I did not think it any harm." I took immediately, yet did not mention my suspicion to my friends, but requested Col. Wellman to "take two or three other respectable gentlemen with him, and try the Captain again." He did so! and the Captain at length agreed,but upon consulting the passengers, they objected absolutely! Upon this report being made to me, I suspected the truth, which was afterwards confirmed, viz. that there were Missionaries on board: those miscreants follow me on all my tours. This was a woman!!! A low raised ignorant woman, into whom one of those Godly *Rip Van Winkle-thumps*, from New York, had instilled holy, pious feelings. Thus the mystery was explained! Thus, Charleston, S. C. went! and thus Savannah *is to go!* The woman's name [for I never stopped till I went to the bottom of the infamous plot] was Mrs. MEVERICH! I *think* from or *near* Greensville, S. C.; and though there might have been more than one of the Dunderthump Missionaries on board, she was as I understood, the principal.*

It must excite horror, in the breast of every American, not lost to feeling, when they soberly reflect, that such a number of the first gentlemen in the United States, as it is well known they were, should have been so completely defeated in the present case, by *a woman*, a low, ignorant woman! This is one, of ten thousand instances of the dangerous influence of priests, over

* I arrived at Augusta before the steam-boat, and formed a *counter*-plot, by which I detected the principal actors.

women. Thus, serpent-like, clerical power steals the liberties of the people! Noble, high-minded, and unsuspecting. The gentlemen of Savannah, would not listen to me, when I observed, "there must be blue-skins aboard," and no wonder! Who would have believed, those beasts of prey, would have dared to defy such a populous, and refined city as Savannah? It is a slur upon it, that two or three hypocritical ignoramuses, should I gain a complete victory, over a host of learning and talent. I could relate every particular of the plot, and the name of every one on board, but for exposing them to the diabolical snares of those monsters. What sort of a religion is this? The Captain ought to be out-lawed, who would treat his patrons with such marked contempt; and to tell a falsehood too, as it proved, in the end. But it will be asked, why these blue-skin women fear me? This needs no answer. Their concious hypocrisy, makes them dread the truth. But they are women of suspicious morals. The records of the courts, prove this. But most people have taken up the idea, that I can tell infamous characters the moment I see them—any one can do the same. But few have independence enough, to expose them. I glory in unmasking the vile hypocrites, and they apprize each other, of this, from one end of the Union to the other, by writing and running. This woman, and her companions, had heard this, and Newcomb, no less apprized of the fact, doubtless, told the Missionary passengers in this boat, a fine story, to further his own interest. But, I am to be deceived, neither by the one nor the other, in their detestable money-making schemes. I have lived amongst them, for sometime. The very moment I heard the births were all taken, the truth flashed upon me. It was provoking, that the exigence of the moment, forced me to patronize Newcomb, but I will fix him in Washington: these knaves, always do their own business, when they begin with me. I trust the whole of them, may be held up to infamy, and shunned by society. This act alone, proves the hypocrisy of these Missionaries. If they were afraid of one heathen, how are they to convert nations? No, it is conscious guilt, that makes them fear and tremble, when they see me.

Though, I was far from being in a laughing humor, it was actually laughable, to see Mr. Wellman; he is a lion, when roused; he fairly roared with rage, and laid it up for the Captain, though

he refused to believe, to the last, that it was a premediated scheme. I trust, this specimen of Missionary impudence, may open the eyes of Savannah, to the designs of these clerical swindlers, before they meet the fate of Charleston.

RETURN TO AUGUSTA.

My resolution was soon taken; and though, I grudged Newcomb every cent of it, my stage-fare was soon settled by my friends; not the godly, but the *honest* men. I had spent three days (one of which was Sunday) at Savannah, and compelled to leave the city, at two o'clock, A. M. on Tuesday, my friends, yes! they were my friends, inndeed. Parting with friends, is always to me a hard trial; nor do I believe, any one feels its pain more sensibly. They had been dropping in during the evening, as they could snatch a moment from their business. It wrung my bosom, to say, and look the last fare-well, but it must be done! I had other friends, who took an interest—all wished to see me, and I wished to see all! It was now late, after 10, when Col. Wellman, the last, and by no means the least, came in. He had furnished me with letters, and repeatedly asked, "can I do nothing more? Now think, be certain, you are amongst friends." He lingered still.—His clothes covered with sand and dust, pale and exhausted, he stood long in the door. I waved my hand, and at two o'clock, A. M. next morning, 6th of April, I was seated in the stage, with two passengers; countrymen.

The moon shone bright, by which I perceived, the land was thin, flat and sandy, and I soon found a different appearance, from that on the other side of the river.—Our road being on the west, that is, the Georgia side of the river. Steering north, with Savannah on our backs, and Augusta in front. We travelled slow, on account of the sand, and about three miles from the city, reached a desolate piney flat, matted with undergrowth. This was on fire, and dangerous, from the falling of trees; meantime, I was no little cheered, by the voice of the whip-poor-will, which I heard for the first time, in some years: their notes, however, were very different from those I had heard heretofore,—they do not cry so loud, by half, nor do they say, whip-poor-will, at all like those I had heard before.—Their note, as

near as it can be explained by letters, is, "wiff O wiff," and this so low, and indistinct, that I, at first conceived it to be a species of frog, but upon a closer inspection, I found the land dry, and referred to the driver, when he informed me, it was a whip poor-will. They were not numerous.

Amused by the bird, and the illumination of the woods, I felt rather pleased at my disappointment, and upon the whole, it turned out [no thanks to the plotters] a very pleasing one, in the end.

About three miles from Savannah, however, our progress appeared to be at an end; a large tree, burnt through at the root, had fallen directly across our road, and no possibility of getting round it, for the density of the trees, and brushwood, on each side, and here we were!

As we drew near the tree, we discovered a black man, with a horse and cart, emersing from the thicket, on our left. The poor fellow was sadly torn by the brambles, and said, he had been nearly two hours forcing his way round the tree: but, upon viewing the place, we found it impossible to get through with the stage. No axe in the stage: every mail-stage ought to carry an axe, by law,—I generally make it a point, to carry lines and straps myself, in case of accidents; but straps were useless here. What was to be done? As usual, I clapped my wits to work, and proposed to take every thing out of the stage, lift off the body, which I thought might be done, by the aid of the negro, take out the horses, and lift the wheels over, one at a time: this plan seemed to be approved by the party, and we went to work, and by the aid of twenty-five cents, which I slipped into the hand of the negro: all the change I had, after a long time of straining and hard lifting, which detained us fully an hour, we succeeded, without taking off the body; but such was the meanness of those in the stage, and the driver too, that they never offered the poor negro one cent! and (as I afterwards discovered, they had a full bottle) not even a dram. So it appears, meanness is common to all climates. I solicited each to give him something, but, "they had no money."

A little after day light, we found ourselves in the long leafed pine, cypress, long moss, and the narrow leafed black-jack, with the live and common oak, now and then a swamp or marsh, with sometimes ponds.

Every change in the land, the growth changes from pine to cypres, bay-tree, wild orange, (these bear no fruit) with the wild rose, and three species of honey-suckle!—These, and the wild rose, take the forrest to themselves. They grow tall and dense, often from twelve to fifteen, and perhaps twenty feet high; and so redundant are the branches, and flowers, they form a solid body, of the most brilliant variety of colors; of which it would be impossible to give an adequate description. They envelope the whole growth of these marshes, with every hue, and every shade, from deep scarlet, to the snowy white, intermingled, with bright purple, deep yellow and crimson, bright and pale green; it would baffle the finest pencil, to imitate the richness of their tints, while their fragrance perfumed the air. The dogwood, edges upon these, with its large, pure, white flowers, much larger, and in greater profusion, than it acquires in the north or west.

Then again, we have the ponds, studded with deadened cypress, the picture of desolation. These ponds, and adjoining impenetrable swampy thickets, are said to be infested with Alligators, of great size, as large as a man: and I was told, for the first time, the alligator often roars as loud as a bull.

I was all surprise, and joy by turns, and as we advancesd towards Augusta, I was relieved from those two horrors, the deadened cypress and long moss.

The most of the land, however, is poor, piney barrens, sandy and level, not a stone to be seen, as large as a walnut, and the same green broom-grass covers the face: this sandy plain, is mentioned on the other side of the river. This grass is exactly of one height, and extremely beautiful. The country, is a perfect waste; being almost destitute of inhabitants, from the poverty of the soil: the accommodation is therefore, bad, and the stages worse! we travelled for miles, without seeing a house, and not one missionary—too poor for them.

The adjoining woods, I was told, abounded with *deer*, *wolves*, and various other wild animals. Water is scarce, if we except the ponds. Since leaving N. C. I have seen very few clear purling streams.

Speaking of deer, I had some delightful venison, and a fine cup of tea, where we stopped to change horses and driver. This was at the driver's own house: and though, he took a little too

much sometimes, he was the cleverest fellow, I found on the road, and his wife was a very kind woman. They did keep entertainment, and I think, it was the regular dining hour, though the passengers effected many scruples about the ladie's neatness, which I suspect, might be more properly ascribed to an empty pocket, or a bribe by the other house. For my part, I never met with a meal, more to my taste, and the passengers saved their money. The landlord-driver, was pretty well in for it: but I coaxed and flattered him, and we agreed very well. Indeed, there is little danger of upsetting in this country; it being so level, and still less of the horses running away, as they can hardly *walk*, through the sand.

But the most interesting, and by far the most extraordinary object, of this, or any other day's journey, remains to be told; and without hesitation, I should pronounce it the greatest curiosity, in the southern country. It is a real phenomenon, and staggered me to yield credit to. Seeing (what every traveller has seen) an endless number of small earthy mounds, precisely the size and shape of sweet-potatoe, or tobacco-hills:—I asked the meaning of it, and was told, they were made by a small animal, like a mole, called "Salamander."—The driver said, the animal was little larger than a mole, and exactly like one excepting two natural pockets, on each side of the under jaw, into which it poked its food. The ground, in these pine barrens being light and sandy, they throw up, incredible numbers of those mounds, pushing it out (or rather pitching it) with their long, hard, sharp-pointed noses, while they remain cautiously concealed in the rear of their work. They are a very timid animal, and rarely ever seen—I heard of but two, that were ever caught. They work in the night only, and are supposed to throw up the earth in search of food, which consists of the roots of the grass, which abounds in these barrens.

But why should they bore so deep, for these roots, which they evidently do, to judge from the quantity of earth, they throw up?

But the most extraordinary part of the story is, that they form such a number of these hills, in a single night.—I saw thousands, made the preceding night! and the vast number of these animals! they must exceed calculation. The whole face of the country, west of the Savannah river, is covered with them, as thick, as

they can stick, one by another, as far as I could see, with the exception of a few spots: and what is no less surprising, they extend to Alabama, quite through the Indian nation, all on the same parallel, and not one on the east side of Savannah—and yet it is almost impossible, to see or kill one! And so little interest is taken by travellers, in their frequent journeys to and from the southern country, that I never heard of it.

There are a few larger heaps of earth, here and there, amongst the others, in the shape (or nearly) of a grave, said to be made by a kind of tarapin, called Quagers, or some such name; but these are not half so industrious as the Sallamander, as the *little* animal is called.

We dined at one of the contractor's houses, who had just settled upon a bear hill, (the only hill I saw) and seems to promise well, from his display of buildings. How he is to get bread, I cannot see, unless he can procure Aladdin's lamp. It strikes me his name is *Dapson.*—He was not at home, but his wife, and her sister, who lived with her, was remarkably clever, indeed: they had tea, and everything in the house made ready for me, before the other stage came, and upon stating the accident of the stage, she very nobly, repaid the twenty-five cents I gave the negro.

The stage I came in, went no further, and I was compelled to wait here for the Augusta stage, which being heavy laden, did not arrive for sometime.

At length it arrived, with several respectable gentlemen from New Orleans, principally; several of whom were Yankees, and knew me, though I had no recollection of them.

They were fine looking men, and seemed to be melting with heat, and I suffered more from the heat, this day, than I had yet, excepting a few hours in Charleston.

I now set forward alone in a much better stage, and the road being good, the breeze from the rapidity of the coach, was refreshing. But by reason of the delay of the Augusta stage, I was told, for my comfort, I would have to travel all night!

I went on rapidly till dark, when the driver, apparently a very decent man; having arrived at his own dwelling, observed, "I will have to put in the horses, and drive down (we had reached uneven ground) to a little town, about two miles from here; there was a muster there to-day, and I suspect, the driver is there:" "Does he drink? I asked, "yes he takes a dram sometimes;" my heart began to ach.

We soon arrived at the village, and as the stage stopped at the Post-office, a man pitched head foremost out of it, and reeled round the stage, attempting to mount the seat in vain: I asked the driver, who had just dismounted, if that was the new driver? "Yes." "Why, Sir, would you suffer *him* to drive, had you not better go on yourself, it is impossible for this man to drive." The drunken man heard me and saluted me with a volley of oaths. I sent in for the Postmaster, told him who I was, and requested him to use his influence with the other driver to go on. The last driver, however, peremtorily refused. I ask, "if it were not possible to hire some person, I would pay them myself, to drive to the next stand, that I would not think of risking my life with that drunken ruffian, and the contractor was highly censurable, to employ such a man. I said this, that the ruffian might hear me, thinking the best way to sober him, was to make him mad. By this time, three men had entered the stage, tolerably sober, and two of them quite decent men, bid me, be under no apprehension, they would attend to the stage themselves, and one of them accordingly, sat with the driver, who had scrambled up upon the seat; two others sat with me, and assured me of their protection, as the drunkard began to threaten me. I was pleased his mettle was up, as it might be the means of saving our necks.

So off we went, he laid on the whip, to show how well he could drive, and it required all the persuasion of the men, to get him to cease whipping the horses. The man on the seat, holding the reins, and striving at once to check the horses, and soothe the ruffian. "He was the best driver in America, never was found fault with before;" and so he went on, reeling from one side to the other.

I suspect we had drove about 7 or 8 miles, when the ruffian's rage, which only increased as he grew sober, arose to such a pitch, that he jumped down upon the ground, in the wild woods, carrying the reigns with him, and swore he would not drive another step, till I got out, I should not ride in the stage; d—d if I should another inch! The men, as well as myself, remonstrated, and soothed him by turns. He was now tolerably sober and his conduct, I plainly saw was the exclusive effect of innate villainy. He stood still, expecting I was some poor fool, whom he could frighten out of the stage. After ordering me to get out sundry times, in the vilest language, he said if I did not get out,

he would "put me out." "No you don't" said a fine farmer looking man, who lived not far off. They, as well as myself, had been reasoning with him, in mild terms, for some time, upon the impropriety of stopping the mail, and treating passengers so ill, who had paid their money. But when they found he went so far, they soon let him know he should not molest me. He repeated sundry times after this (though in a lower tone) he would put me out of the stage. I asked the gentlemen if there was a magistrate on the road, they said there was. He heard this, but lest he might be thought to knock under, nevertheless, stood in the road, with the reigns in his hand, and we observed, we were perfectly satisfied, it was a warm night, and we could take a good nap in the stage, and for my part, I was perfectly resigned, having such a chivalrous guard. I laid myself back in the stage very contentedly. In short, it must have been about two hours, before the fellow, being alarmed as he grew sober, condescended to get up and drive, and became quite mild, particularly as he heard me making particular inquiry "who lived on the road?" and the name of Col. Jones was mentioned, a wealthy gentleman who owned large and valuable possessions on Ebenezer Creek, within three miles of us. The name of Col. Jones, effectually sobered and alarmed the gentleman, and he was now as officiously polite, as he had been insolent. I was pleased with the change, as the best friend I had in the stage, had arrived at his dwelling. I presented him with a volume I happened to have in the stage, as a token of my respect and gratitude for his protection, which I shall never cease to remember, though I have no recollection of his name.

We soon arrived at Ebenezer Creek, where, by the light of the moon I had a view of the falls, which are very splendid.—These falls are the property of Col. Jones, who owns extensive manufactories at this place, a store, an extensive farm, of good land, and a vast number of slaves.

A Post Office being kept here, while opening the mail, I sent in for the Col. : he not being in, his clerk came to me, a genteel young man, to whom I communicated the conduct of the driver. The driver heard me, but was mute: he had officiously came up to know if I wanted any thing, and seemed so much humbled, I was entirely disarmed. I told him to tie on my trunk better, as there was no boot to the stage, and we proceeded, having but

four miles to go before we stopped for tea, and change horses and drivers.

Tea was soon over, and the stage ready, when upon looking behind, my trunk was gone! I inquired for the drunkard, thinking it had been mislaid in changing the stage. But the driver was gone. This was a bad sign—my new driver got his horn and made the earth resound to bring the gentleman back: he had stepped across a field with one of the passengers to spend the night with some acquaintance. Meantime, I coaxed up the new driver to ride back as far as the creek, and see if the trunk had not fallen off, and upon the promise of a dollar, he readily consented. The horses being all fresh and harnessed in, he jumped upon the seat and drove back, blowing the horn all the way. The drunkard soon came to him—said he knew nothing of the trunk, and was seriously alarmed: he also mounted the seat, and both proceeded. They found the trunk about a mile on this side of the creek, and was back in the course of an hour!

What can be said in defence of a contractor that would hire such a drunken ruffian to drive a stage, insulting and endangering the lives and property of travellers, after receiving their money! And this line is patronised by Newcomb, and Newcomb is patronized by Savannah! Savannah may, if she pleases, read her fate in this fact. Thus Charleston went! Thus Savannah is going! And *one* WOMAN was the instrument! So they go on—instruments in the hands of wicked Priests.*

Meantime I was not idle, and as I resolved to proceed that night, trunk or no trunk, I called for pen and ink, addressed a letter to Col. Jones, apprizing him of the loss, taking proper steps to forward the letter, should the messenger prove unsuc-

* A friend, now present (member of Congress) says, "Mrs. R. the people say they don't care how much you lash the *mails* if you would let the FEMALES alone." Some Henpecked fool, doubtless, led by the nose by his wife, and rid by a Priest! Another old Whitol says—"You ought to let your own sex alone." No! My own sex have brought my country to the brink of ruin, by supporting a legion of blue-skin Priests. I disown my sex. I will attack the enemies of my country, come in what shape they may—whether in the shape of angels or serpents, or (as the cant word is) my own sex—crime is of no sex! See what *one* woman was able to effect here, in the face, and in defiance of a populous city—nor is this the first time. I have been within an inch of loosing my life by the treachery of infamous Women and Priests. When women cease to gad after Priests, I will let them alone, and not before. It is understood I do not mean respectable women.

cessful, I amused myself with the history of my landlord, an aged Hollander, a most extraordinary man, indeed. He could not be called the Landlord—the house, I think, was kept by his daughter.

I was struck by the singular appearance of the man while at supper, and the moment I was at leisure I drew from him the principal incidents of his life, viz: His name was *Cooter*, which, in the French language means *knife*. He was a stout, strong-limbed man; was educated 15 years in the University of Amsterdam. He could speak and write in every language of the ancient and modern known world, was descended from a noble family, had crossed the ocean many times, (I forget how often,) was in the battle of Waterloo, had a son there too, both officers. His son is now in France, a custom-house officer under the King. He hated Bonaparte, and would fight him to-morrow. He was soon to embark for Europe again, and, from his hale appearance, he might cross the Atlantic fifty times yet. He seemed to hate the republican French, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot. He displays neither wealth nor poverty—dignified in his manners—a man of very strong mind and general information.

Thus I amused myself till the stage returned with the good news, my trunk found. I paid the young man a dollar, and, about 11 o'clock P. M. took the stage alone, travelled all night, and arrived at

AUGUSTA

about 8 o'clock next morning, 123 miles, through heat and dust, without sleep or rest!—thus performing a journey of 463 miles, (including the distance by water) with a description of Savannah and a journal from and return to Augusta, in seven days, spending little over two days and a half at Savannah!

I passed a most delightful country seat on the road, within a few miles of Augusta, belonging, as, the driver said, to a Doctor Turpin. The house stood on a most enchanting mound-shaped hill, with a beautiful grove of trees in front.

Augusta makes a handsome appearance approaching it from this point, and the adjoining plantations lie well and are in a high state of cultivation.

Not wishing to break in upon the arrangements of my friend Shannon, or risk *Hull's* metal, I went to the *Planter's* Hotel,

kept by a Mr. Hale. It is paying Capt. S. no ill compliment to say he equals him in every thing that constitutes the gentleman, excepting that he had no wife. I was in raptures at this. Always give me a hotel kept by a man in this country. The women here are too proud or too lazy, or too something to attend to public houses. In the North, woman is the life and soul of a tavern. The men here are what the women are there. Mr. Hale, however, being a man of considerable wealth, merely live in the hotel which is under the direction of a young man—no woman about the house but servants. I had brought a letter to Mr. Hale, but letters were useless to him, he was every thing that heart could wish, and his house being full of gentlemen and ladies, (no Hull's,) I was soon comfortable and happy.

Going into the parlor in the evening to speak with some gentlemen, after chatting some time with them, who should walk in but the Hull, with all the effrontery of an untameable coxcomb; and, to help the matter, brought in several very decent looking men. He made his bow while, at the same time, I told him I thought "he had a great deal of assurance to come into my parlor. I have given up one tavern to you, sir, and had you a particle of the gentleman, you would not intrude where you are not welcome," and motioned to him to leave the parlor. The gentlemen who came with him, as well as the company in the parlor, were thunderstruck. "Why, Madam, I came here by your express invitation. Here is your own note." I *took* immediately and smiled. This man had reigned, as I remarked before, Quizzer General; interfering with every stranger's business, and ridiculing every one he met. But no sooner than his insolence was promptly met, than the citizens began to pepper him off with cannister shot fore and aft, though I had the honor of bringing his mainmast by the board, and shattered his Hullship pretty well before I left Augusta. He was now the butt of the town, and his own sauce served up to him. Some one, therefore, had imposed upon him by the note. See how people of sense are governed by fools. This man at once proved himself a booby by giving credit to the note. He had impudence, though Heaven had denied him brains. "Here is the note, Madam," said the Commodore, walking up to me and handing it with an air. "I assure you, sir, you would be the last man in the world would invite to call on me. Some one has imposed on you," said I, taking the note. It was neatly written—by whom mat-

ters not—it was an excellent thing. Hull was at a loss for words. He turned pale, while a general burst of laughter from the whole party sealed his disgrace. He was so confounded he was unable to utter a word for some time, but stood quivering in the floor. At length he said, "I think you treat me very ill—you sent for me." He was so stupified he had lost all recollection of the note being a forgery. "I'll have satisfaction—here is your own note." I told him he must seek satisfaction of the offender; it was no concern of mine. "They are now playing your own game with you. How do you like it? After this you will let strangers alone" "I ll not take it—I'll find out who wrote this." "That is a matter between yourselves—settle it as you choose, and leave the room. He walked off, cut to the quick, amidst shouts of laughter. I have gained many victories, but never a more complete one than this, particularly as it gave universal joy to the citizens of Augusta.

I had addressed a note to Capt. Shannon upon my arrival that morning, and apologized for not returning to his house, and, not wishing to embroil him with the family, I touched upon the subject as lightly as possible. In fact, I could not have explained the matter without wounding his feelings, as he was a very sensitive man. I was told he, as well as Mr. Holland, were rather displeased; but I would rather incur their censure than wound their feelings, and I once for all declare I never did see two worthier men, or men that possessed more generosity or a higher sense of honor.

Meantime I had a very pleasant party at Mr. Hale's. A few ladies and gentlemen boarded at the house, and several genteel travellers called every day, Augusta being quite a thoroughfare —some going east, some west, some north, and others again south.

Amongst the travellers, I was confined to the ladies; the gentlemen roomed in a different part of the building. They were quite fascinating females, easy and graceful in their manners, and as warm hearted as the gentlemen. Most of those I saw were from South Carolina. They were very lively, affable, and familiar, sung and played well, and were handsome women. I was much pleasad with a Miss Ann M *Joor*, a tall, finely shaped woman, with a fine full dark eye, dark complexion, and beautiful features. Her room being near mine, she often came in. She

was accompanied by her brother. They were from Greenville, South Carolina.

Mrs. *Rathburn*, I think, of Augusta, was also a very fascinating woman, with a mingled sweetness of good nature and good sense. Mrs. Parsons was quite a girl, and very lively and pleasing in her manners. These and Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Slaughter, with a few beaux now and then, we contrived to pass off some very heavy rains pleasantly. The saucy rogues, it was impossible to write for them, and the music it was impossible to resist—at my very door, too. Mrs. Cox (I find no old maids in this country) was a sweet little woman. Her small delicate features and her sprightly manners were truly fascinating. Mrs. and Mr. *Slaughter* lived in the town though boarded at the house. I knew Mr. Slaughter's family in Virginia. He is one if not the best man in Augusta. He is a tall, noble figure, well featured, and the very milk of human kindness. His manners are free, familiar, and gentlemanly in the highest degree. Mrs. Slaughter is a young looking woman, though married sixteen years. She is a very beautiful female. Her face is overspread with a lovely smile, and her mannners peculiarly engaging. A most interesting couple they are. These were the first southern ladies I had conversed with. As for Mrs *Meurich*, the blueskin lady of the boat, arrived next day, but she took care to make off with herself. Suppose she was upon the hunt of a pattern of a GUILLOTINE against the great struggle begins.

At the shipping season Augusta is full of the gentry from the country. The gentlemen come in to attend to their cotton; their ladies accompany them and spend some weeks.

Besides these I found several acquaintances on this second visit. Mr. *Ganahl*, my bookseller, a very amiable man, and though I had never had the pleasure to see him, I was under great obligation to him. Mr. G. is a foreigner, of mild, winning manners, prompt and active in his calling. He is a young, middle sized man, of engaging features and wan complexion.

Dr. *Levenworth* is an old batchelor, though he seemed not at all afraid of women. The Dr. is of good height, and well looking throughout. He is a thin visaged man, with a soft, benignant eye. I can assure the ladies the Doctor is a very pleasant man.

A. M. Woolsey, Esq. is a young, and quite an interesting

man. He is finely formed, with a fair, oval face, smooth brow, and great benevolence of countenance.

R. H. Musgrove, Esq.. is a middle-aged man, of good appearance, dark complexion, a very keen black eye, and cunning countenance: he is quite a ladies' man, and one of the most agreeable men I met with.

B. F. Kenrick, is a young man, with a neat, light figure, mild eye, oval face, polite and friendly in his manners.

Though this is a pleasant time of the year, to travel in the south, for scenery and show, it is not the time to become acquainted, as almost every man is engaged, so that it is impossible to see much of them, and my tours are of such a nature, that I cannot arrange them, so as to suit every place. But it is certainly the season of beauty; the whole face of the earth, trees, fences, houses, dressed all in the richest flowers. I never had an idea of flowers, till I visited this country; our scattering, stunted, tiny flowers, are not a comparison. Nor was I aware, the southern States had such an advantage; 'suspect Walsh, and Noah Webster, has never been here, or they would have put it in the Dictionary. It would be the best article in it.

Besides the gentlemen mentioned, I must have met, Messrs. Lewis Gibson, S. H. Peck, L. F. Lawrence, John Mauhale, and Dr. M'Aden—very clever men. I merely met these in the book-store and streets, and saw them but for a minute, instead of one or two days: I ought to have spent a week or ten days, at each of those great southern towns. I call them great, as they are truly so, in trade and generosity, though not in numbers. I found, too, one of the snags in Augusta; these Yankees are "*plaguey feared* O' the Alligators swallow'n 'on 'um;" but the love of gain overcomes fear. This snag, (I mean a Vermonter) was *pretty tolerable clever*, and *considerable* of a merchant. His name was Adam Hutchins, a very active merchant, (firm Jewet, & Co.) and much esteemed, though his heart was too small to take my book; his clerk, another snag, did not know where the Editor lived! This was on my first visit; when I returned, he saluted me very cheerfully, and said, "I can tell you now, Madam, where the Editor lives;" so I did some good.

Mr. Hale, I have mentioned, he is also a Yankee, but from what State, I do not know. He has long since, however, been identified with the south, and I should not have perceived the dif-

ference.—He is a gentleman, of mild, winning manners, generous and familiar, and a man of untold worth. His person is handsome, and no man can do a generous act with more becoming grace. His steward, Mr. *McCoy*, is no less amiable; nor was I ever in a more pleasant house: he had the first-rate servants.

I called to see my friend, Mr. Pemberton: but as for Black and Blue, they kept close.

I was much hurt, that I did not see Capt. Shannon, and had he known the truth, he would not blame me, for not calling on him. The blue-skins are increasing fast in Augusta; if these southern gentlemen, do not look sharp to their wives and daughters, the Missionaries will have the whole of them,—I was told, they had got on the right side, of about two thirds. I saw one of these black-snakes, as I stood in Hutchins':—he was dressed in a blue coat, and a white hat; a tall, gangling gawk, "here you are again, tessy boy."—He took to his heels at full speed. Could such a coward as that, convert heathen? They are the only heathen I see—they have gone halves too, with Mr. Ganahl, in his book-store; and a young ruffian in the bindery, at work on the tracts, hearing me speak in the store, took the pains to leave his work, and come to insult me. The citizens of Augusta must blush at this; what better can they expect, to encourage such traitors. This is termed, the *march* of *mind*. They have marched into the Post-office, here too, and the shelves loaded with tracts. The Post-master is one of the meanest men in Georgia; why is *he* not reformed out, and his deputy, Bawdry? a long, black snake, had 99 gallows' at least, painted in his face. He took the wisest plan, and ran for it—and I would suppose between them, that very little money, passed through the place. What are Post-masters for? What are Deputies *for?* The Post-masters scarcely ever enter the Post-office: the deputy does the business:—why not let this deputy be Post-master? One or the other, is entirely superfluous, and only gives a double chance to steal, and defraud, by franking. From what I saw in this post-office, I am much mistaken, if it does not bring the Department in debt. I asked one of the boys [to save money, a tribe of boys keep the post office, and doubtless, finger what the big ones leave] what those pamphlets were?" Tracts, Madam," "And what are tracts?" "Why they are tracts, that's all I know." "Can't yon

tell what they are for?" "Why, it 's the gospel," said another. "Don't you know what that is?" This is what I should call, a very convenient gospel, to be bagged about in bags. I asked the boy, "what made that tall black-snake-thievish-looking man run out of the back-door so quick as I came in?" "Oh, he's feared of you, every body is feared of you, Mrs. Royall, and he said you must not be let in, I thought you was some great, big something or 'nother, but I a'nt feared of you now." At this rate, the gospel is enlightening us fast, and since our wise men and women, too, have discovered, that the gospel can be transported in bags, at free cost, they are doubleing their money, by saving the expense. St. Paul it appears, was a fool, compared with people of our day.

No pamphlet ought to be franked; Congress ought to put a stop to this swindling, and *increase* the postage on them, if they wish the Postoffice Department to flourish.

The horses throughout this southern country, are beautiful animals, though, I perceive, mules and oxen, are often used for draft,—these are stout and thrifty, but the waggons and harness, are shackling and shabby.

From the (to me) uncommon heat of the climate, and incessant engagement, I find by my notes, I have not done justice to Georgia—but I will call some other time, and stay longer. The Hulls and southern Pink will be pleased at this.

I ought to have mentioned the buck-eye, a well known large tree in the western States. Seeing a low shrub, about three feet high, with a bright scarlet flower, on my way from Columbia, S. C. to Augusta, I was told it was the buck-eye! It has exactly the same leaves of the large tree.

After resting, if it could be called such, two days at Augusta, I took the

ROAD TO MILLEDGVILLE,

which, as well as Augusta, lies on the great mail route, from Washington City to New Orleans: it lies a little south of west, from Augusta 92 miles. I had but two passengers in the stage, a genteel Alabamian, a merchant, and a small man, from Augusta, said he saw me at Middletown, Con.

When daylight appeared, we found ourselves in a poor, uneven country. Pitch pine, oak, and hickory, and flowers without number, and without end.

We breakfasted at Mr. Kirkpatrick's, the contractor to Milledgevillle. It was this gentleman, who refused to take the President's Message gratis, from Augusta to Milledgeville. In the course of my conversation, I mentioned the subject, when he remarked that, "he was under a mistaken impression, with respect to the message: he was not at all aware, that all the contractors carried the message gratis: had he known this, he would have been as ready as any of them, to do it—he had supposed they were quizzing him." He said this with so much sincerity and candor, that I believe he told the truth. Mr. Kirkpatrick, appeared to me a very clever, decent man, and I was much hurt for his sake, he had been overseen, as it might injure him with the Department. He was polite and generous, and never hesitated to frank me, through his line, even before I showed him my franking letters, nor would he charge for my breakfast. I trust, therefore, (gratitude to him, claims it from me) that he may recover the confidence of the Department. He has a very honest, sensible, and liberal appearance: what his politics are, I do not know, as it has nothing to do with honesty.

We found ourselves in a handsome country early in the day, rising grounds, and handsome views, with numerous streams of water, though often interrupted with sand. The sand in Georgia, is in many places as white as snow.

This day, I discovered a new species of tree, called *Mamosa.* It was a small tree, not larger than a peach tree, appeared to be domestic, and planted for ornament. It is the handsomest tree I ever saw, excepting the Magnolia. Its beauty consists in a redundancy of foliage. The leaves being small, about the size of the Privy, of a deep green, and so thick that a bird could not fly through the branches. They grew along the fences, and added much to the beauty of the country.

My fellow passengers were very indifferent company, being mostly silent, and greatly oppressed with heat and fatigue. I arrived at

SPARTA,

some time in the night, and left it next morning before day, without seeing a single house in it. I passed however, some very handsome plantations in the evening, and they had an appearance of wealth.

When I first alighted from the stage I was shown into a large parlor to await tea. I had not sat long before a Dr. Somebody, bolted ino the parlor, and without saying a word, stalked through into another room. If he had had a spark of politeness, he would at least have taken off his hat ; but he neither moved his hat nor his tongue, and evidently appeared drunk. Compelled to accept an alternative, I would rather have a drunkard in my room than a Missionary. But in the present case I was not disposed to have either, and made some remark of the kind to a lady who was sitting with me at the time: she testified some surprise that I was displeased with the liberty—whilst I resolved not to be insulted a second time, and opening the door I desired a man whom I found in the passage, to tell the landlord to come to me, when the same rough looking Scotchman, who had conducted me into the parlor at first, came in. I asked him " why he suffered me to be intruded upon, and desired him to suffer no one to enter the parlor." He replied, " the gentleman I alluded to was going to his own room, and was a very decent man." I disputed the fact, and asked ' if there was no private parlor, I did not choose to be intruded upon." " There was no other parlor." Then sir, lead me to my chamber. He hesitated some time, I spoke with some warmth, "lead on sir, I will not stay here." He motioned at length to follow him, and observed " if your are displeased with me mem, I don't care mem." How thick tongued these low bred foreigners are. He led me on to the dining room, where I was met by the lady of the house, a most charming woman, and representing the annoyance I had met with to her, and that being much fatigued, I wished to retire at once to my chamber, where I would be gratified to have my tea sent. The lady apologised for the usage I had received, in terms of great politeness, and promptly agreed to comply with my wishes—observed " she was a widow, and was sorry her bar-keeper, whom I took to be the landlord, was certainly to blame: attending to her own part of the house she could not always attend to the arrival of ladies, and hoped I would look over it"—" that I certainly will madam, and ten times as much for your sake." I replied, in fact I was not without my fears, having formed an unfavorable opinion of the house, and the pleasure I felt in being undeceived, was unbounded. The lady like appearance and subsequent attention of this mistress of the tavern, acted as a cordial upon my fainting spirits.

I was immediately conducted into a large chamber on the lower floor, within a step of me, and was soon comfortably accommodated. I was more fatigued this day and exhausted by the heat and dust, than any day on my tour.

The people of Sparta had expected me some time, and consequently, as soon as the news of my arrival had spread, a number of the citizens came to the tavern to see me. The gratification would doubtless have been equal on both sides, but the pleasure must be postponed to some future day. I was so near fainting, that it was sometime before I could steady the pen in my hand to write. After taking tea, however, I was considerably revived, and some ladies, who either boarded in the house, or lived in the town, or perhaps travellers, asked permission through the chamber-maid, to pay their respects, which I readily granted: for it was already known I was to pursue my journey at two o'clock, A. M. Accordingly a Miss *Duff*, and a married lady, both accomplished, pleasant women, came in and tendered their services in whatever might be agreeable to my wishes. This declaration alone proved them of respectable standing.

Whilst I was conversing with these ladies, I received a note from a gentleman who turned out to be a younger brother of Judge Berrien's, the Attorney General of the U. S. The note as we may suppose, was couched in polite terms, and not immediately recognising the name, I held the note to one of the ladies, they said "it is Mr. Berrien." "What Berrien, any thing to the Attorney General?" "His brother" was the reply! This was certainly as unexpected as it was pleasing, and upon casting my eye over the note, found it to be nothing more than a modest and respectful tender of his respects—not even a hint to be admitted, such respect did this amiable man evince for my repose.

It would have been cruel to proscribe such a man! I felt for him! I had given orders to be denied to every one, having but an hour or two to rest. But I now not only wished to gratify Mr. Berrien, but was as anxious to see him as he could possibly be to see me, and sent for him to come in. He obeyed the summons and the interview was quite interesting. Mr. B. was however too much of the gentleman to intrude long upon me, and after regretting my hasty visit to the town he withdrew. Mr. Berrien of Sparta, (which I find is his residence) is about the height of the Attorney General, though quite a young man; and

his eye and features bear a very near resemblance to his brother. It was certainly grievous to sacrifice the pleasure. I would have spent a day at Sparta, and subsequently, I truly repented I did not. From the little I saw of Sparta, apart from the tipsey Dr. and the Scoth bar-keeper, [who did not know it was wrong to let great awkward clowns stalk into a ladie's parlor] has every appearance of being a pleasant town. I am determined to spend some time at Sparta, should I ever go over the ground again.

I took leave of my friends with this assurance, and found myself in a very rough hilly country, upon the appearance of daylight, and some addition to our passengers, who appeared like the rest, to stand in awe of me: but one, a foppish young Dr. who assumed a great deal of consequence—but we were doubtless indebted to him for our lives, as he had the courage to jump out of the stage and stop the horses, by seizing the reins, while they were in the act of rnnning away down a steep hill near

MILLEDGEVILLE,

where we arrived to breakfast, crossing the Oconee, a beautiful river, on a bridge. It is shameful that contractors are not more careful in procuring gentle horses: one of the team a young firey horse, got one of the traces between his feet, and began to kick and plunge at such a rate, that we expected to be dashed to pieces every minute—running down hill all the time. He kicked the tongue of the coach with such force that he knocked off his strong iron shoes in a trice, and bent them double, while the whole team had taken fright, and the driver completely frightened out of his wits, sat motionless upon the seat, when the young Dr. one Huson, sprung out and stopped them by mere strength of arm.

I stopped at the stage house in Milledgeville, which belonged to the brother-in-law of the young stage hero. The gentleman whose name I am sorry I do not know, was from home: I had met him at Sparta, as I suppose, having seen several little children in the bar-room that morning, which I since learned were his. He had just lost his wife, and was taking his little daughters to the Salem Schools, in N. C. I have never regretted any thing more than missing with this amiable man, for I did not see him to recognise him.

He had, however, expected me on, and had had a room fitted up for my reception in a style that bespoke him a gentleman and one who knew his business, and the moment I was taken from the stage, a very fine looking man led me along a fine cool shady passage, (oh! how refreshing) and passing through a splendidly furnished parlor, led me into another parlor, which was fitted up for a chamber in handsome style. The gentleman, after leading me in, said, "There is your rooms, Madam, make yourself at home." I was charmed alike with the elegance of the rooms, the stillness of the place, and the warm-hearted politeness of the man. Had I been a long absent mother, he could not have given me a more cordial welcome. We were perfectly acquainted at first sight. He bowed and withdrew, and I never felt so happy. The whole house to myself—all so cool and neat—it was a paradise. In a few minutes the gentleman returned and introduced an elderly lady. If I recollect, her name is Rice, an exception to any thing in form of woman, for kindness and attention. She was the housekeeper, the lady of the house, as I remarked, having lately died. The appearance of the gentleman who was the bar keeper and the lady set me fairly at rest, and I solaced myself with the idea of taking my comfort, (as the Yankees say,) for once. But, alas! how vain are all human plans of happiness! I never spent my time more unpleasant than at Milledgeville. But the prospect of happiness kept up my spirits. True, the lady, the gentleman, and the servants were the same kind and obliging people, from first to last. But such another rabble as compose the citizens of Milledgeville is unrivalled, if we except the rabble of the Virginia students. How stupid it is for people to lay out vast sums of money on places designed for these eternal seats of government, without the least foresight of their final success. Here are thousands perhaps hundreds of thousands, of dollars (as I would say) imprudently expended here as the seat of government, and, I believe quite recently, Meantime, the fertile lands on the *Oakmulga* and the *Chattohoochee* have been settled, and have drawn the capitalists from Milledgeville, which is entirely deserted by men of business, and is down forever! It is drained of every thing worth having, excepting the massy State House and Penitentiary. The few citizens left are little more than the refuse of all nations, with a State prison full of convicts, runaway convicts from other States, wooden nutmeg Yankees, and, upon the

whole, the poorest and most unmannerly set of men I ever saw, collectively. The only clever man I saw was one *Mott*, the Town Constable, though they called him Marshal, and a little dwarfish man, one Major Day, of the 36th regiment of the Revolution. Mott was true to me to the last, and the Major behaved by far the most respectful of the whole, though he was a little cracked. Day was about four feet six inches in height, had formerly been a Representative in the State Legislature, after that, editor of a paper, and is now a poor old man. People may think I jest when I say he treated me with that respect which the others did not. Shortly after I had breakfasted, a number (I cannot say of gentlemen) called, but so it was, a large collection, having seated themselves in the outer parlor, sent in for me. I went out, and amongst them were some good looking men enough, but a great many were a rabble of boys, whom the others, from respect for the town, ought not to have admitted. Amongst them was Maj. Day, dressed in his regimentals, with his sword by his side, and, I think, a cocked hat. I was struck by the man—who would not? Col. Huson, a brother of the deceased lady of the house, said, "That is Major Day, Madam," and gave me his history. The Major sat up as straight as a may-pole, and never smiled or behaved the least indecorous. But I was astonished at the ignorance and unmanly appearance of the group, none of whom seemed to take any interest in my visit to the seat of the State Government, and though I was introduced to a few of them by Col. H. they all regarded me with a vacant stare.

At length one of the youths broke out in a titter, and I appealed to the gentlemen to put him out, and they refusing to do so, I apologised and left the room The boy, I suspect, was laughing at the poor old Major, and though he had no more sense, the rest of the party ought to have had more politeness, particularly as the bar-keeper was engaged in the bar, and the owner of the tavern absent.

The next cleverest fellow was one *Reuben*, a yellow man, who waited about the tavern. I soon grew sick of the citizens of Milledgeville, and being unable to get away, as the mail lay by here, I stuck to my pen, the lady and servants paying all attention—now and then a call. But the rabble, who appeared to be set on by some body, was very troublesome, actually formidable. The bar-keeper, though one of the best of men was confined to

the bar, and finding none of the citizens seemed to interest themselves in the credit of the house, and the part I was in being remote from the public part, the lady and myself locked the front door, to keep the rabble (which might not unaptly be applied to the whole of them) out. It will hardly be credited, that this rabble, the veriest break-jails, went through the bar-room and came in at the back door, and finally took possession, and I had to take refuge in the house-keeper's room. It was then I discovered the gallantry of *Reuben*—he acted the perfect gentleman, by driving off the rabble, what any citizen of the town ought to have done, and I was astonished at the Husons, (whom I soon discovered owed the tavern no good will, though it was in the family,) that they did not take me to their own tavern, as I understood the Col. owned one, or protect me there; and I rather think they were concerned in the annoyance, with the view of putting the house down. I am further induced to think so, as I understood they were not on the most friendly terms. Whether this be true or not, they were greatly overseen in their scheme, as I always side with justice, and I hope the owner of this house may receive the patronage of the public. I despise men who would take any underhanded advantages, and the injured person shall always receive the protection of my pen. I cannot say Col H. behaved ill to me directly; indeed he was rather kind than otherwise—but indirectly he did not act the gentleman, or he would have secured me from the incursions of this rabble, which he did not; and for this he deserves censure.

The next best fellow, I beg pardon of the Governor, was one *Cushing*, a Judge, a Colonel, a black-smith, and a Justice of the Peace. He was a Yankee, and finding that I was friendly to the Yankees and the Masons, (he being one) attached himself to me most of the time, and procured me a large subscription. But I spurn the patronage of men, who would not protect me from the insolence of scape-gallowses, and I trust, the indignity offered to me, may be resented by every gentleman in Georgia, with becoming spirit.

There was a youth there, whom I had seen in the State prison, *in New York*. This ruffian, clandestinely entered my room three times: alarmed for my trunks and Cushion, being magistrate, I procured a warrant, to put him in jail; the warrant was put in the hands of Mott, but the fellow was protected by some of the citizens.

One of the Editors, a very genteel, and quite a sensible man, who was absent, when I first stopped, called in the course of my visit; I mentioned to him the disorderly conduct of the citizens, but the outrage of this New York ruffian, happening the last night I spent in Milledgeville, I had no opportunity to apprize Mr. Grantland, (the name of the Editor) and wrote to him from Macon, requesting a public apology, and upon this condition, I would pardon the town: I requested Mr. G. to forward me a paper: but not having seen, nor heard of it, they may take the punishment, due to their ungentlemanly conduct. I received a letter from Cushing, (he deserves credit for that) sometimes afterwards, that the Intendant of the town, Col. Rackwell, who was absent when I called, was much displeased at the reception I met with, and had he been present, he would have seen, that I was treated with respect: I am much indebted to the Intendant, for his kind declarations. But the Governor of the State, was at home; and perfectly so, no doubt, the most of the State officers, as vulgar a set of men, excepting the Secretary of State, as ever disgraced a seat of government: in fact, there were enough there, but they had neither the manners, nor the independence of gentlemen. If I do not receive a prompt and satisfactory apology, I will re-publish their infamous conduct, and hand it down to posterity: I trust the sons of this proud State, may have an act of censure passed by the Legislature, expressive of indignation, at the infamous conduct of the citizens,—infamous pieces written, and pushed in through the windows—compelled, hot, as the weather was, to keep the windows shut.

Having taken up the idea, it was done, to put down the house, I trust, the gentleman may receive a liberal patronage from the whole world: but particularly, the members of the Legislature I never saw the man, but I feel for him, as the insults I received, at his pleasant house, were levelled at him and not me. The poor fools thought I would go off, and reflect upon the house; quite the contrary, I do not blame the owner at all, and was sorry, such a worthy man, as I suppose him to be, should have been so ill-treated in my person. Judge Cushing informed me, "the ladies of Milledgeville were sorry I went away so soon, as they were anxious to see me."—O dear, how unfortunate.

As to those, or the principal part of them, who called, as to their appearance and conduct, to myself individually, they were

not ill-looking, nor ill-behaved men; but I censure the whole of them, for suffering a set of ruffians to insult me; and as for Mr. Governor, he can be no great things, or he would not reside in such a place. Cushing, the Yankee, might as well be a mop-stick as a magistrate—I had a fair trial of his skill.

I did notice a few of the citizens, and several from the country. Mr. Hamilton, Secretary of State, is a middle-aged man, a tall, good figure, with a sedate countenance, polite and genteel in his manners.

Col. J. S. Calhoun, was a very gentlemanly, kind man, and I am very sure, he had no hand in the scrape. Mr. James Perry, a relative of Commodore Perry, is young, modest, good looking man, and quite genteel. Alphonso Delaunay, Esq., is a very clever, warm-hearted, young-looking man: he is of middling size, oval face, dark complexion, and fine, hazle eye. Col. Ezekiel E. Park, the city comm. is a very stout, handsome figure, of young appearance, and quite a gentleman. Messrs. *Everett*, *H. Pierce*, *Thomas Crowell* and *John M. Brook*, were true southerns: nor do I believe, any of these were privy to the inroads of the rabble, as I think they left town, yet I blame them too, that they did not watch over me better. But, doubtless, they were possessed of the opinion, that the Messrs. Husons, as there were a host of them, and brother-in-laws of the tavern-keeper, would attend to me; and for this reason, they are more excusable.

S. Grantland, Esq. the Editor, is a very handsome, and quite an intelligent man. Also, Col. Nathan McGehee. The Col. is quite an Adonis: he is a young man, with a round face, and very handsome features, fine complexion, an uncommon fine black eye, and a good figure. I was much pleased with Col. Mc. though I thought him rather young for a Col. I was also pleased with a Kentuckian I met here, one Mr. Cecil, from Wayne county: he was a modest, good looking man, with a countenance as firm as a rock.

And by the way I met with an old acquaintance here, Judge *Tucker*. I saw the Judge some years back at Boston: he was then, as well as now, a great admirer of the ladies. But he has become Methodised since, and had on a straight religious coat. He had subscribed for my book in Boston, and I never had of course an opportunity to deliver the book, and not that I cared one cent for the amount of it, but to try his religion, I offered him

another volume—told him I had a good ways to travel, and any thing he could help me to, would be acceptable. The Judge hesitated, and looked at his coat, I looked at too—I put it to him, at last he took the book. I never saw as much sly hypocrisy in a man, as he shewed. I was told he was wealthy, or I would have perished, before I would have touched the money. I would not give one cent for a man (or woman either) who wear's their religion on their backs or in their faces. It is a sure mark of a fool or a knave.

The Judge had a son, man grown, a promising and very decent young man, void of all the sly hypocrisy of his father. I never saw religious cant stamped so deeply on a man's face!—Now it would not cost these religious fellows half so much to be honest. These people believe in a God? Impossible! I understood there were a goodly number in Milledgeville—so one would think. I saw a few Tracts.

I met with a Major D. B. Hill, a very clever man, who lived near M. and several others from the country.

Mr. Edward W. Miller, of the town, is a very worthy man, a light, neat figure. Likewise, Maj. John R. Wootan, a young, fair, tall, neatly formed man, and very genteel.

George L. Demming, Esq. M. D. is a young, sprightly, intelligent man, with a very pleasing black eye.

Messrs. Lewis Washington, James Clark, John S. Wright, J. W. A. Sanford, Isaac Newel, Green H. Jordan, Jeremiah Briggs, P. M. Pitts, were decent men—where from I am not aware. But the young man, whose kindness to me, ought to recommend him to the friends of merit, is Mr. Henry Mangham, the bar-keeper at the tavern.

There were at least four of the Messrs. Husons', all handsome, good looking men. The Col. M. D. Huson, was in many respects kind and friendly to me: but in the main, he missed it widely.

One Dr. Green, here, is Postmaster too, and I rather think one of the Franking kind.

On the second day, Mr. Knox, the Mail Contractor, came from Macon, and with some solicitation, he put his *fiery colts*, as he calls them, to his barouch, and with another gentleman, drove me over the town; first to the State House, and then to the State Prison.

No situation can be more beautiful, than that chosen for the State House, out of the town, though still in view, on the top of a rounding eminence, handsomely enclosed, and the square on which it stands, is planted with trees. It is very large and well built, 184 feet long, and 50 feet high. It is not so neatly finished in the interior, as the State House of North Carolina—though it looks better outside, and commands a most charming prospect. Milledgeville being situated upon the Oconee river, the banks of which, at this place, are bounded by lofty hills and rich vales—nature itself must have designed the spot for the pleasure of man. From the front of the upper story, you have one of those rich views, which combines every thing conceived of highly painted scenery. I saw no frightful precipices, nor did I see the river, it being a mile distant; but the view was nevertheless full of novelty and beauty, after coming from the flat sea-shore. It was back woods like, and the eye rests upon it with pleasure.

As to the officers of the State Government, who have their offices and write in the State House, they must have been chosen from the dregs of Milledgeville itself, or the refuse of the stage runners or Missionaries of New York. I cannot say they were vicious. But there never was a set of men so emphatically identified with meanness.—every catalogue of meanness. These men are paid I would suppose for doing something—otherwise, they would not be found in the building—so, entering the building at the rear front, [took them unawares, Knox could not get his *fiery colts* in at the gate] we turned in at the first door, and there we found a fellow stretched on his back asleep, another lolling in a chair, looking at him. The man asleep jumped up, rubbed his eye, and gaped—"fine times sir," said I—"does Georgia pay you to lie about and sleep?" These were awkward gawks—we went into the next and found a clownish old man, who had just waked. I was asked if "I wished to see any more," No! not of the officers—but show me the Representative and Executive Halls. It was sometime before I could procure the keys; they all had to wake up and rub their eyes: at length we found a decent messenger, or some such sub-officer, who flew about and procured the keys; now and then I would peep into the rooms, but found no difference, they were all filled with the like looking men.

The Executive Chamber was very plainly furnished, and contained the portraits of Franklin, Gen Lafayette, and Gen. Ogle-

thorpe. The Senate Chamber was adorned with the portrait of Jefferson and Washington. But don't imagine, I found any one in who could tell the artists, who executed the paintings—while I, completely mortified for Georgia, left the building and feasted on the beautiful scenery as I walked down the hill. This beats Conwayborough. I am truly ashamed for Georgia—but the truth must come. And the Governor lives here too—Oh fie! Respect for his State, if not for himself, ought to interest him in introducing reform in the seat of government. He ought to have both the Pinks here, and discard Mr. Grantland.

We next drove to the Penitentiary on the opposite part of the town. It was also upon a hill, and could be seen plain enough from the capitol, though nearly a mile distant.

The fiery colts soon set us down inside of the Prison wall. Here I happened to find what I looked in vain for in the town, and the Executive Departments, viz. civility and industry. The citizens of the State must be pleased to hear that this Prison is kept in complete order; and the Principal, Maj. Cook, well qualified for the trust. He was not asleep, but at his post, like a man.—He was walking about the yard, giving orders, and going from one shop to another: his duties are great—he could scarcely find time (for eternal application) to give me the necessary information. The Prison is the best kept, and best regulated of any State Prison this side of Boston. The Prison wall is very strong and mounted by a guard; the wall is 15 feet high, & covers four acres of ground. There were 90 men in, and not one woman!—See the difference! If they had Dr. Ely, and his sound Presbyterianism here awhile, these men would soon have women for company. Now it is quite different in Dr. Ely's vicinity [I preach too] where our women have the blessings of the *Holy Gospel* preached to them, and holy bundles of *pious* Tracts, and great armfuls of Bibles, you will have nearly as many women as men in the Prisons. In New York, (Bridewell) they have more. This is because the Holy Bibles and Tracts are manufactured in New York—for it cannot be because they are not. Every one knows the Tract and Bible houses in New York.—Now it is evident these Tracts have done some good there. These pious places have not only been able to send women to the Penitentiaries, but a vast number to spread the Gospel abroad. This march of mind, and march of the Gospel, issuing from

these two great fountains of purity and holy zeal, Philadelphia and New York, must be owing to the indefatigable labor of Dr. Ely, and Dr. Spring, and the pious Dr's. together. They will doubtless be here soon, as I saw the harbingers, and we may then expect to see women in Prison here too. Even small towns in the north, wherever the Tracts are, the women are convicted as often as the men, and they all give the Glory to Dr. Ely.

All the convicts are kept at work in this Prison. Those who have trades work at them, and all seem to be happy, cheerful and comfortable. I saw some very neat stage coaches manufactured here, and carriages of every kind are neatly finished, and ready for the road. The painting is extremely well done. The shops are perfect warehouses.

I was no little amused, at the ingenuity of the weaving machinery; the cotton being put into the machine, in the seed comes out cloth !!!!

It appears the prisoners made an attempt once to escape, [fools don't know when they are well] and being discovered by the guard, two were killed before they could be forced back: they had made a hole in the wall, and were creeping through it. If Georgia would elect this keeper Governor of the State, turn out the prisoners, and put the citizens of Milledgeville in their place, and place the former in the offices, and dwellings of the town they would soon find a material difference. I never saw more industrious, modest, or better-behaved people, than in this prison.

I did not visit the Arsenal, nor the Academy, which last, glory to Dr. Ely, is under the management of a Presbyterian—call you that nothing? I could not but admire the gallantry of Mr. Knox, who, though one of those blanket-coat-stage-drivers, from the Albany and New York line, clapped his fiery *colts* (two of the finest horses I ever saw in harness) to his elegant barouche, and drove me over the town—New York must be proud of this!! while Georgia must blush for her Governor, who ought to have saved their capital from disgrace.*

Milledgeville is on the O'Conee, this, uniting with Oakmulga, makes the Altamaha, pronounced, Attemahaw; in this country, Georgia is peculiarly blessed with fine navigable streams.

---

* I passed by his house, which was very plain.

The O'Conee is navigable for pole-boats to Milledgeville. It is fifteen yards wide, five hundred bales of cotton, are exported annually, from hence to Darien.

Besides the public buildings mentioned, Milledgeville contains three churches, and 2000 inhabitants.

HISTORY.

Milledgeville was settled in 1804: by whom, heaven knows, as the people here, were too ignorant to inform me.

ROAD TO MACON.

On the third day of my visit, I left M. about 7 o'clock, and not a soul came near me to take leave, or see me in the stage, but the marshall, Mr. Mott; I trust they will make him Lieutenant Governor, for redeeming the honor of the State.

Meantime, the vagabond rabble were assembled in the piazza, to insult me to the last, and the same State-prison youths amongst them, and to confirm the meanness of the citizens, in seizing him, he threw the warrant (to apprehend him) into the stage. Such is Milledgeville, of Georgia!

The day was fine, and seated in friend Knoxs' coach, three other passengers in the stage; I never quit a place with more pleasure.

Knoxs' horses, the best of their kind, the stage comfortable, we rolled away, delightfully. Mr. Knox had set forward to Macon, at daylight,—in his fine barouche, and his fiery colts, with a view of reaching Macon the same day,—we changing horses, while the colts had to take it the whole way, and gallantly inclined, Mr. K. took off two fair ladies, which was a matter of regret to a few bucks, in the stage. This was a good thing for me, as I had the beaux to myself.

As usual, our way was strewed with flowers, and though, I have hitherto attempted, in my very poor way, to give some idea of this ever blooming country—I confess, I must give it up! It is no longer possible to keep pace, with this eternal embroidery, and for the very plain reason, it increases in the same ratio, as I become exhausted: the subject has completely swallowed up my resources. But I must give the outlines of the

CHEROKEE ROSE,

the most extraordinary species of the rose kind, and what pro-

vokes me is, that I never know a word of those different regions of flowers, till I am right upon them.

I entered upon a new world of flowers to-day, and had I been apprized of it, the very idea would have been equal to the enjoyment.

In the course of, perhaps two or three miles from Milledgeville, I was suddenly surprized by an avenue, directly before us, through which I perceived, we must inevitably pass. The avenue was straight to a nicety, the hedges on each side, and which formed the avenue, as they hove in sight, appeared to be covered with white cloths, and the thing was so completely novel and unexpected, that I was completely bewildered, and my first impressions, though, they could not be said to partake of fear, were such as might be supposed to arise from a supernatural appearance. What could it be? It could not be cloths—it could not be snow, though it was more like long ridges of snow, than any thing else; so clear a white, so smooth and convex, it was precisely like snow, and nothing else! Let any one imagine, two long (these were about a mile, perhaps more in length) white, smooth, straight rows, the size and height of win-rows, (hay) on each side of the road he must pass, without knowing the cause, may be readily imagined my surprise. I instantly inquired what it was, and was told it was the Cherokee rose!

As I drew near, I perceived, the white was mingled with green, which was the leaves of the rose, but the brier or bush, which bore them was completely concealed by the profusion of leaves, and flowers, the hedge was so dense, that a bird could not fly through it. The hedges enclosed two large fields—I saw no house. The rose, is about the size of the damask rose, and of the purest white;—I was at a loss which to admire most, the hedges or the taste of the owner.

Besides these, our road was lined with the red rose, and various flowers, as usual.

We also passed large fields of cotton, and for the first time in the south, rye, wheat, and barley.

To this may be added, hills and valleys—and upon the whole, one of the most delightful regions, I had seen yet.

We had a genteel, young Scotchman in the stage, just from Edinburg—a tolerable Alabamaian—one Horner, from Millegepville, and an insolent, dissipated, Missionary fellow. I

attached myself to the Scotchman, with whom I was much pleased.

Meantime, we overtook Mr. Knox and his fiery colts, which, between the speed, the heat of the day and the uneven ground, had lost a good deal of their fire, and while we had put to, fresh horses, we found the colts panting on the way side; they were a couple of beautiful greys. I laughed at Knox, as I passed him in triumph, and I thought the two young ladies, rather eyed me with envy, on account of my handsome, young beau.

We stopped to change horses about 12 o'clock. The gentleman got out but I sat still, when young Horner said, "This is the dinner house; you dine here—won't you get out." I can eat any time, and always glad of the chance. But, by the way, the young man told a story, as I heard afterwards. The dining house was at Clinton, and this house was kept by the young man's father. This is the American system! But I thought little of the dinner or any thing else, for upon going through the yard, which led to the house, I met with a sight unmatched in beauty. It was a real forest of the most brilliant flowers I had seen yet—the principal were roses and the multaflora. But what to me was most gratifying was the pomegranite, the first time I had seen it in bloom. It could not properly be said to be in bloom, as the flowers were not thoroughly open. The pomegranate is a a very small, straight tree, not taller than a sun-flower, but exquisitely shaped, with very deep green leaves, and the flower nearly as large as one's fist, of a deep scarlet. I saw one shortly after this in full bloom, the handsomest of nature's works; the green and the red are of the deepest hue and brilliancy. This was another novelty of which I was unapprized. But the people in this country might as well be without these flowers, such is their redundancy and endless duration, that they do not see them, Our dinner being over, we took the road again, and waded through flowers to Clinton, a very pretty town, though it was quite late when we arrived for dinner.

We mustered the whole corps, fiery colts and all, at Clinton. I was much pleased with the people where we stopped: they were so nearly identified with the western peoole that I felt my heart glow with pleasure. The gentleman of the house, his wife. and every-one about the house were quite natural. I dined here again, with Mr. Knox and the young ladies, by invitation from the landlord.

Horner had stopped at his father's and the two Alabamians stopped at Clinton, and one of the young ladies. The Scotch gentleman went on—he was an intelligent young man, and fine company. He had been engaged by Mr. Sayer, of Montgomery, Ala. my old fellow traveller, as a clerk. Upon taking the stage, however, I was very sorry to see an insolent looking sot get in also; but I continued to keep him at a distance. We reached

MACON

a little before sundown, through a fertile, handsome country, crossing the Oakmulgee river on a bridge in the edge of the town—a most beautiful river, much larger than the Oconee at Milledgeville.

I was delighted with the appearance of the town, which sits upon a plain of fat black loam, and the surrounding country, equally rich as far as I could see. When I arrived at the stage house I complained to the landlord, a very gentlemanly man, of the drunkard, who was very insolent in the stage, and suspecting he would repeat his insolence, I gave the innkeeper warning that I was not to be intruded on by any person. I soon discovered from his looks I was safe enough.

Knox having his residence in Macon, after setting the young lady down, (who was a sister of Mr. Sayers aforesaid, and was going to Montgomery,) introduced me to the landlord, and went home, but returned in the course of the evening, and, singular, another brother of the lady met her at the tavern in a few minutes after she arrived, he going one course, to the north to purchase goods, and she going the other.

He, finding out whom I was, saluted me very friendly, and expressed his regret at being absent from Montgomery, Ala. through which I was to pass on my way to New Orleans. He was a much better looking man than his brother. He left Macon, on his journey north, before day, and his sister, the Scotch gentleman and the first ruffian left us also the opposite course. Macon is a large flourishing town, and has drained all the capital and refinement, not only from Milledgeville, but a great deal from other parts of the state, and is treading fast on the heels of Savannah. It is inhabited by gentlemen emphatically, men of liberality, taste and talents—the opposite to Milledgeville in every thing.

I was not many minutes in the tavern before I was waited upon by the Intendant and several other gentlemen, nor was any of the rabole suffered to approach me. My landlord was attentive to this in particular, and my landlady was the kindness of her sex. They were not hawking tracts about nor making hypocritical long faces, but preparing for an elegant ball given by the officers. Macon has had the most astonishing growth of any town in the United States. It contains a court house, 4 banks, 4 churches, 150 stores, 2 printing-offices; 50,000 bags of cotton exported—imports of merchandise in proportion; 4,000 inhabitants, and is but 7 years old!!! If any town ever increased more rapidly than this, I have never heard of it. The town is level, the streets wide and regular, and most of the buildings are elegantly built. The court house is a large, costly brick edifice, from the top of which you have a most extensive view for many miles. The land is as rich as any in the western country, and produced every thing in abundance. The whole town is one scene of activity. My time being short, I doubtless did not see the half of the people, and it rained most of the time.

Amongst those who called were the Intendant, Capt. Danly, D. W. Bartlett, Tolland, Messrs. Wiggins, Rowland, Higgins, Hannah, Collins, Bivins, and several others; all whole-soul men —a little different from those at Milledgeville. I would not give one of these for the whole of them. I had been apprized of this, however, and was not disappointed—and the ladies, too, turned out.

The Intendant, Capt. *W. J. Danly*, is a stout, portly figure, quite a young man, with a round, fair, full, handsome face, and a fine black eye: he is noble and commanding in his appearance, and resembles Mr. McWillie, of Camden, in his disposition and manners, as nearly as possible.

Dr. *Bartlett*, I believe was the first to call on me: he is an intelligent Yankee, a Bookseller, and Editor. The Dr. is a tall, slender man, with an oval thin face, and mild black eye, his countenance is steady and dignified, and his manners gentle and winning. The Dr. appertains to the family of Bartlett's in New Hampshire, if I recollect, but has been sometime in the south. The Dr. is a true southron, a true Jackson man, and opposed to Tracts.

Dr. *Talland*, is also a spare, young looking man, of very pleasing manners.

John T. Rowland, Esq. is a young, tall, handsome figure, with a thin, (they are so overrun with business here, they are all thin) narrow face, with an intelligent countenance, and sprightly, elegant manners. But it is impossible to recollect them all distinctly. It is enough to recollect I was treated with respect and politeness, by the whole of them! Also, Messrs. Collins, Bivins, Hannah, Rose, and Slade, (the two latter Editors, and saucy wags too) Higgins, and a host of them, all your congenial souls, lofty, generous, and straight forward men—no pride or affectation, but artless and natural, plain in their dress, industrious and friendly to each other. No wonder at the prosperity of Macon. It is quite a mistake about the people of the south being indolent and lazy, and playing the nabob. No such thing, there are not a more industrious, sober and attentive people in the United States. It is their pride and their pleasure: the have not only the talents, but a taste for business—nor is there any mid-way in the Southern States—no fippiny-bit men here, they are fair steam-boats.—It is astonishing to look over the newspapers published here, and witness the advertisements. The

LADIES

of Macon, are like the gentlemen, plain, simple, kind and famiar, divested of all the frippery and folly of women in the middle States, they are truly domestic. The ladies who called to pay their respects, were Mrs. *Bird*, and *Newcomb*, Misses Smith, Ellis, and Bullock, all amiable, friendly women, and but for the badness of the weather, there would doubtless have been many more.

I was however, no little amused with the panic of a few of the citizens. Taking a walk to visit my friends, the Editors, I stepped into the office of my friend Bartlett, and a great crowd flocked in after me. I was directing a letter to drop into the Post Office, next door, and unwilling to be gazed at by these Toms and Dicks, I resolved to drive them out of the office at once, and whispering to the Dr. asked him if he wanted to see an evidence of what he had often heard, the power of my pen. The Dr. smiled, but evidently stood in some awe himself. I took a piece of paper, and began to look at the group and write, when the whole flew out in an instant, excepting one man. He was aware of my meaning, and said "I could not frighten him." "Never

fear sir, you shall soon follow your companions." I clapped too with my pen again, while he eyed me awhile with defiance, playing with his watch chain. You have seen these Mr. Watch-chains? He had the bully in his face, and an impudent eye: he was dressed in a blue coat, black velvet vest, and mixed pantaloons. Seeing I was scrutinizing his dress and his manners, he was seized with a vacant stare, rolled his eyes, looked out of doors, shook his seal still harder—turned red, and then a deadly pale, and off he went. One very decent man, (from conscious innocence) only remained of the crowd. But I never saw a man more surprised than Dr. Bartlett.

The Post Office wants reform at Macon. The Postmaster is deranged,and not fit to attend to his duty, which is left to a small insolent, ignorant boy!

On my way from Dr. B's. home, I called to see Messrs. Rose, and Slade, fine fellows too; and a few of the non-descripts follow me at a distance. But I was not disposed to suffer even that liberty; and going into a Printing Office, also a Bookstore, I found only Mr. Rose in, whom I had not yet seen. He received me with great kindness and said I need be under no apprehension, the gawks should not intrude upon me, and taking me into the counting room, shut the door. Presently this store, like the other filled, but not seeing their object, departed. After chatting sometime with Mr. R. his partner, Mr. Slade came in, and escorted me over town. But I had rather an unpleasant time, upon the whole, for the rain.

There are near Macon, some of those unaccountable mounds, which abound in the South and Western country; one in particular, about a mile from Macon, of surpassing height, is a singular curiosity. Taking the advantage of a pause in the rain, attended by Capt. Danly, and Mr. Higgins, I set off in a carriage, to see the mounds, (there are several) and Fort Hawkins.

A part of the town lies on the opposite side of the town lies on the opposite side of the river, through which I passed, as I came into Macon. It was this same road which was to lead us to the mound, which lay a little to our right, while the Fort lay to our left.

As we drove on, the gentlemen, all communication, gave me amongst other things, the history of a black man, who was amongst the first settlers of Macon—the most extraordinary I

ever heard. The amount of it was, that from a small beginning, by his probity, industry, and gentle manners, he had become rich and was then the owner of considerable town property—carried on the mercantile business, with great success—was respected and esteemed by every one who knew him—was modest, sober and obliging, and yet was unable to read! He first began with a small eating shop. "Many a lunch" said the Captain, "have I eaten in Frank's house."

As we passed by his store, the gentleman observed, "there he is now, Mrs. R. we will call to him to inquire the road, that you may have a nearer view of him." Frank, which I think is his first name, very readily came to us, and saluted the gentlemen with much ease. They then introduced him to me, and with great modesty he took off his hat, returned it to his head, and took my offered hand. He was a young looking, stout man, rather fat, but not corpulent: he was dressed in a linen round-about, and with equal plainness throughout. His clothes, soiled from his application to his business, with which he is said to be thoroughly acquainted, and applies himself with unceasing industry. He weighs himself, and keeps clerks like other merchants, and maintains throughout an unblemished reputation. He never has any difficulty, for such is the esteem of his fellow citizens for him, that no one is permitted to insult or defraud him. The citizens of Macon are very proud of him, and well they may, their fostering care has not been thrown away.

He conversed with much facility with the gentlemen, just as an equal would do, and his language was quite pure.

His dwelling sitting back in rear of his store, the gentlemen pointed it out to me, as it came in view. It was a small house, neatly painted white, and overspread with flowers. He has a wife, modest and amiable as himself, but no children. I am sorry I do not recollect whether he was a slave or freeborn. Had I had time I would doubtless have taken tea with him. This is another proof of the falsity of these Missionaries, respecting the cruelty of the southern people to their slaves: this man is a real pet and yet is not spoiled—but recollect he has nothing to do with Tracts. I am sorry his name is effaced in my notes.

We were to my sorrow unsuccessful in finding the mounds, the day being cloudy, and the road which led to the mound, being dim and crossed by others, which were too narrow for our car-

riage; after driving backwards and forwards, sometimes bewildered, we had to give it up. I was greatly mortified, as from the uncommon size of the mound, I had a great curiosity to see it. There are several of these mounds near Macon, which I was told were singularly curious. But fearing our carriage might meet with an accident in the woods, and not wishing to weary the gentleman, I proposed to go to Fort Hawkins. Fort Hawkins occupies one of the handsomest situations beyond dispute, in the interior of North America; and I was much astonished to find it only inhabited by a few poor straggling women and children. Fort H. was long the residence of our friend Col. Brearly, of Washington City, who was garrisoned then, to protect Georgia, from the Indians, then in possession of the ground upon which Macon now flourishes. The Fort is going to decay, being some time abandoned. It occupies a steep hill, which is perfectly flat on the top, and descends rapidly on all sides but one.—From this site, we have one of the grandest displays of American scenery to be found. The view embraces many miles in every direction, the beautiful town of Macon, with all the surrounding plain, the oakmulgee winding through a rich valley, the distant river hills. It is one of the most imposing prospects of which the human mind can form any conception. I was astonished that some gentleman of taste had not chosen it for his residence.

There were several rows of well-built houses on the site, tattering upon their foundations.

The gathering clouds hurried us away, and we descended the hill, and returned to town.

I was to leave Macon early next morning. In the meantime, as I was sitting in my chamber, it being on the lower floor, adjoining my parlor, I retreated to it, the better to pursue my writing. Thus secured, as I thought, from intrusion, somebody knocked at the door.—Suspecting it to be Mr. Tawnsen, the landlord, bringing in some of his friends, I said, "come in;"—it was Mr. Knox. Knox being a married man, an old acquaintance, and a friend of mine, I felt no displeasure, but told him to take a seat: he seated himself, and looking toward the door, which he had left ajar, said, "come in," and who should enter, but the insolent ruffian, who had taken some liberties with me in the stage, on the road. The moment I discovered his face, I order-

ed him to-be-gone." "He *shall* come in," said Mr. Knox, "he shall go wherever I go." "Then, sir, do you go out this instant." He replied, "he would not." Meantime, the vagabond, all insolent as he was, had not the hardihood to obey Knox, but stood at the door. "I will see, sir, said I to Mr. Knox, "whether you or I, must give up the chamber," and hastening out of the room, I found the landlord, who came in, and very promptly told Knox, he must leave the room, it was going too far to stay in a lady's chamber, against her will; "you must quit the room, sir," taking Knox by the arm, and leading him out. Nothing has ever puzzled me more, than to dive into Knoxs' motives for introducing this man into my room; for, though a rough man in his manners, he has a generous disposition. Had the man been an acquaintance of his, it might have been accounted for—but he was a total stranger in the country, and an ill-looking man withall. Knox had readily united with the other contractors at Washington City, to frank me through his line, and if he had any views at all in the transaction, it must have been to rescind his promise, for he well knew the man (who was to proceed in the stage) was obnoxious to me. If this was Knoxs' plan, no poor fellow was ever more completely disappointed. I had already resolved, within myself, not to go another inch in his line, and to pay him for the distance I had travelled in it. Meantime, Knox reported in the bar-room, "I should not travel in his line any further, unless I paid him." Had he been in Milledgeville, he might have carried his point, or any other point. But Knox was in the wrong place, at Macon, which he soon found. Meanwhile, I knew nothing of this, and without giving myself the least uneasiness at all, sat writing till one of my friends would come in.

Not long after this, a tall, intelligent, well dressed gentleman, came in with the landlord, who introduced him by the name of *Wiggins*.—He shook hands with as much warmth, as though, he had been an old acquaintance, and apologized for not calling sooner, Mr. "Lamar, (brother of the member of Congress) my partner, has been absent, and I could not come to see you sooner, but I was determined to see you before you left the place. How do you come on, do they attend to you here? If I come late, I am still time enough to see that you are comfortable—don't be backward, you are amongst some of your greatest friends, and those too, whose duty it is to attend to your, every comfort—I understood the intendant had called on you, and many of our first

men." I began to think I was in company with another William Gaston, and I was not far wrong, for Mr. Wiggins was his counterpart, and also of New York. Thus the sons of this noble State, honor her abroad; they wear much better in the south, than the Yankees. The New York people very soon take up an affection for the southern people, and very soon become incorporated with them, and enter into their interest and feelings. While the Yankee, though he comes here to pick up a fortune, is never able to conquer his prejudice against the south, unless it be a very few of their best educated men. For instance, such as Drs. Holbrook, Bartlett, &c.

I soon found myself at home with Mr. Wiggins, whom I, in the end, discovered was a wealthy merchant in the place, and a man of high standing. I felt no hesitation in apprizing him of the stage affair, and requested him, "to unite with my friends, and make some arrangements, to convey me to *Fort Mitchell*, where Mr. Walker's line would meet me." It was nearly 100 miles to Fort Mitchell; and Mr. Wiggins, not understanding the nature clearly, at first, seemed startled, and said, "why can't you go in the stage?" I then explained, and repeated what Knox had said. "Who? What? Knox says you shall not go! did he say so? I say you shall go," said Wiggins, in a voice of thunder, while his eye flashed fire—"Knox must not put on these airs, if he does, he will not be countenanced in the place. I'll put your name on the waybill, and will see who will dare to stop or molest you. If Knox want's pay, I am good for it—tell him to come to me—no Madam, we do'nt allow people to behave so to strangers in Macon." He was a fair *Wellman* and *Gaston* of himself!—He certainly, is the most determined man I *ever* saw—a fair ship of the line. He ran off, sure enough, and put my name on, and returned rather better composed, and drawing on his glove and said, "I will call again, Mrs. Royall, in a few minutes—I will now go and make Knox ask your pardon, the scamp, (they were countrymen, observe) to use such language to a lady: he shall ask your pardon, or he may quit the town." Mr. Wiggins was actually much displeased, and finding my cause in such good hands, I was perfectly contented. These are the kind of men, that would make any place flourish—he is a real hotspur. Ninety-nine out of an hundred, this Knox would have carried his point—and from point, to point, until he would have been a per-

fect despot, while the pitiful objects of it, would cringe and yield, in proportion as he became insolent—never was a man better matched. This Wiggins is worth his weight in gold, to his country, and ten times its worth to Macon. I'll answer for it, no man ever puts an insult upon a town where he resides—I never witnessed more independence, nor ever *any* better timed.

After a while, he came again and brought in several of his friends, and poor Knox.—He was just in as good a humor as ever, and I must say, he is a pretty good man after all, as my fare in his line, was considerable.

C. A. Wiggins, Esq., is a gentleman in every sense of the word. He is young, with an imposing figure, with an intelligent, keen countenance, and a thorough-going man, on every account. I do not recollect Mr. Lamar distinctly, though, it strikes me he did come in before I left Macon.

So little is the Geography of our country known, that I only knew, there was such a place as Macon; but as to laying out my accounts to halt at it, or even that it lay in my way, never entered my head: and now I find another considerable town, *Columbus*, ahead of me! It would take six months, at least, to visit Georgia alone. What a pity I lost my time at Milledgeville: but I was obliged to stop, as the mail stops every Monday in Milledgeville. See the wisdom of our Government—what does the mail stop at all for, and why at such an abominable den of pick-pockets, and vagabonds, to give them a chance to rob the mail? The mail comes daily to Milledgeville, the last place on the route and only three times a week to New Orleans, the greatest commercial city in our country. Judge Barry must see to this.

One of the Alabamians, who stopped at Clinton, quite a genteel man, a Mr. Matthews from Washington, Alabama, arrived over night, and with the same ruffian, whom nobody knew; we left *Macon*, the most flourishing, wealthy and polite town to the age of it, in the U. States.

The land now, is generally rich, but thinly settled, the country being quite new, and passing through the land lying between the Oakmulgee and Chattahoochie: we crossed some piney hills, and dined at Knoxville, called after friend Knox. The town consisted of one house, in which we dined, and a stable, which had just been burnt down, and was then re-building poor

Knox last: a great deal of hay and grain, consumed in the stable Changing horses here, we crossed Flint river, 250 yards wide, saw some fine land on its banks, and arrived at a pretty good house to spend the night; the gentlemen and myself sleeping in separate houses. Having passed very few dwellings, in the course of the day.

When we drew near the breakfasting house next morning, the woods being pleasant, the gentlemen got out to walk. I rode on, and found the tavern a very pleasant double house; but upon going into the house, I found a long-faced Presbyterian, a Bible and a few tracts on the table; Jesuits and Gunpowder-plots, are nothing, compared to these people. "Oho," said I, "you are here, Mr. Presbyterians, you go ahead, we may look for high charges here;" and I was right—when the gentlemen arrived, I was standing in the wide passage, which separates the buildings, and told them to look out for high bills, these are Presbyterians. But if you had seen the astonishment of the man, and his wife, being puzzled to find out how I could make the discovery so quick.

About 12 o'clock, under a burning sun we reached

COLUMBUS,

another, and for the same time, a still more flourishing town than Macon, and has far greater advantages, being on the *Chattahoochie*, [pronounce it who can] a large beautiful stream, navigable for steam-boats to this place. This is to be the Savannah of the west! and they are pushing their capital here as at Macon. Astonishing! what a fertile State this is—and emphatically canaled with rivers, no wonder they oppose internal improvement. This is the best land I have seen, since I left Tennessee river, eight years since! It is impossible for land to be richer. The great walnut trees, grape-vine, and other monstrous growth! I thought no more of flowers!

It is surprizing, that the poor and indigent, the man who works daily for his bread, in the old worn-out States, does not come and settle upon land, where he would, at least, be paid for his labor.

Nothing is stationary, where the land is rich—no man can be poor, and want is unknown. Columbus leaves Macon far behind in rapidity of growth.

It contains 2 Churches; 1 Bank; 18 Stores; 11 Doctors; 12 Lawyers; 1200 inhabitants, and only TWO years old!!! I never heard of Columbus, till I came to Macon, from which it is distant, nearly 100 miles, south west. One of the richest spots on the globe. Without the handsome scenery, however, of Macon, the falls near this, on the Chattahoochie are 300 feet: I was really so much overcome by the heat, that I did not visit the falls; I had a scheme in my head, too, which, if I succeed, would leave me no time—the scheme was to go as far as Fort Mitchell that evening.

The mail stops here again from the time we arrived till next morning 9 o'clock! What all this means I should like to know. The United States' mail ought not to stop, day nor night, till it arrives at New Orleans, where it is all important it should arrive as soon as possible. My plan, therefore, was, as the post-master, I understood, was the son of my friend Gov. Van Ness, (our minister,) to get him to close the mail that evening, and coax up the driver to go on to Fort Mitchell, where I could see how matters went on there, and pursue my journey to Montgomery in this stage. Otherwise, if I stopped at all at Fort Mitchell,I must await the next stage, two days. I should have been pleased to have spent a week at Columbus, but I had yet a long way to travel to New Orleans, and the heat was even now very oppressive. I sent for Mr. Van Ness, and soon brought him over and the driver, but the insolent ruffian would not agree to it.

At length, however, Mr. Van Ness agreed to take me to the Fort that evening in a private carriage; so, through this gentleman's politeness, I carried my point. This being settled, I took some refreshments and received my friends. Columbus is the only town I ever visited in my life that might be said to contain no rabble, and though my time was short there, not more than 3 to 4 hours, I never left a place under stronger impressions of esteem and friendship. After seeing the principal gentlemen of the place in a small upper room, being told there were a great many down stairs who were anxious (but were afraid to come up stairs) to see me, I went down to a large parlor. The parlor soon filled, and even the back and front yards were covered with people of all ranks and ages. But never did I see a collection before nor since that behaved with more decorum. They were

as still as midnight: not a smile, not a word, not a whisper escaped them. Little awkward boys, poor dear things, would stand in the broiling sun, outside the doors, with their eyes affectionately bent upon me in silence. I could have pressed them to my heart. It was grievous to tear myself from them. I was pained to the heart! It was unavoidable. But if I ever go, as I expect and hope, the same way again, if I do not feast my eye and my heart awhile with these ever dear people. At Macon I found a few rude people, but not one in Columbus that did not behave well. Meantime those who called were, first, Mirabeau Lamar, Esq. a cousin to the member of Congress of that name. He is a Jackson man in politics, the editor of a paper, and a very smart, intelligent man: Mr. L. is in the bloom of manhood, with a finely formed figure, fair, manly face, soft black eye, and a countenance indicative of genius and deepness of thought. His manner is prompt and graceful, and his language discovers a strength of mind, information and independence, which ranks him amongst the first men in the South.

Dr. E. C. Degraffenreed is also young looking, stoutly made, with a handsome face, and an uncommon fine full dark eye. The Dr. is frank and friendly, and a perfect gentleman.

Mr. Richardson is a very decent man, friendly and polite. Dr. Scott is of middle size, with a heavy brow and very delicate features—he is quite genteel. Arthur B. Davis is a light figure, thin visaged, and a most amiable man.

Mr. J. C. Hall, a Yankee, is a very kind, friendly man. He was from the land of snaggs, and from the same my friend James Van Ness, Esq. Mr. V. is very young and a very tall man, of delicate make, with a fair face, much like his father, and a mild blue eye; he is highly polished in his manners; but there was little difference in them all. Messrs. N. F. Collins, (the latter a very modest unassuming man,) John Crawel, David Lopez, B. A. Sorsby, (I cannot decypher the name,) A. F. Moor, David J. Brite, and Jacob J. Moses, and many others called—a much larger turn out than at Macon, and many called after I left the place! Dear people! I trust we will meet again! They were not inferior to any of the southern gentlemen—all generous and affable, and whose kindness and respect is engraven on my heart

But for my landlord, Mr. *Dillard*, I have no language that would convey an adequate idea of the man! One of the most princely of his calling—may he meet the patronage he merits.

The Chattehoochie is navigable from this place to Apalachicola, 300 miles for steam-boats, nine months in the year, and for small boats all the year.*

Toward evening, I set off with Mr. Van Ness, for Fort Mitchell, and crossing the river in a ferry-boat, we reached the Fort, which is about six miles distant, with but one accident, and this would have been a serious one if a gentleman had not happened to pass by our carriage, stuck fast in the mud, and neither the horse, though a stout one, nor Mr. V. could move the wheels, and there we were under a delightful shade, formed by a lofty grove, until as luck would have it, a gentleman happened to pass by, and helped us out. The land being a soft rich mould, the least rain, formes it into a quagmire. When we arrived at

FORT MITCHELL,

I desired to know of Mr. V. if there was a tavern, not wishing to intrude upon the officers, whose hospitality I intended neither to court nor refuse. There was, luckily a tavern, and a most delightful, cool, roomy house, with several pleasant cottages in the rear, completely shaded with trees. But not one soul, or body was in the tavern. Mr. Van, having made this discovery, supposing they could not be far off, the door being open, took me from the carriage, and never in my life did I partake of a greater intellectual treat. It fairly restored me to youth, it was so consonant to my feelings and taste—a large, long, cool Piazza, large empty cool rooms, (I hate furniture) an extensive smooth trodden yard, shaded with trees, long seats to sit on. I ranged the premises over in a trice and devoured every thing I met, with heartfelt pleasure. It was a real paradise. After running about till I was weary inhaling the balmy sweets, from the air-wafted fragrance, I sat down and devoured the more distant beauties of this matchless country. This, like Fort Hawkins, is seated on a rise, commanding a view of the handsomest country I had seen yet, all cleared, and in cultivation, like a garden. I do not blame our people for wishing to purchase it, and if they will give me one of those enchanting little spots, I will help them all I can. Indeed it is absurd, to let these Indians lie about here

* Macon and Columbus is the pride of the Southern States.

and do nothing—since all the land we own came by the Indians, and through us has been reclaimed from a wilderness! Why not give them back some of our lands on our eastern coast, since they will not work—barren land will do them as well as any.—Let them take, for instance, some of our old fields in Virginia, and rove about there like they do here, and we will feed them—send them corn and meat round by water, and let our citizens who are there, and willing to work, come here—I cannot see why they should object to this. I should not like to send them West, as it would be too far to send them provision, for they are evidently half famished in this fertile spot.

Meantime, I was amused with some carpenters busily at work, furnishing an additional room to the tavern. It appears these workmen were Israelites, and had kept Saturday. Oh! if Dr. Ely only had the power, how he would roast them. This seemed to be the land of liberty—nor did I perceive the strokes of the hammer hurt any one, not even the little ducks which covered the yard, nor a single bee, or butterfly.

After a while Mr. Van Ness found a little boy, whom he assisted in unharnessing the horse, from the gig, and the boy took the horse to the stable.

Soon after this, the landlord came and apologised for being absent, he showed me into one of those little huts, adjoining the tavern, and by this time, his servant women, who had been on a visit, having returned (they were both Indians) he sent them to wait on me, and furnished me with whatever I wanted, one was the cook and one a chambermaid. The hut had two good beds in it, a table and a few chairs. I directed the chambermaid, a very kind, lusty woman, to have tea brought in, and furnish me with pen and ink, paper and a candle, all of which she attended to very promptly. She spoke very good English, and was remarkably well skilled in her business. The name of the landlord, is Johnston, if I remember, a good looking man enough, he had no wife, unless these women were his wives. There were several pretty little children playing about the yard, which these women said were theirs, but they were two handsome to be his.

Meantime, I despatched a note to Maj. Wager, the commandant of the Fort, to apprise him of my arrival. I had passed the Fort, which is some distance from the tavern as I came on, and supposing the officers not aware of my coming in that manner, was ignorant of my presence, I wished them to know it as early as

possible, that arrangements might be made, for my visit to inspect the Fort, before the stage called in the morning. One of the Messrs. Crowells, the agent, was then in Washington, the other was at the Fort, that is, he was in a splendid palace, nearly a quarter of a mile distant, though in sight. I did not send to him as it was his place to call on me.

After some time, some stripling, fopish Lieutenants came from the Fort They were vain, empty, dissipated looking young men, and I trembled for Fort Mitchell. I asked "where the Major was," "he was not at home," but they expected him shortly! Where ought a commandant to be? I had ordered out some chairs for the officers, and one or two decent men, who had called, as I was sitting in the yard before my door, when they came.

While chatting with one or the other of them, expecting the commandant every minute, one of the Lieut's. being rather tipsey, burst out into a titter. I appealed to the rest of the company to send him off, that I was not disposed to suffer such indignities—that I made it a rule, who ever called on me, must treat me with respect. This was a new regulation at F. M. They stared at each other in astonishment, but while I was speaking, a pistol was fired off close by me, and the young man loosing all government of himself, said something impertinent: I therefore excused myself to the company, withdrew into the house and shut the door, leaving them in the yard. I then sent for the landlord and desired him not to suffer any one to intrude upon me, and should the Major come, to show him in. After a while one or two of them came to apologise, but I could see through this, and gave them no countenance, and they walked out.

It was now dark, and the candle was lit, when the landlord came in and a short, broad-faced man with him, which he introduced as Major Wager. The Maj. was quite cool and took a seat in the farther corner of the room, as far from the candle as possible to conceal his broad red face. I soon perceived what he was, and observed, "I thought he was rather slow in paying his respects, that I had a letter for him, but from his conduct, and that of his officers, I did not think him worthy to receive it, and should not deliver it." I complained to him of the outrage of firing the pistol, (evidently done by the drunken Lieut's. to alarm me for their sport) "But sir you don't frighten me with great

guns, much less pistols, you have not a missionary to deal with I assure you,* and I shall call you to an account for the insolence of your Lieut's. A pretty set of fellows you are indeed, placed here to protect people from the Indians, and the Indians could do no more! What are you paid for sir. to eat and get drunk? I shall report you for this." If the fellow had not been a simpleton, he would have sent me a guard from the Fort for the night. He went off muttering, and that was the first and the last I saw of him. I never went near the Fort, nor was I invited [so it appears from this and the conduct of the army at St. Louis, our army is becoming not only useless but dangerous.] Had he been a gentleman, he would have apologised for the insolence of his men, but there was too much tow there.

Not long after he left me, however, the poor Lieutenant came to my door in tears, and apologized, and I forgave him: he was from Maryland. He said he knew I had it in my power to ruin him, and he would rather blow his brains out, than appear in my book, as he knew he deserved.

There had been a great deal of loud talking, and quite too much noise, for some time, about the tavern, and as it was growing late, I would have retired to bed,—but for the noise· I sat up, thinking, they would soon retire, but they grew worse, and finally raised the Indian *war-hoop*, which was evidently like the firing of the pistol, done to frighten me; this pretty treatment to travellers, to an aged, unprotected woman; our government has come to a fine pass indeed.—The Indians were not half so bad. If Gen. Jackson does not break up this military den of topers, I shall say he is not the man I take him to be—the insult was indeed offered to him, knowing I was his friend. I inquired of the Indian women, if there was an Indian dwelling any where near. They told me there was one within half a mile, and upon the promise of a trifle, she agreed to show me the way. All this being settled, I sent for the landlord, whom I suspected for taking a part in this annoyance. "Now, sir," said I, "if I hear another loud word after this, I quit the place, and seek a place to sleep amongst the Indians in the neighborhood. I am not afraid of your yelling nor shooting; but, sir, I will not be insulted." He was not a bad looking man, yet I am certain, he was concerned in the whole of it, from his awkward excuses about the firing of the

* They had frightened all the Missionaries away.

pistol, said, "it went off by accident." I presume they make a practice of playing pranks upon all travellers, and thought they would have rare sport with me—like all other knaves however, they missed it widely. I had my bonnet on, and already standing up for a march—"you will say, sir, whether I am to quit the place or not." He promised fair, I lay down and heard no more that night, neither of my two doors having either latch or bolt! This was courage—the place full of Indians, and worse men. Next morning, Maj. Crowell actually condescended to call—probably he had heard something, which rather inclined him to come. But if ever a poor fellow was frightened the landlord was, when he saw me laying the law to Crowell. He repented sorely, when he found whom he had to deal with. If I did not scorch Crowell, I never scorched any one.

A large store here too, the property of Maj. Crowell, to speculate on the Indians. These Crowells are in clover, and could not afford comfort and protection—and comfort with 250 men, (the garrison) at their service, one night to a woman. No wonder Col. Brearly struggled hard to hold his post.—By the way, I saw a son-in-law of the Colonel's here; the meanest man of the whole.

This is the first place I ever was in, where I could say, I had no friend. For the honor of our government, and the U. States' army!—A parcel of paltroons, I could have taken the Fort myself, as I am certain there was not a brave man in it. I had seen Maj. Crowell at Washington city, and he knew enough of me, to have paid more attention.

He plead for forgiveness, and of course he could do no more, and we all took a walk, to look at a large vineyard he is cultivating here—it is very promising indeed He has several acres in the vine, and I have no doubt, but he will succeed: I think it was the second year, and the vines were very flourishing. The vineyard was near the Major's house, or agent's house, which ever it was one of the most splendid building I have seen in my tour. He invited me to walk to it and set a while. Not I, indeed, though I am disposed to overlook the contempt he treated me with, by not paying attention sooner, I had too much respect for myself to enter his house. We walked all round the premises, and near the Fort, which no persuasion could induce me to enter. Finally we began to understand each other better—he deeply repent-

ed before we parted—as I do not bear malice, I promised to let them off as easy as possible, (not the army mind ye) but the Maj. and the landlord, not to conceal the truth, and I am very sure they will act better for the time to come, since I have passed my word for them. Mr. Van Ness very politely waited, till he saw me off in the stage, and though, I am under particular obligations to him, I was surprised he did not interfere the preceding night; but as a gentleman remarked once on a like occasion, perhaps he thought they were in better hands, meaning myself.

I met with Messrs. Brooke and Simmons here, quite genteel men, I think the former is of the army, and the latter a Dr.

About nine o'clock, the stage arrived with the same drunken sot in, who was now to be my companion, quite through the Creek Nation, to go 100 miles; there was another fellow in, a stage driver, whom we took in at Knoxville. I was partial to neither; but Mr. Matthews, though very delicate, was a genteel, amiable man, and between him, the driver, and myself, we could be a match for the other two. I was soon assured of this, after conversing with the driver.

I quit Knox' line at Fort Mitchell and took Capt. Walker's line, which goes from hence to Mobile. The Captain, it appeared, had apprised his drivers of my intended tour through the Indian nation, and had given them particular orders respecting me, when I entered the line—"I know you, said the driver, Capt. Walker told us all, we must pay strict attention to you." This was enough, they all heard it, and off we went, through the handsomest country, doubtless in North America. As for the site of Fort Mitchell, it must be unrivalled in beauty by any situation on the face of the earth, in the absence of water scenery.

ROAD TO MONTGOMERY.

As the soil and productions had been continually changing, of course I entered upon a new region of flowers, as I soon perceived, for the whole southern country is one garden of flowers. The flowers in the Creek nation, grow close to the ground; they are a species of pink, of bright scarled red, precisely like the garden pink, and so thick on the ground, that it appears to be covered with red satin. These are again over-topped with white,

purple, and blue flowers, none of which I had ever seen before. These were on the dry or upland, and fairly illuminated the woods.

In the moist places, and along the streams, we have the *woodbine*, it runs amongst the underwood, something like the jessamine, and produces a most brilliant flower: also the queen of the forest, the magnolia,—it grows here to a great height, equal to the tallest tree, but was not in bloom; all these, with the same cluster of roses, honey-suckles, bay-trees, &c. &c. described so often, made part of our scenery to-day; but the pink out-shone the whole, as it was more abundant. The land, after leaving Fort Mitchell, soon becomes hilly and thin; on the rivers it is level, and very rich.

The whole way was strewn with Indian camps, but we saw few Indians. They live on the rivers in summer and attend to their farms, and in fall and winter live in camps on the road side, to sell their productions to travellers, such as corn and fodder for feeding horses. I saw several at Fort Mitchell very handsome, most of them stout men, and their limbs are symmetry itself. No sculptor can shape the human leg so handsome. They must certainly have been designed to be the first of mankind though they are now without energy, that is nine tenths of them' Hot as the weather was they were wrapped in blankets, and seem to care about nothing but red handkerchiefs and beads and red feathers, some of them have fine farms here and there and raise a great many cattle, which winter mostly out on the cane, which abounds on the rivers.

But the whole country is a waste, scarcely a house is seen, and the road badly cut up. I think Maj. W. might bring his men and mend this road, that the mail might go on faster—it would discipline his men full as well as drinking.

We had a poor chance for dinner, I was told, and my kind landlord, Mr. Dillon, of Columbus, had sent me a most delicious peach pie. I had also drew a considerable ration of dried venison and bread, at Fort Mitchell. Mr. Matthews and I, therefore, fared pretty well. I offered the other two a part the stage driver, (who was a sensible, handsome, but dissipated man,) took some, but the other had swallowed the word ruffian too often to swallow my victuals. He had some resentment.

At length we stopped at the only house where dinner was likely to be had; and, as we had to stop here to change horses, I con-

cluded to go in and rest on a bed, if there was one, when lo!—dinner was set. Though I had heard an unfavorable account of the lady, for shame sake I sat down with one McBride, who had fallen in with us upon the road, and dined. The rest refused, excepting Mr. Matthews. He was the Sheriff of this region. Ordained by what power I know not, we had fallen in with him some time, and he, keeping up with the stage, amused us with the history of the lady and her husband, though they were never married. They would both get drunk and fight, and she had given him a severe beating quite recently. *Her* eye was black then. He was jealous of her and she was jealous of him, and so it appears they were equally matched. They had parted several times and come together again. She looked like a rattlesnake and he like a copperhead. They had a little child—I pitied it.*

Our road was much the same, sometimes rich and sometimes poor, now and then a stream, sometimes we met lots of Indians, men, women and children, all travel together in families. They all have faces alike; the women are very modest—most of them seemed shy of Mr. McBride. Mac had been amongst them often with precepts. He was a good looking young man, but took a few of the drops rather often.

Towards evening we reached

FORT BAINBRIDGE,

where we spent the night. I did not see the Fort, but the house we stopped at was a large elegant tavern and well kept by a Mr. Harris—his wife was a beautiful and pleasant woman, and her neice, Mrs. Eliza Bird, (the wife of Dr. Bird,) who was there on a visit, was the most beautiful creature I ever saw in human form. She was uncommonly tall and majestic and exquisitely shaped, with a fair oval face, and the loveliest eye in human head—and a most bewitching countenance and manners, and her voice is music. She is a perfect curiosity, and approaches nearer perfection than any human being—she is kindness, meekness, and humanity at once. The man whose wife she was, (I did not see him) is certainly most enviable.

We found a great deal of company in the tavern when we

*I met with another Mr. Crowell this day, a wealthy fine man.

came, and the returning stage came in with a great many passengers, of course the servants were thronged, and as I never go to the public table Mrs. Bird sent her own servant to wait on me, and she herself so contrived it that I had a cup of coffee before I set out, which was about one o'clock, A. M.

The passengers in the other stage were merchants going to the North, some of them were known to Mr. Matthews. He observed to them I was alone and would introduce them if they chose. They rather objected, awaiting to see me by stealth when I came to supper, but they were sadly disappointed; meantime I kept close in my room, determined not to gratify them unless they sought my acquaintance like gentlemen, which they did not.

The land was very even here, and a fine garden and farm was attached to the tavern, which is the most delectable treat in the Indian nation. Mr. M. left his horse here and took the stage.

I had nearly forgotten we passed the place where the Georgians and the Indians fought a hard battle in the night, and the Indians boasted they would have whipped the former if it had not been for the approach of day light. I also saw another den of infamous U. S. soldiers, on the way. We breakfasted at the house of Capt. Walker which is inside of a fort, I forget the name. But I was sorry not to find the Captain at home. He keeps a good house and attentive servants.

This day's journey was much like the preceding, excepting the Pinks which had changed to blue; but after we crossed Line Creek, which divides Alabama from the Creek nation, the land then is very rich, with vast plantations of corn, cotton, and sugar. We passed Mount M'Gee, after crossing Line Creek; a beautiful situation, with a post office, tavern, store, blacksmith shop, and two or three good houses. It is handsomely shaded by china trees. We also passed, in the Indian nation, the deserted house and farm of *Sukey Randall*, a black woman, who was rich, married to a white man, and her children all married white people. She has removed to Arkansas.

On the bank of Line Creek I saw the grave of the celebrated and lamented Riley. We arrived at

MONTGOMERY

Sometime before night, having crossed big Uchee, little Uchee,

Persimon's Creek, Cubahatchees, another stream, besides Line Creek, all handsome streams.

At Montgomery, I parted with Mr. Matthews, a most amiable man, to whose politeness I am much indebted. He lived a few miles distant, at Washington, a town on Alabama river

Having received a polite invitation from Major Johnston of Montgomery, to make his house my home, I did not stop at the tavern, but drove directly to Major Johnston's. Mrs. Johnston, (who is a sister of my friend Mrs Greer of Washington City,) happened to be out—but the door was no sooner opened by a servant, than the driver spoke and said "there is Mrs. J. now." She had been on a visit, and hearing I had proceeded to her house hastened home and gave me a cordial welcome.

She led me through an elegant parlor, dining room, and thence into a neat chamber which contained one of those snowy beds, "this is your parlor Mrs. R., here you eat, and here you sleep; make yourself at home." Major Johnston I had seen at Washington City, but Mrs. Johnston never before.

At Montgomery I took leave of Capt. Walker's line, intending to go to Mobile by water, which lay on my way to New Orleans. In justice to Capt. Walker, his drivers, horses, and coaches, are exceeded by none on the line. The Capt. was at Mobile attending the trial of Tuskeena, the chief who stopped the mail. I therefore missed the pleasure of seeing him altogether, as he had left Mobile before I reached there.

I took Mrs. Johnston's advice and was perfectly at home, though I only intended to spend the night there, as I never stop at private houses, on many accounts, no matter how kind my entertainers may be. Mrs. Johnston is one of your stout, jolly, liberal, sensible women, untainted with tracts or missionaries. She is older than Mrs. Greer, though still young and lively. She was pleased to see any one from Washington, who could converse with her about her sister, to whom she is much attached. She has a handsome fair face, and gay, open benevolent countenance, and resembles her sister in her unbounded charity to the poor.

We walked in the garden, and to the Alabama river, upon the bank of which her house stood, and the evening being cool, roved about every where, looking at the town, the river and the country.

I was much gratified to reach this wealthy State once more, though I had never been so far south. Not only wealthy, but the handsomest in the Union.

After awhile the Major came, and also desired me to consider myself at home. They have no children, the house therefore was exactly to my taste.

One or two gentlemen called that evening, one an inmate of the family, Mr. Whetman, was all joy at my arrival, and I was quite at home, with his polite, frank, and friendly manners, and took up a favorable opinion of the town. Retiring to my chamber, Mrs Johnston, who owns a handsome property in Washington City, came in, and we had a long chat about that and other things. I also received several ladies, late as the hour was.

Next morning, I made myself easy as to other quarters, until I saw some friend. Hearing a steam-boat was going to Mobile, the next day, I determined to proceed in it. I was rather hurt however, to see Major Johnston making preparation for a large company, wines, liquors, &c. I was determined it should not be on my account; though probably it might have been the same every day. Meantime, several gentlemen came in, whom the Major introduced as his friends. My friend Whitman, who called over night, scarcely left the room at all.

It was not long however, before one of the Majors' friends indulged in liberties which I do not allow, and reproved him very promptly, which the Major seemed to resent. I had a great deal to do, and but a short time to accomplish it in; the Majors house too, being far from the business part of the town, I soon came to a point. I did not know a single soul in the place, but calling a very decent gentleman into another room, I desired him to do me the favor to go and bring one or two of the Masons to me, as I knew they were every where. The gentleman, (whose name I do not know) deserves eternal honor for his kindness. I then returned to the company, and no one suspected me. In a few minutes a man of incomparable sweetness of aspect, came in with one or two others. The gentleman drew up towards me, with his hat in his hand, his face covered with blushes, partly hid by his black clustering locks. I saw at once he was the friend I stood in need of He was by my side on the sofa in an instant, and said "I am one of the gentlemen you sent for, how can I serve you?" I am mostly attended by three or four, and asked

"if there were any more of my friends present"—"Yes" he said "there is one looking at you." I looked up and saw a fine gentleman, eyeing me with deep attention. I was not astonished at this, as it is common, but thought it odd he should not approach and speak to me—"Oh he will presently," said Dr. Hoxey, the gentleman sitting by me. I then gave Dr. H. a summary of my wishes, alternately replying to the addresses of the company, which by this time grew numerous. The tall gentleman mentioned, remained standing, supporting himself carelessly upon the bureau, resting his head upon his hand, with his eye steadily bent on me. He also had addressed me respecting my tour, and seemed rather pointed: I replied to him as I did to the rest, very promptly, and the moment Dr. Hoxey, got up, he came and seated himself in the Dr's. place and taking hold of my hand, pressed it with great ardour. "I never was more prejudiced against a person in my life, Mrs. Royall, than I was against you, until I saw you, said the gentleman," I find you quite a different woman from what you were represented—I have been grossly imposed upon, you are not the same woman at all I expected: I soon discovered that, and now esteem you as much as I detested you before." "Why sir, who has slandered me to you, who could know me here, I never was in this part of the State." "Oh every body, travellers for months past, supposing you would come this way, represented you in such terms, that I I actually said if you were to come into my house, I would kick you out." "These must have been missionaries," said I. "Yes, they were, and other ruffians whom you would not admit to see you. The ruffian as you justly called him, who came on in the stage with you, said every thing infamous of you, and when I heard you wished to see some of the towns people, and Hoxey called for me, I came with him to besure, but not with any friendly intention at all—they charged you with every thing.—In the whole creation does there exist such monsters of wickedness! worse than pirates—worse than midnight assassins, for they only take your life—but these missionary monsters take your character, dearer than all. "But why, dear sir do you credit report, you know it is for the most part false:" "it is wrong I know, and am more convinced of it now than ever."—His name is Freeman, a man of wealth, and the co. owner of an extensive tavern, though he lived private himself. After request-

ing to know how he could serve me, he and Dr. H. retired into another room, and after consulting together, one of them came to the door and called me in: we have attended to your wishes madam, you go to my house, I am part owner of the tavern you saw, there are several empty rooms, take your choice and look upon me as your friend The Dr. here and myself will attend you any moment—"are you ready" "I am" leaving my baggage, which Mr. Freeman promised to send for. I merely told Mrs. J. I was going to take a walk, which was no story. I took the arm of the adored Freeman, and walked to the tavern; all this was the business of a very few minutes, and so secretly done (as we spoke low) that not one of a large party knew any thing of it; and least of all the Major and his lady, until they saw me take the arm of the gentleman. The whole party followed, forming a pretty respectable escort.

Most of these were aware of Mr. Freeman's prejudice—even that morning, they had heard him utter many, and very unfriendly expressions toward me; imagine their surprise, to see him paying the most decided and affectionate attention. "You are doubtless astonished, gentlemen, but I must yield to truth—I can never do enough to repair the injury I have done this lady." The dear Hoxey, too, walked on the other side, and thus shielded by merit and friendship, I asked no boot of the world. In a few minutes, I was seated in a large, cool parlor on the lower floor, with a comfortable chamber adjoining; and my friends were brought in, sometimes by Mr. F., the bar-keeper, the Dr., and Mr. Whitman.

I shall nevertheless cherish a high sense of gratitude toward Major. Johnston and his lady, and from the first resolved not to impose upon their generosity; and the probability is, I might have had some difficulty had it not been for them. For though my letters were a sufficient safeguard, one might suffer a great deal before reference could be had to them. His house was quite too far from the town.

Montgomery, like the towns on the frontier of Georgia, has great advantages. It is at the head of steamboat navigation, though steamboats go up to the Falls of the Coosy, several miles above the town. It is surrounded on all sides with fertile land, all in cultivation. It stands on the great mail route from Washington City to New Orleans, via Mobile, and in the vicinity of

a number of flourishing towns on the Alabama. It occupies a high bluff which commands an extensive view of the rich lands, watered by the river. The finest body of land in the State, viz. the *Great Bend*, is adjoining the town. This bend nearly encircles an extensive plain of amazing fertility. The boats are seen making their circle round it from the bluff. It is a most beautiful, smooth, deep stream, navigable from the falls to Mobile, 512 miles, without the least obstruction. The prospect from the bluff, is one of vast extent and incomparable beauty.

The town lies partly on even ground, while some of the houses spread out upon an eminence, on the opposite side to the river. The streets are wide and regular, and the principal are beautifully shaded, with the pride of China. It contains a Court-house, prison, one old Church, and a very handsome *Theatre*, well done.—The people have some sense here. It contains between 8 and 900 inhabitants,—I saw the old church, and the hypocrites can't raise money enough to repair it. But they are gaining ground fast; they have just established a Sunday-school, and a newspaper.* They are violently opposed, however, by the citizens, who are a well-informed, and enlightened people.

One Beecher, a stout black-smith, a nephew of Dr. Beecher's of Boston, and a very fine fellow, too, amused me no little with anecdotes of his uncle, sending bundles and boxes of tracts to him. There are a great many goats in Montgomery, and Mr. Beacher would catch the goats, and stick a tract on each horn, and sent them forth to spread the gospel—much honester Missionaries, I must confess, and much more respectable, than the two-legged Missionaries—these told no lies. The mischievous wag, he must have a fertile imagination, to think of such a thing. The whole town was in a roar of laughter: thus those swindlers bring their trade into contempt. To return, Montgomery has a Library; 7 Lawyers; 5 Doctors; and exported 1200 bales of cotton, the previous year. Two newspapers are published here.

Many of the houses are large, and well-built, of brick. The town does much retail business, and is inhabited by intelligent, and high-minded men The wealthiest people in this State, however, are the planters, who reside on their plantations. These, however, are often in the towns, and with a regular Thespian society, and now and then a company, balls and parties, the citi-

*The latter has since walked off, for want of patronage.

zens contrive to amuse themselves with all deference to the tracts. It is a perfect thorough-fare of travellers.

Dr. Noodle, lives not far from this place—I mean in the county of Pike: he was one that brought on a shocking account of me. But I have fixed his Noodleship as long as he lives—nothing like truth to indure.

Nearly every one in the town came to see me, and a number of those (for the time) from the country, my friends, Dr. H. and Mr. F. I have mentioned: nor could any description, I have given depict their character, in more glowing colors, than the generous act already related. Mr. Freeman, as I said, is a tall, elegant figure, with a good, fair face, mild, steady countenance, and soft blue eye. His manners are what his actions, bespeak prompt and friendly: he watched over me like another guardian angel, often coming in to know, if I lacked any thing. Obliged to leave the place before I did, he came into the room and said, "I am obliged to leave you, but here is my partner, Mr. Stevens, he will attend to you in my place, and you may rely upon him." Mr. S. bowed an assent: nor did I ever press a hand more fervently, nor have I ever seen a man more worthy the character of a gentleman—I hope my friends, which are numerous, may reward him. Mr. F. was married to the cousin, or perhaps the sister of Governor Bibb: she was indisposed, but I got a glimpse of her after Mr. F departed; she was a modest, sweet, pretty woman, and as much to be envied as Dr. Bird, though she is doubtless as amiable as her husband.

Dr. Asa Hoxey, is rather of a low stature, but keenly made: his face is round, full and handsome, with one of the most expressive black eyes in human head. His fine, deep forehead is adorned with a profusion of black, glossy hair; but to describe his countenance, would be to paint the sun—the portrait of charity. Nor did ever the appearance and actions of a man, so perfectly correspond. He is quite a young man, stands high as a physician. It would be criminal to say more of mortal, though I could fill a volume, and the half would be untold.

George Whitman, Esq. is a very young man, and not at all behind the others in generosity; but he was not a *mason*—he laughed, however, and said, "I was born a mason, Mrs. Royall, I love them as well as you do." He certainly is immeasurably kind, and one of the whole soul sort. He is a Yankee, has been

sometime in the south, and universally esteemed. Mr. W. is at the head of the thespian society, and said, "the godly ones wanted to buy the theatre for a church, but if they do, they shall pay for it, Mrs. Royall"—he would never give up the theatre. He is a light, genteel figure, with handsome, oval features, and sparkling eye—his countenance is open and gay, and his manners polished and familiar. He may be called the Chesterfield of Montgomery, and the ladies are all fond of him. My visit happened at an unlucky time—the principal part of the gentlemen were at Washington Court, to hear an interesting trial, and I *never* wait.

I had seen a Mr. Lynch, from Washington, at Washington city—he was very friendly there, and invited me to call at Washington, Alabama, by all means. I had sent word to him by Mr. Matthews, I would be glad to see him, and that, as there was no alternative, if he would make some arrangement, I would visit Washington and wait there for the steam-boat. He never came, nor did he write; but he had married a wife since I saw him, and is, no doubt, another addition to the henpecked corps, or something worse.

I have often seen southern ladies, married to Yankee gentlemen, but here I found a southern gentleman married to a Yankee lady. This was Wm. D. Pickett, Esq., an Attorney, a tall, genteel, young, friendly man, married to a young lady of Rhode Island. I admired his taste, a Yankee girl is a fortune herself. She was very handsome, sprightly and accomplished—they were very equally matched.

I likewise found other Yankee ladies there, one in particular, whom I had seen in Haverhill, N. H.

A Mr. Herbert, an Editor, was pretty clever, and who should call amongst the rest, but Mr. *Sayer*, my old fellow-traveller, and likewise his sister, who left me at Macon. She had a dreadful time of it the next night—it was quite an adventure, they were overtaken by a thunder-storm, and being dark, the driver lost the road, and the stage became so much entangled in the brush, he had to take a horse and ride 6 miles for a light—and the Scotchman, instead of remaining with her in the stage, to protect her from the Missionaries, and other wild beasts, went with the driver! Was there ever such a fool! While he was gone, the Missionary in the stage converted the young lady! This is the way they take the advantage of our women!—she was a

very handsome, and a very intelligent lady, but she will soon join the church now. There was a third, P. D. Sayre, Esq., the best looking of the whole, and a very fine man.

One Mr. Walton, who boarded at the tavern, said, "he was the grand-son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence." He was a tall, rather handsome man, and an old bachelor, though he could not be said to be old: what his christian name was, heaven knows, the initials are J. K. T. D. W.—he was rather a quiz, and not very pleasant.

Mr. *Thompson*, the tract Editor, said he thought "the tracts saved souls,"—then money can save souls, as the tracts arise from money. I asked him what became of the souls of those who died before tracts were made?—He was silent. Some of these ruffians sent a negro in to me with a tract—I told the negro to be gone, or I would have him whipped—"be gone, and give it to those who sent you." The fellow scared out of his wits, ran for his life—he was told, I would give him 25 cts.

Mr. Bell, the Sheriff, is a stout, fine-looking man, and hates tracts. Mr. M'Bride mentioned, was his deputy.

Mr. *Prichard* is a great wag, and amused me with a description of the sharpers who fled to this wealthy State on its first settlement. He said, "there was the plain Yankee; he was a gentleman: then there was the Yankee *Doodle;* he took the filling out of the shirt: then the Yankee Doodle Dandy; he took the whole—and the Irish Jew took the skin with it. They called him the Preacher. He said, "I ring the Church bell, but never go into the Church. Whenever these fellows come round me, Mrs. R., I always jump right upon them rough-shod. Colonel Charles Hooks is amongst the first gentlemen in the town. He is a tall slender man of elegant manners; he was formerly of Wilmington, and is a very pleasant man. Mr. Stevens, the partner of my friend, is a small young man of very amiable manners, no way behind his partner in merit and modesty.

I had several calls from gentlemen from the country—both gentlemen and ladies; all curious to see the woman who wrote the Black Book. Of these, Judge King, Col. Cook, and family, were distinguished. Judge *King* is quite a splendid man. He is a stout middle-aged man, erect and tall, with a large full face, ruddy complexion, and fine full grey eyes; his manners are of the first order—refined and dignified. Col. *Cook* is also one of

the great men of the State. Mrs. *Cook:* it had been some time since I saw Alabama ladies, and was no less gratified with her than those in North Alabama. She was a young handsome woman, of highly polished manners, with that charm and easy grace which distinguish the ladies of the South; she was attended by her son and daughter, both modest and deeply interesting. Dr. *Holt* and a Mr. *Pond* called, whether of the town or country I do not know. Dr. Holt is a young man, with a good figure and fair oval face, and quite a genteel man. Mr. P. looked rather solemn; he must be of the pious party.

I find Mr. Clay has several friends here; most of them *simpletons*, *broken down* politicians, *broken* merchants, tract and bible, and rope people. Some of my greatest friends are Clay men; but I happened to have none amongst these but the Sayers. I shall let the Postmaster, Black and Blue, stand till I find the $40 stolen from the mail somewhere there or here abouts.

Meantime my friend, Mrs. Johnston, paid me the most assiduous attention; she came often to see me, and overhauled my wardrobe, and had me neatly rigged up for my voyage down the river; she was kind to the last.

On the 3d day of my arrival, (having spent one day and a half at Montgomery,) my friends having engaged a passage to Mobile in the Steamboat *Herald*, Capt. *Young*—attended by a friend, I went on board. The boat was soon visited by my friends, and many of the citizens, whom I had not seen. I was introduced to the Captain, a noble fine fellow, and a *Mason*. Heaven always puts me in their care; also one of the owners of the boat, John P. Degarnett, Esq. a most worthy man. Mr. D. is of Swiss descent, and a gentleman of considerable wealth, pleasing and affable in his deportment. He is of middle age, with a round full face, soft grey eye, and very expressive countenance. I should say he was another Wm. Gaston, from what I saw. He is much beloved in Montgomery. Also James T. Degarnett, Esq., no less amiable.

With these came my friend Dr. Hoxey, Messrs. J. T. Camp, (of Columbus, Geo.,) Cornelius Robinson, Wm. Peacock, and S. Pollard, and a Mr. Powell, whom, it appears, I saw at Richmond, Va. Mr. P. is a warm hearted amiable man.

I was pleased to meet with Mr. Camp for the sake of Columbus, and pleased with the others for their own sakes. Nor did

they forget I had a long tour before me. May heaven reward them! For nothing short of heaven can! My favorite Whitman too. This was the best collection I had seen; all choice spirits. Besides these I had a levee of ladies on board—I was proud of Alabama, my favorite State—these were Mrs. Johnston and Cook, and Miss Cook; the dear Mrs. J. hung to me to the last.

The boat having still some of her lading to take in, we enjoyed ourselves till she had finished. At length the fire was put to the engine, the steam began to hiss, and the bell to ring; my friends having done all they could do, came forward, and the parting pangs succeeded, and in a few minutes we were under way.

DOWN ALABAMA RIVER.

From the day I left Alabama till I returned to it, I have seen no state or country equal to it. The people wealthy and generous, the land rich, the fields large, its rivers deep and smooth, its lofty bluffs, its majestic trees, its dark green forests, is altogether grand.

Alabama river is 200 yards wide at Montgomery, and was quite low. It was about sun down when we left Montgomery; this grieved me, as the boat went all night, and I should lose much of the beauty of the scenery, which is very different from that more South. The foliage here is a black green, and consists of tree and vine. Every tree is clothed in vines, which run up to the top, and hangs from thence to the water in dense clusters. This vine has a large blue flower; other trees again have their trunks only wrapped in green by a slender vine of most prolific foliage. Its leaves consist of layers so deep, that the body of the trees which it delights in most, is completely swathed in green. In many places those vines are of such exuberance and weight, they bend the top of the tree; again the vine ascends to the top, and seizing upon every limb and twig, wraps the whole of it in the richest dress. This has no comparison in beauty. These and the bluffs amused me till it grew very dark, being cloudy.

We stopped at Washington to take in freight. It is only eleven miles below Montgomery. One would have thought Mr. *Lynch* would have came aboard, and have saved his skin. The

honor of Washington, however, was redeemed by the two Messrs. Dughans, Col. Nevin, and Dr. Whetstone, who paid their respects in form, though it was raining hard, and one of the darkest nights. *Joseph P. Dughan* is a young keen sprightly thorough-going man; he is tall, and symmetry itself, with handsome features, and a sharp fine eye. In his manners he is plain and familiar, and one of your straight forward men. He is an Attorney, and has every appearance of a gentleman. Col. *Nevin* is a stout young intelligent looking man, of soft gentle manners. Dr. *Whetsone*, (I might have been sure of a keen pen when he sent me a Whetstone,) is a spare man, well shaped, with a handsome thin oval face, mild friendly countenance, and elegant in his deportment.

E. S. Dughan, perhaps a brother to the first, is a very handsome man, of pleasant manners, and an eye of uncommon fire and expression. The visit and politeness of these gentlemen was flattering, and gave me a favorable opinion, not only of myself, but of Washington, excepting always L., who must be an anti, or a blue skin.

I did not see a single house in W. which contains about 200 inhabitants.

It was dangerous from the extreme darkness to proceed, and we stopped most of the night.

I had a most delightful state room, fire and servants—no lady passenger but myself: I like this, as they are so noisy, I cannot write for them.

The Herald is the fastest boat on the river—she goes down stream 25 miles an hour! She is a very long, narrow boat, and is getting old: the freight is all carried in the boat and not as at Savannah.

I sportingly told Capt. *Young*, I would immortalize his boat, when to my no little mortification, he said, "I was too late, it had been immortalized already, by *Bazle Hall*, and gave me a short sketch of Hall's voyage on the river.

All these boats stop at the towns, and landings, to take in freight, and the bluffs are so high, the people live so far back, and the stream carrying the boats with such rapidity, they always fire a gun, that is, a small cannon, when they come within hearing, so that the people may be ready, as the boats will not wait. Hall went on for a while without saying any thing: but

always seemed annoyed by the gun. At length he spoke to Capt. Young, and said, "he would be glad if he would stop the firing, he disliked the noise." Captain young is what you may call an *Irish* gentleman; and few of them have much love for the English. The Captain, therefore, was on the wrong side of the ocean, to obey such a despotic request, but observed, "you belong to the Navy, Capt. and dislike the sound of a gun?" "It annoyed him too much." After that, Capt. Young, instead of one, always gave him *two* guns. Capt. Young said, he was a proud, distant, haughty man, but his lady a Scotch woman, who travelled with him, was an amiable and accomplished woman—she wrote all the time—he did not; but Capt. Young did not know what subject occupied her pen. Captain Hall was reserved and sulky all the way.

When I stopped at Mobile subsequently, I looked in Hall's travels, to see what he said of the *Herald*, &c., and found he did not mention the gun, nor the Captain, nor scarcely a word of the river—or in short, any thing excepting the Herald was a fine boat, but badly managed.

We were underway long before I awoke, and the first thing I heard in the morning was the clash of a tree, which bending into the water was torn away by the boat.

Our gun had been bursted the preceding trip, and our approach to the stopping place was announced by the bell. It is very difficult to stop a steam-boat on these bold running streams, and takes up some time. They have to pass the place they design to stop at, turn the boat quite round, and approach the place upstream: as the boat goes with such force down stream, she could not make the shore without being dashed to pieces. They have, therefore, when going down stream to turn twice, which not only detains them, but requires great skill and attention. The Pilot, which is the man at the wheel, steers the boat, and has the entire direction of the boat when in the stream, and the Capt. when about to stop or put off, takes the command. These Pilots are acquainted, and must be, with every snag, shoal and shallow in the river, and their wages are very high—and their responsibility is in proportion. The Engineers are below; and the Captain merely looks ahead, to watch the stopping places.

The first thing of interest, to a stranger on the Alabama river, is a perpendicular, deep rock, (I do not mention the bluffs, as they are common to all rivers) of *rotten* lime-stone, as it is called,

which rises directly up from the water's edge, from 8 to 10 feet in height. These, when I passed down, had beautiful cascades of clear water, flowing from the summit of the rock into the river. This rock, which is a complete pallisade, though it looks hard, is as soft as pipe-clay, and is the curse of this beautiful country, as it pollutes the waters with a feeted smell, and engenders fevers wherever it is, and is universally found in the richest lands.

The next thing which distinguishes this part of the river, is the beautiful growth, which fringe the banks to the water's edge, and exceeds the power of imagination: they are not tall trees, but spread out to a vast extent of redundency, and so impervious, as to prevent the view of the country beyond it. These are of different shades, all mingled together; and amongst these runs a vine, producing a large, blue flower, in shape, and nearly the size of a pine-apple. I only knew the sycamore, and the maple—equally beautiful are the high bluffs, which, and the thin, flat, smooth, yellow sand-bars completes the scenery of this beautiful river. The bluffs are the highest, and most richly crowned of any on the western or southern streams.

The sand bars are a great curiosity, they consist of fine pebbles, the color of Nankeen, and are as even on the surface as the water, stretching out at the extremities, into thin sharp points. We saw large flocks of black birds and buzzards walking about on them, from what motive I could not learn.

The boat goes so fast, the scenery is continually changing, and the bends of the river is still bringing new objects in view, and the boat is now turning to the right, and now to the left, and so on.

The Herald makes the trip to Mobile in 40 hours generally, 500 miles, and from thence up the river to Montgomery in 60 hours.

Thus we went on—sometimes a drove of large cattle, sometimes a drove of negroes, then a pot boiling on the bank of the river, a tray, and a stool, and before you have time to lift your eye a field or a bluff—now and then a tree growing horizontally with its root in the bank, and its top reaching over the stream, coming in contact with our boat.

The first town we passed after leaving Washington, is VERNON, it is a small village on our left, and early in the day we reached SELMA, upon the top of a bluff, 170 feet perpendicu-

lar in height. My head grew giddy as the boat stopped, when I looked up at a long warehouse, on the very brink of the bluff.

I had understood Selma was the handsomest town on the river and taking the advantage of a gentleman who came on board while they were taking in the freight. The gentleman took my arm and led me round a slope of the bluff by which I ascended into the town. The town is as level as a floor, nor can you see the river unless you go to the warehouse.

Selma is really as beautiful a site as can possibly be imagined, on an even plain, with 200 inhabitants, and a few good houses, principally upon one street; but the beauty consists in its height. More cotton is shipped from here than from any town on Alabama river. Mr. *Hudson*, is the gentleman, who waited upon me so politely, up the hill, for the honor of New York appertains to her! he was one of the whole soul men. He waited upon me into the warehouse, from the door of which we had a most delightful view (it was sublime) of the river for many miles. In the warehouse I found two gentlemen from Cahawba. Messrs. Jessy Bean, and Vandike. They laughed over the misfortunes of their deserted town; and Mr. Bean, a great humorist, made me laugh about the rats. I asked "why, when they moved the seat of government, they did not move the houses?" "We did, bless your soul, some of the houses were moved all the way to Mobile; and some one way, and some another, and what few were left was taken possession of by the rats, and no getting them out. At length one night a wooden house caught fire, and the rats took fright and ran away by the lihgt of it." They were both genteel, sensible men.

Whilst I was conversing with them, the Editor of a paper published at Selma, came to me and wished to know "what I was going to say about Selma!' 'The gentlemen looked at each other and laughed. "Do you think" said Mr. B. "Mrs. R. ever tells what she is going to say." He was a wise one to edit a paper.

The gentlemen, with a Mr. Hodges, of Selma, attended me to the boat, and had it not been that they were on horseback, they would have accompanied me to Cahawba. I parted with them with regret, as they were fine company. Mr. Hodges was the only citizen that paid his respects, as I think Mr. Hudson was only there on business.* Selma, (pronounced Selmo) is on the right going down.

* Mr. Bean is a relative of Bean of Bean's station, Tenn

They make great despatch in receiving freight, every hand takes hold, and works for his life, and in a few minutes you are whirling round to pursue the voyage.

The rives begins to widen at Selma, and large droves of fine cattle are seen under the shade panting with fat.

The cane had appeared for sometime in great abundance.—The young and old cane opposed in shape and color, the first resembling green wheat, the latter tall yellow bemp, this intermingled with a bright yellow flower, contrasted with the dark thickened green of the forest, its fleet retro motion, the stranger seems to be borne from the region of reason.

I had for sometime been admiring a rich tree, of pale green, differing from all the rest, in its supernatural beauty. This they informed me was the *ash*. It is like no ash I ever saw. It has an impenetrable foliage, attached to long pendant branches, which conceals the body of the tree, that is by no means large. But the beauty of the tree arises from large tufts of leaves at the end of each twig, in bunches as large as bunches of missilto, and looks like a collection of twigs, tied with a string—these hang downwards from their weight, and clothe the banks of the river, in the richest dress.

We soon reached CAHAWBA (20 miles) on our right, at the mouth of Cahawba river, and came very near upsetting a ferry-boat, with a man and horse, ferry-man, and all. The boat happened to be crossing Cahawba (quite a small stream to what I expected) just as our flying Herald darted by, which shook the srteam with such violence, that it raised the Cahawba into such high waves, that I looked to see the boat capsized.

We stopped a moment at the landing, to put out a box, and take in a passenger, who was quite a decent man. Cahawba town is on a bluff, a beautiful site. But from its great height over our heads, I only saw the tops of three houses, one was a fine brick building.

Twelve miles below Cahawba, we meet the WHITE BLUFF on our right, while PORTLAND BLUFF is on our left. We stopped at White Bluff, to take in freight. This Bluff is extremely handsome, and has a regular row of large, beautiful white oak-trees, ranging on the summit, on the brink of the bluff. Once for all, there is no such thing as an ugly bluff.

A few of the exquisites came down the bluff to gaze at me, and a scape-gallows fellow, to brass it out, came on board—I was grieved to see such impudence in so young a man. In the course of the day we met the steam-boat Tom, she passed us in stately pride—a handsome boat, but for swiftness far behind the Herald. The Tom left Mobile two hours before the Herald, which made her trip to Montgomery; put out her freight, went up to the falls of the Coosa, took in freight there and also at Montgomery, had stopped coming down sundry times for freight, and thus far on her return met the Tom.

Meantime the yellow flower follows us up, it is called *Butter-weed*—a few birds singing in the trees in the day, and the Whip-poor-will at night: the latter cries loud and shrill in this region—a few cranes and snipes, with other water birds, the Jay and flocks of Paroquets. Great masses of cane carried by the floods on the fields, as large as houses—the mulberry, and towards night a few magnolies closed the first day.

Next day a few cypresses might be seen, rearing their lofty heads above the forest, and several magnolias; also a few of the long moss in bunches, like Hannah Blane's wigs, the under wood more dense, cane without end, and the forest with the rotten limestone as usual. Took in a fop, in blue, at Prairie Bluff, brass itself. Having passed the upper Peach-tree and lower Peach-tree, we reached Claiborne next day 170 miles below Cahawba. Claiborne is the wealthiest and most polished town in Alabama, but from the great height of the bluff on which it stands, and its dense shade, I only saw the Masonic Hall, said to be the most splendid building in this region of country, and what was to me still more interesting, masonry has been carried to a much higher degree here than any where in the Union. The Captain of the Herald, if I mistake not, had taken most of his degrees here—he had attained to the Red Cross.

From the very many flattering accounts I had heard of this place, I truly regretted want of time to visit it. It is said to be a handsome flourishing town, and affords the best society in the State. It was, however, from its height and numerous

trees, hid from our view, excepting the vast hall mentioned. The base of the bluff is lined with the lordly magnolia, and the site is far superior to any on Alabama river. A genteel man by the name of Crawford, from New York, came on board here, and to my infinite joy had two camelions! the first I had ever seen—I now had my hands full, and the gentleman having set them down by me in the sun, at the stern of the boat, I set in for a close inspection of this extraordinary little animal. They were enclosed in a gauze box, by which means they were easily seen; they were of a dark brown, and being cold and late in the day, they did not change their color till the warm sun of the next day.

The camelion is from four to five inches in length, and about one-third of its length only may be called the body; the other two-thirds may be called the tail—it is very slender, the thickest part of the body not larger than a lady's little finger—the body is of one thickness, and to it exclusively are attached small legs with claws by which it creeps like a lizard—the tail tapers to a slenderness itself, and ends in a sharp point, as slender as a fine knitting needle—its fore leg is shaped like the human arm, and the claw like a hand, the latter not larger than the claw of the smallest frog—the eye is oblong, and about the size of a common pin head—this and the head is extremely beautiful. There is a softness, innocence, and sweetness, in the aspect of the eye and head, which defies description.

They actually change color, nor do they take the color at all of the things they are on, nor are they transparent. In the evening and morning they were brown on the back, and white underneath—as the day grew warm the brown grew lighter, but so slow that it was hardly perceivable. The change nevertheless advances, taking a greenish hue, more on some parts of the animal than the other, and this change is by no means uniform as one of these did not change at all to green as the others, and another changed in spots—from brown at length we find the animal a goslin-green, the changes still advancing

we next find it a dull yellow, from that a bright pea-green, regularly shaded from the back to the underpart. This change commenced about eight o'clock, and was complete at eleven. They remained green sometime and toward the decline of the day changed back again to brown, by the same gradation—one of these only turned yellow, and changed back again, very soon, to brown. The story of their assuming so many colors I presume, has arisen from shades—they pass through from brown to green, which seems to be the standing colors of the camelion—I saw nothing but brown, and what might be called the different shades of green.

The distinguishing outline of the camelion is beauty, whether as to shape, countenance, or texture—its sweet countenance, its delicate shape: but its chief beauty is the texture of its skin when the green is at its height. It is neither smooth nor rough, but has a richness superior to the most highly finished silk; and if it be like anything, it is more like a rich piece of green satin, or rather lutestring. But to give an idea of the exquisite fineness of the shade and texture is beyond the power of pen or pencil. The tongue is not sharp, as it has been said; it is rather blunt. One of these, the largest, when the green was at the highest, turned as red as blood under the jaw, and puffed it out. They sleep most of the time, and spring with great quickness to catch a fly or when molested. Those would not eat dead flies, nor did they feed much at all. We clipped the wings from the flies, and dropped them into the box, but I perceived only one or two instances of their catching the fly, which they snap at as quick as lightning. The gentleman had thrown some leaves into the box to shelter them, and the little rogues would pretend to hide under the leaves, and at the same time turning up their tiny coaxing eye at you. The gentleman was fearful they would not live to reach New York, and I was of the same opinion, as they seemed to sleep too much.

Whether these were full grown or young camelions, the gentleman could not tell. They had been caught the previous day. One of them was somewhat smaller than the others, and did not turn green. After standing at yellow sometime, it

changed back to brown. The Prairies of Alabama abound with them, and the same animal is doubtless taken for two or perhaps three different species by most people, and they are so very small that no one could distinguish them from the grass.

Our fine scenery now began to disappear, the land becoming flat, and much cypress, long moss and magnolias—no more high bluff, nor walls of rotten lime stone. We were near the mouth of the Tombigbee, and, to my infinite pleasure, I saw a magnolia in full bloom, which was very early for them, being the 25th of April. Early next day we reached the mouth of the Tombigbee. I could not distinguish the size of it for islands precisely at the mouth. We were now in the Mobile river, which is formed by the Alabama and Tombigbee, and the land flat and marshy. The Mobile is about the size of the Ohio at Pittsburg. Fort Stroder and the United States Arsenal were below the junction. Here General Jackson crossed with his army in the war with the Creeks. We go but twenty miles on the Mobile river, till the stream divides, and we are in sight of Mobile, which looks much handsomer from here than when you are in it. After Mobile river divides, the left hand fork is called the *Tensaw*, which is a much deeper stream than the right hand fork, which keeps the name of Mobile, and leads to the town of Mobile. The Tensaw flows to Blakely, and strange! vessels bound to Mobile and passing through the bay have to sail up the Tensaw nine miles, and then turn down Mobile river, exactly back again as it were, to get to Mobile, and have to go out the same way.

We passed the site of Fort Mims in the night; it was between Claiborne and a place called the Cut. We had been three days and upwards coming down the river, owing to the darkness of the nights.

This was the most pleasing voyage I ever took by water before or since. The pleasure arises from the richness of the scenery, which the narrowness of the stream brings near you, so that you are constantly under the shade of a bluff, or a grove.

Mobile is another place of extensive cotton business, and every other kind of business, though I would suppose there were few men of capital here. The shore and wharfs, however, were paved with cotton bales; and to sum up the character of Mobile, though it is the great mart of my favorite state, it is not the the *last* place in the world, yet it is *next* to it! Settled by just such a rabble of picaroon Pedlers as Charleston, S. C. Capt. Young very politely took me to the best house in town, which is, by a long way, the worst house in the United States. You may judge of the rest.

About to part with Capt. Young, perhaps forever, I am truly mortified, my very poor talents are inadequate to do justice to this worthy man. His garb and his manners were plain, but under these were concealed the best heart that ever beat in a human breast, and the purest soul that ever adorned human nature. He was a high minded, independent Irishman, or rather a real Irish gentleman; and the best reward of his noble actions are contained in the acts themselves. Capt. Young is a stout man, with nobility painted in every feature of his manly face, and the only reward in my power to bestow on him for his unspeakable kindness and attention to me, is to recommend him to the patronage of the great and the good wherever he may go, and no man is better entitled to confidence. He is sober and attentive, allows no liquor to his hands, and keeps the best of servants. Indeed, I was almost as much affected at parting with them as with him. I hope Alabama may remember him, as he has imortalized her name.

I do not recollect the name of the tavern keeper, and upon referring to his account, I find the name torn off, for which I give him credit. It appears he had just opened the house, a large brick building, which smelled of the United States Bank. Imagine my surprise to find the landlady seated in an elegant parlour, on an easy sofa, dressed like a princess, all in white. I thought she had better be in her kitchen. She was young and handsome, but corpulent—she was ignorant, proud, and scornful, and rising up, received me with all the *hauteur* of an Empress. She gave a consequential toss of her

quad, and bid me be seated. She is known amongst the gentlemen by the name of the *Brig Betsy*, and her husband by the name of ———————— my heart ached! Another henpeck thought I, but I was for business. I asked for a parlour, "none but this." "Can I have the liberty of seeing my friends here?"—"Yes." "Please to show me to my chamber." To do her justice, she was actually kind at first, until she saw the great attention paid to me by the very few respectable citizens in the place, which an ignorant proud woman, if she be handsome, can never forgive. She was also governed by an infamous rabble of strangers, who passing themselves off for high life, ate at her table, and though their money was certainly as good as the President's, their company was not. They were worse than the Hulls.

Besides this practice of promiscuous fare, they have another custom, universal in the South, equally unpleasant, which is teazing you at the table with "will you have some of this, and will you have that," as though you were at an invitation dinner, at a private house, and this is continued during your meal, so that you cannot eat for replying to these troublesome questions. This is nonsense when the victuals is before one; they can help themselves or apply to the waiter for what they want—knowing they are to pay for it, ceremony is useless. For this reason I always, when practicable, pay the servants extra, to bring me something to my room. They kept a first rate table at this house—every thing abundant and well cooked, I never set down to a better table—the fish is excellent and all kinds of marketing is good—but the house overflowed with the refuse of the earth, Gamblers, Pickpockets, Shavers, Sharpers, Pirates, Robbers—the only money I ever had stolen from me was at this house, the door broken open in broad day light, my trunk opened, and five or seven dollars, (it matters not,) in silver, stolen, and they would think nothing of trying to force the door while I was in the room, and this was the case always at all the taverns: and such were the servants that the gentlemen had to go and make my tea themselves in business season!

Mobile being situated in an endless marsh, nearly as far south as New Orleans, it is scarcely inhabited in the sickly season, and the old or permanent inhabitants being mostly ignorant French and Spaniards, who were unqualified to do *any* commercial business, much less the flood of commerce that flows to this point—now the cotton of all South Alabama, which is immense, and *sugar*, (as I saw large fields of it.) The exports of cotton alone, is 100,000 bales! If I am correctly informed, the imports are very considerable—the cotton business can of course only be done at one season of the year, like Savannah, which necessarily includes the importation at the same time—this brings swarms of people into the town, the business of which is mostly done by transient persons. Besides these there are hosts of speculators, blacklegs, and other villainous characters. Mobile has always, is now, and will long be, the rendezvous of *Renegadoes*, *Outlaws*, *Pirates*, and obnoxious characters, until wholesome laws are enacted and put in force, by the state, and they are hooted out by respectable society, which seems to be now taking root: but this will require time, from the unhealthiness of the place.

It was in the height of this business-time I arrived, indeed it commences early in the winter, and is a perfect thoroughfare, till June—of course I had a good opportunity to study the character of Mobile, and that of these transient persons.

The house I stopped at was full of them. The planters of Alabama are extremely to blame for not establishing a decent house in the place where respectable people might be secure from noise and insult—this might very easily be done by engaging a decent respectable man, whereas a number of gentlemen who would stop here, go on to New-Orleans.

I was scarcely in my room before a parcel of ruffians were thundering at my door, and racing through the passage in front of it, like so many wild horses.—Finding it impossible to write, I complained to the Landlord, but he wanted a great deal of being master of his house—they ridiculed and mocked him to his face, and finding the noise was unpleasant, they

redoubled it. Having some shipping to do, I was mostly out the first day.

Meantime the Mayor of Mobile, a French gentleman, and one of the best men living, called, and several other respectable men—all these assured me of their protection.

At first I received company in the parlour below, but from the excessive heat of the place, (much hotter than New-Orleans,) and my toil in the streets, I was unable to receive company below—sinking with fatigue, I had always to retire direct to my room, whenever I came in.

The second day, I think it was the Court, (which was sitting in Mobile, when I was there,) stole a few minutes, when they adjourned for dinner, to call. These were Judges *Parson*, *Hale*, Gen. *Root*—they were accompanied by Messrs. John *Creagh*, Jeremy *Austell*, and one *Acre*, or some such thing—I sent for them to come up to my room, and complained to them of the annoyance of the rabble, and proposed to them either to "take me from the house or send a guard to protect me there—it was insufferable.' The gentlemen scarcely believed, but nevertheless promised to protect me—all made professions of friendship but one man, this was Mr. (or as he is better known Jerry *Austill.*)—He had kept his eye steadily fixed upon me from the time he had entered the room, and during the conversation and professions of the *other* gentlemen, never uttered a word. At length "*spang*" comes somebody against the door. Mr. Austill was sitting the nearest to it, and sprung out with the rapidity of lightning, and who should it be but Dr. *De Bois*. Austill, a man of powerful strength, caught him by the neck with one hand, and dragged him after him till he got him part of the way down stairs, clapped the other hand to him, hoisted him over the railing, dropped him on the floor, and returned to the company and took his seat without uttering a word, or moving a muscle of his face. I was never troubled afterwards. There never was, doubtless, a more *worthy* act, done in a more *worthy* manner, or by a more *worthy* man. This is however not the only laurel Austill has won. He is the Hero of the Battle of

the Canoes, so called from an engagement fought between the whites and Indians, upon the river, where Mr. Austill had the command, (I do not know his commission,) and fought like a lion, and gained the victory against great odds.—This I heard from some of his friends, as he was too modest to speak of himself. I am sorry I could not learn the minutiæ of the story, to embellish my page.—Meantime he guarded me that night, and the next day I was taken down stairs and placed in a room of more security, and the landlord received strict orders to attend better to me, to the no small mortification of the Brig Betsey, who had to swallow her indignation at seeing me so highly honored.

There were some choice spirits here, besides Jeremy Austill, real hot-spurs, and the Mayor not the least. I raised a fair revolution, carried the citadel, carried all my points, and Brig Betsey had to strike her colors. What a horrid passion jealousy is! Now this Mrs. Brig had a husband! I had none! true, he was a poor tow head, but the low revenge of women is incredible. There was an infamous girl about the tavern, but these I find in all taverns, as sly as the owners keep it. Whether this girl was sent by her mistress or not, I do not know nor care, but she was amongst those who used to knock at my door and now and then fling a paper with infamous writing in to my room, and run away. I watched her once, and found she ran into the next room. I went down to the Brig and complained, and described the girl, in fact the girl passed me at the time and I pointed to her. But as mischief cannot be carried on without falsehood, it seems the Brig Betsey and one Mrs. Bull, into whose room this girl used to run, laid their heads together to be revenged upon me any how, and work upon Mr. Bull, a poor awkward booby, to come into my room, (it is well Jeremy did not catch him,) pale as a sheet and trembling with fear, and after standing, and stammering, for several minutes, I was in pain for him. "I understand, Mrs. R. you said something disrespectful of my wife:" how I wished for my Knight Jeremy, "and who are you sir? I do not know you nor your wife, will you leave the room." I had

seen the man at the table, and his wife two, one of those ridy broomsticks from New York,and she and the Brig, endeavored as I heard, to make him believe that it was his wife I accused of throwing the papers into my room.

There are notwithstanding some of the first class of gentlemen in Mobile; of these, the Mayor, *Samuel H. Gurrow, Esqr.* is amongst the first. Whether born in this country or in France, I cannot say, but he does honor to the French character in either event. He is a man of superior manner, and endowed with every virtue. Generous as a prince, easy and familiar in his address, highminded and independent. He is a middle aged man, of middling height and heavy make, with a round, fair, full,well featured face, an da soft dovelike eye. While his countenance emphatically melts with human charity, no wonder the ladies were jealous; Mr. G. alone was a prize of no little distinction, and his modesty could only be equalled by the sweetness of his disposition. He is idolized by the worthys of Alabama, which I was much gratified to see: *long* may he live to deserve it?

The Judges who called do not, it strikes me, live in the town. General or Judge *Parsons* is a tall, middle aged man, with a large face, and dark complexion. His manners are stately and very dignified. He appeared to be a man of information and much cleverness.

Judge *Hale*, a descendant of the celebrated Hale, is a tall finely turned figure, with a most expressive black eye, open fine countenance, and rather handsome features.

John Creach, Esqr. is a young man of elegant appearance, and bright blue eye. These were all very genteel men, but I was only a few minutes in their company.

The Mr. A., who came with them, was one of your conceited consequential fops. He ought not to have been introduced. Col. Chester Root is of the family of Roots of New York. He is an attorney, and one of the finest looking men in Mobile, a fine, noble figure, with a dark wellfeatured face,

and soft grey eye. He is, as they say here, a real clever fellow. He is candid and familiar, and a very amiable man.

My knight sir Jeremy is a host in himself; stout, straight, and comely in his person, with a most magnificent set of features, serene and modest as the blushing virgin. His face is round, fair, and manly, and the best illustration of his manners and worth is his noble actions. If I had the management of state affairs, I would make this man a Commodore, or a General, or place him in some situation, where his actions would benefit mankind. I trust Alabama will remember and reward him for redeeming its honor. Such is the hero of the battle of the canoes.

John W. Hinson, Esqr., is a young, tall, slender figure with a handsome fair face, and mild soft blue eye. His countenance is steady and sensible; and take him on any ground, a most interesting man.

Messrs. Sanford and Ervine, are respectable attorneys. Mr. J. H. E. is a young man of middling height, handsome features, fine eye, and pleasant manners.

Mr. F. Sanford is of good size; round fair face, and bright blue eye; he is mild and winning, and of highly polished manners.

B. B. Breeden if I am not mistaken is state's attorney, he is quite an interesting and no less amiable man. He is small with a handsome round pleasant face, mild countenance, an eye of great sweetness of expression, his manners are graceful and familiar.

J. G. Lyon, Esqr. is a spare man, young looking, and a very engaging pleasant man.

Messrs. G. F. Sallee, and A. P. Bayly, are both handsome men, and both have black eyes. Mr. B. a young, tall figure; they are alike high minded and very pleasant men. John B. Hogen, another of your whole souls, and a manly fine looking man, called amongst the rest; all these and several others, form a society of their own, and do not mix at all with the rabble.

But as great a favorite as I have in Mobile is Mr. Sanford, editor of the Commercial: say what you will of Politics, it is the "*mind* that makes the man." Give me a man of honor and principle, I will risk his politics. Mr. S. is a Clay man, but I would ask no better man for any place of trust. I owe this amiable man much, I should never have been able to wade through the rabble, had it not been for this man's seasonable and prompt attention: he was one of my first friends, long before I found Mr. Austill. He is all honor; and the greatest solace of my life arises from that independence, I will never surrender to any party which would deprive me of the liberty of reciprocating the feelings of my friends. The greatest friends I have, in the fullest sense of the word, are Clay men, as they are called, and my Jackson friends are under many obligations to them, on my account, not the least to this truly amiable man. Mr. Rea, of the Register, is a gentleman, in the first place of fine appearance, stout figure, a young looking man; with a round, full, fair face, soft intelligent eye; and open, benevolent countenance: when I left Mobile, after shielding me under his wing, during the whole of my visit, he came up to the stage and put me under the protection of a gentleman who never left my side till he put me into the hands of my friends in New Orleans: such friends as these are worth claiming.

Nor must I forget my friends Messrs. *Odiorn* & *Smith*, two worthy young men from Boston, if I remember; they have recently opened an extensive Book-store in the town, and are liberal minded men—no tract men. They keep a large assortment, and are thorough-going business men. I hope they may receive a liberal patronage from the enlightened and generous state of Alabama. They richly merit encouragement for their independence in refusing the bribes of the Blue-skins. These are the men that need encouragement.

It appears I must have seen a Mr. Simon here, from Marington county: also a Col. *B. F. Smoot*, I think of the place. He is a middle-aged man of very genteel manners, and rather waggish; likewise a Mr. Stephens, a friendly man.

I am also under particular obligations to a Mr. Curran, a Merchant Tailor, who, very gentleman-like, sheltered me from a possee of pick-pockets, and drove them off. I recommend him to the patronage of my friends. I trust he will sell a coat or two the more. I suspect Dr. De Bois for the silver I lost. I cannot tell what else could bring him to my door, unless he came to bring back a key that he or somebody else stole belonging to the trunk; such ruffians as he, and one Taur or Tane, and Waldo, ought to be kicked out of every house.

This is a dangerous house, and my friends the contractors had better move their stage office to some other place before they incur my pen. I will *not* patronize contractors who would endanger life and property. I would add something about the post-office, the worst kept, and by the worst men in the United States; but I suspect they are reformed out by this time.—I cannot tell what are the number of the public buildings in Mobile, some of the houses are large, elegantly built of brick, quite in fashionable style, and others again, the old settlers' houses, are small, old, shackling, moss-grown houses, with singular roofs, and long deep porticos.—These are few, and mostly on the skirts of the town.

Mobile is increasing rapidly, and bids fair to be a great commercial town. It is all life and activity, but for want of trees, which they have not had time to rear, it is greatly annoyed by the heat of the sun. I was so annoyed by the heat and the rabble, that I was not able to do justice to Mobile. The ravages of the fire were still visible, but they are rebuilding rapidly upon an extensive scale. They have put up some of the most beautiful buildings in the United States.

I did not visit Blakely, which is entirely abandoned, though it was the direct spot for a great town.—It is said the proprietors were great sharpers, and held the lots up, which displeased the people, and flocked to Mobile, which is now a beautiful city.

I was seriously afflicted at my disappointment in not seeing Mrs. Byrne near Blakely. I had known her from a child, and partly raised her, and having no children, I was much attached to her. She had long since, however, removed to Blakely, and I promised myself much pleasure in visiting her: just

as I was making arrangements to go across the bay, Mr. Byrne came to Mobile, I was introduced. But such were his repulsive manners, that I should not have entered his house, had he lived next door. I discovered instantly he was a skin-flint, and perhaps grudged me a night's lodging. I told him I would be glad if Mrs. Byrne would either visit me, or I would meet her at Blakely. He replied "she had too many children." I was told he was one of the pious sort, and others told me what I will not repeat, from respect to his wife, who is one of the best of her sex; she is a lady of fine size, the best education of any female of her time, and a rare example of female merit. Poor thing, her and I both had met with a sad reverse of fortune since we had met, and I promised myself a fair banquet in talking over our misfortunes. She was a most affectionate and winning child, I loved her dearly—I received a very affectionate letter from her after this, and Capt. Fowle, of the ferry-boat which crosses the bay, and who brought the letter, strove hard to persuade me to go—but it would not do—self-respect demanded the sacrifice.

Blakely is 12 miles from Mobile across the bay, and a boat crosses perhaps once per day. Capt. Fowle is a pleasant, genteel, plain looking man, and offered (more than Byrne did) to take me all the way to Mrs. B's. house: I was much struck by the man's cleverness. This was painfully felt by all my friends at Mobile, who interested themselves deeply in bringing us together.

I find a Mr. Durand overlooked who seems from the entry in my notes to have been one of the choice spirits, also a Maj. Page (or Pagles) and a Mr. Chamberlain—I ought too to have noticed a Mr. Davenport, and though he had done some business for me, I saw him but a few minutes by candle-light. He was a tall, handsome, genteel, young man but much indisposed.

At the end of four days, I pursued my route to *New Orleans*, being no stopping place between—Capt. Walker brings the mail to Blakely in coaches, the ferry-boat brings it to Mobile, it is then carried by water to New Orleans.

NOTE.

A word on myself—a report is rung from one end of the United States to the other, that I am amassing vast sums of *money:* we may readily guess whence these reports originate; but when the report gains credit with my friends it becomes necessary to repel the foul slander.

A friend of mine, a few days since, said to me "Mrs. R. you must be making money." This gentleman edits a paper in this city, and has the greatest patronage including the government, by far of any man in the United States; and yet he is, not to say hundred, some thousand dollars in debt! as I have good reason to believe. Thus much for common sense.

On all the works I have published, I have *not* been able from sales to pay for the paper, much less the printing. The frauds of agents, insolvencies, losses by sea, thefts by the post-offices, have exceeded my credits an hundred per cent. Upon one work alone, I lost $1000; had I time I would give debit and credit.

But common sense ought to point out to every man, that one who publishes with the rapidity I do, (two octavos in the course of six weeks) cannot possibly attend to sales. It will be asked then, what encouragement I have to write? and how I am able to publish at all. To the first, I answer, I do not write for profit or for fame. I write for the benefit of my country, and to please my friends. The books are read and have done good; thus my object on this point is realised. The second, "how I am able to publish at all," is answered at once by the aid of my friends, by private donations bestowed on me for food, clothing, fuel, &c., but of which comforts I deny myself, to pay my debts. I live in a house upon humiliating charity, without furniture; and the coldest night this winter was without a bed; I must inevitably have frozen, in a great bleak house, had it not been for the humanity of Mrs. TIMS, who hearing of my dreadful situation, sent me a bed—Mrs, GREER sent me furniture. May my friends remember these amiable and best of women; every stranger who comes to Washington must wish to see these specimens of female perfection. It will be asked why I concealed this shocking situation from my friends; my pride.

The lenity of my creditors (to whom I at this moment owe considerable sums) enables me to publish. My printer, William Greer, hard as the winter was, with an expensive family, advanced money to pay the hands for two octavos. The kindness and liberality of Washington City and Congress (all but the godly) have enabled me to publish. This explanation is due to myself as well as my friends.

APPENDIX.

My friends in the South, will be pleased to hear a little sketch of this part of the country ; I have some good, some bad, and some middling news to tell them, and first, glory to the Pennsylvania Legislature, we have given Dr. Ely's good sound Presbyterianism another good broadside. The Legislature has passed an act forbidding chains to be drawn across the streets on Sunday, in Philadelphia, and I believe throughout the State. Those tyrants, not satisfied to chain the consciences of the citizens, clapt chains on the carriages, and the next step would be to chain us hand and foot.

It must be known that both in Philadelphia and New York these infamous swindlers, who rob the country under a cloak, of millions of dollars, the better to make themselves heard on Sunday, to enforce this money from the city people, had stopped all the carriages by drawing chains across the streets.

The friends of liberty must rejoice at this bold and manly stand against clerical tyranny, and as for *God*, any fool might know he could make money if he wanted it.

The Sunday Mail men and Anti-Masons entirely failed with Congress this session, and trust the people may no more disgrace themselves by electing such infamous men. As for the Indian question, it is another scheme of these treacherous people to acquire money and power, identified with the Clay party. I am sorry to see this party, amongst whom I have many friends, attempting to get into power by such roundabout means, uniting with vile hypocrites—even have enlisted ladies in the cause. It would become these ladies better to attend to the famishing poor in their own towns: let them look at home, and let the men attend to the public business. The Lord save us from petticoat government: they would soon fill Congress with those fire-brands, missionary patriots, and anti-masons—see what women have done in our country by giving money to these ignorant fellows who have brought us to the brink of ruin.

I can give no account of the trial of Judge Peck: I went once to the Senate Chamber, and heard the most of the Hon. Mr. M'Duffie's opening speech ; doubtless one of the ablest within the walls of Congress. But such was the disorderly conduct of the rabble in the gallery, that I lost a great part of the speech. It was a powerful display of bold, fearless, and manly eloquence. But it was not able to redeem my displeasure at Mr. M'Duffie for his long spun report in favor of the

U. States Bank last year, and I am bold to say, the man who advocates the U. S. Bank is *no friend* to his country.

I went often after this to hear the trial, and was as often disappointed by eternal postponements. At length I was told the trial would proceed, and I attended, when, selecting the best place to have a view of the speakers, I motioned to a well fed, well dressed man, to rise and give me his seat, supposing him to be a gentleman. I was never more disappointed—such low bred meanness was doubtless, never before, covered with fine broadcloth—he refused me the seat. He was a broad-faced, young looking man, and upon inquiry found he was what I suspected, one of those godly priests who pretend to teach others. He was an Episcopalian priest from Alexandria, at the head of those godly ladies who manufacture missionaries. His coat and his face shone alike, with the cash, with plenty of brass in the latter, so I had to leave the place.

Mean time I had a view of Hon. Benton, of Missouri—I thought of his unkindness at St. Louis, in suffering me to remain there a prisoner, by whose order I fancy he can tell: he doubtless had some interest in preventing the disclosure he knew I would make. It was disgusting to witness his fawning smiles and grins, and his dancing master bows to every thing he met in the lobbies and door-ways of the Senate Chamber, even to the door-keepers and messengers. He went bobbing through the whole circuit of the chamber—it was the true electioneering slang whang. He has, however, had the courage to attack the U. S. Bank—I give him credit for this, it has cancelled a good part of the debt he owed me; apropos, Governor Clark, who was always "*sick* or in the *country*, or in *bed*, and could not see company," is now in Washington City, and his young wife with him. Wonder he was not too sick to come such a long journey: he got well very soon it appears—I for one think his sudden appearance in Washington, after being so sick and not able to see company, in bed, or in the country, is a slur upon our country. If our government can swallow this low-cunning, and be duped by the band of sharpers who keep Clark at home, make him sick, or send him forth at pleasure, to suit their own views, it must not only be blind to its true interest, but wanting in self-respect. It is painful to see an old superannuated man, with no claims but that of a pauper, draining large sums from our government to support and enrich a host of needy relations, who happen not to be *sick*, nor in *bed*, nor in the *country*. Clark is never seen from the time he leaves Washington till he returns to it again, is always sick, or in bed, or in the country. Now do we pay a man to be sick, or in bed, or in the country? If the office he holds be at all necessary, which it is not, why do

we not have a man put in, that will not be always sick, or in bed, or in the country, and let this same Clark go to the poor house? What better is he than another man? If he has any just claims upon his country, let him be paid forthwith: it is scandalous that our government is a fair poor house: it is full of these paupers—let any man look at this man and say what he is fit for—the people want men to do their work. Senator Benton's editor (as they told me) Keemly, it was sickening to hear this pitiful sycophant shortly after I left St. Louis. "Mr. Clark thinks the Indians will not again trouble us: Mr. Clark took a few of the army with him for fear of some disturbance while he was making the treaty—and while Mr. Clark was negotiating this affair with the Indians, Mrs. Clark and Count Pumpkin, (an Italian barber,) and several ladies and gentlemen visited the falls of St. Anthony, and had a very pleasant party indeed". Is it possible! How interesting it was, at the expense of the government—now is this not fine doings, will the people be insulted thus, and would not give me a night's lodging in the town, nor suffer a boat to bring me off, and guilty of sundry other things which I shall take care to lay before the people. Now this Keemly, more servile than any slave, is a disgrace to the Jackson party, and ought to be drummed out of town by a drove of tom cats, to put such stuff in a paper! How mightily pleased the people must be at this.

The fact is, that stories are hatched of these Indians merely to hold out the idea that armies and Indian agencies are necessary at this place, whereas these are ten times more dangerous than the Indians. How did the Army and Indian agency act towards me? "Mr. Clark thinks," and what does he think? The American people must be ashamed to find themselves gulled in this manner.

The GLOBE. It has been seen that a new paper by this name has recently been established in the City of Washington, and from what I have seen of the paper so far, I am pleased to find it is ably patronized. Mr. Blair, the editor, is a high-minded, independent and enterprizing Kentuckian, descended from one of the first families in the United States, which family I knew well, though I never had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Blair, until I saw him in Washington.

F. P. Blair, Esqr. is rather a young man, of common height, good figure, and light make, with a thin fair Grecian face, and a countenance of singular keenness of expression; his eye, a clear blue, of unwinking boldness, is a two edged sword, and every feature in his face is stamped with genius. His manners are plain, frank, and independent. His dress simple, his conversation pointed and sensible, and bespeaks a man of information. He is a keen and fearless wri-

ter, and for the sake of my country, I am pleased at the manly and decided stand he has taken against the United States Bank. The people may be assured from this, he is their staunch friend. I go heart and hand with him. He is exactly a man after my own heart; he is for his country, his whole country, and nothing but his country: may that country appreciate his worth.

I must not omit to mention another new paper in Washington, called "THE HUMORIST, and SATIRICAL AND LITERARY REPOSITORY." It is a neat and interesting weekly publication. The Publisher, J. F. Haliday, Esq. and the Editor, P. Sturtevant, Esq. are fine, amiable, enterprizing, and industrious gentlemen, and richly merit the patronage of their fellow-citizens. May they go on and prosper.

MEMBERS of CONGRESS. They have had fine times of it this winter, as well as last. I have been too much engaged during this Session, with my Southern Tour, and last winter I was travelling. I hear a little and see a little now and then, however, enough to know they spend a great deal of time in idle talk about Indians and claims and all that kind of thing, all to pass off the time. An Indian chief could make a better speech than two-thirds of them. The people may believe me or not, but it is a real fact, Honorables Crockett and Chilton, are two of the most industrious members in the House!

I ran over one day to see one or two of my friends, and there I found many of the benches empty. Of what were there, some were reading newspapers, some writing letters, and some ogling the ladies in the gallery—(the latter were single men of course;) and Messrs. Crockett and Chilton successively addressing the chair. This is a fact which I can prove by the Hon. C. C. Cambreling, who was in the chair.

The Blueskin members from Connecticut and Vermont, and the "anti-masons" from Pennsylvania, screwed themselves down with their noses to their desks, and pulled their hats over their faces, as well they might.

Some of the sauciest looked up to me with a defying smile, as much as to say, "We don't care for you, old woman."

I had the pleasure of seeing a few members of Congress, for the first time. Hon. *Henry Hubbard*, of N. H. is one, and I lament my engagements have prevented me from cultivating his acquaintance; I saw him but for a moment. Mr. H. is a tall, fine looking man, of a middle age, oval face, and soft full eye—His countenance is open and intelligent, and bespeaks a man of information:—His deportment is free easy, and genteel. He is said to be a gentlemen of talents. I give N. H. joy of her Representatives; I hope she will do herself the honor to continue him in the councils of

the nation.——Hon. *Abraham Bockee*, of New-York, I saw too for the first time. This gentlemen has redeemed one half of the recreant members from this noble State. Martindale, the anti, and a few more of the brother clodheads, are discarded. I trust New York will go on, and purge her delegation of all worthless men.

Mr. Bockee I am astonished never caught my eye before; one of the best looking, and most amiable men in Congress. He is a stout, manly figure, of middle age, fair, handsome, a keen blue eye. Good nature and benevolence are marked on every feature of his face; and his manners are marked with all the ease and elegance of the most accomplished gentleman. I wonder how the Knickerbackers stumbled upon him. Mr. Bockee comes from the neighborhood of my favorite Poughkeepsie.

But it was laughable to see the Hon. Mr. *De Witt* from the same State. Now I would just as soon think of electing a tom cat as such a man. He came into the library, where I was the other day, and not happening to see me, (though I saw him,) he picked one of my books up, and casting his eye on my name he dashed it down, and ran for his life, rolling his cat eye back at the company. He looks precisely like a dying colt. Hon. Mr. *Lent* is just such another; shame on New York! Hon. *Cornelius Holland* of Maine, is a very gentlemanly man, of fine appearance, stout make, pleasant manners, and is one of the first members in the House. Maine is ably represented.

Hon. *John Broadhead*. from N. Hampshire, is rather an aged man, and one of the noblest looking men in Congress. He is a giant in size, quite a portly figure, with a round, full, manly face, and a sweet benevolent countenance.

Thomas Chandler, from Maine, is another fine looking man, of free, though independent manners, and mild countenance.

Hon. Philander Stephens, of Pennsylvania, is a tall, handsome figure; quite a young man, with a fair, round face, and mild blue eye. His countenance is open and steady,—his manners pleasing. He is against the tracts.

Hon. *G. G. Leiper*, from same state, is not so tall, a young, sprightly man, of very engaging appearance. His face, is round, fair and handsomely featured, with a lively sharp blue eye. His countenance is at once open, gay, intelligent, and benign—his manners free, polished, and familiar.

Hon. *James Ford*, also of Pennsylvania, is one of the best looking men in the House. Mr. Ford is under mid-height. His face is round, and his eye, dark, full and expressive. His features are finely proportioned, and his countenance, serene and steady, overflows with milk and human kindness.

Hon. *W. W. Irwin*, was indeed shy of me at first. Strange! how sensible men can swallow absurdities: that fools should, I do not wonder. Now this gentleman, like my friend Freeman, had listened to the falsehoods of the infamous missionaries, and was actually afraid. But why should a man fear a woman at all? What were you afraid of sir? How could I hurt you. He was at a loss, you may be sure, and said, he "thought you [I] might scold [him.]" He could not think me a lady, which required a much stronger effort than to think I was. Thus (I do not allude particularly to him) men swallow the grossest absurdities, and reject the plainest truth. I sought the acquaintance of Judge Irwin. as he was from Lancaster, Ohio, to which place I am partial; ultimately I found him a very pleasant, sensible man, and a gentleman of superior manners. Mr. I. is a stout, heavy man, with a fair, handsome face, a steady, clear, blue eye. His countenance indicates talent; and he has quite a dignified and gentlemanly appearance.

Hon. *Spencer Pettis*, of Missouri, is no great things. He is a *little* bit of a fly-round thing. They ought to send Keemly or Gen. Atkinson here. I can do nothing with this Pettis. I should think they might as well put him to the button-making trade, as to send him here to make laws.

Hon. *Robert Craig*, of Virgina, is a tall, manly figure, with an oval, rather sensible face. His eye is clear, cool and steady; and his countenance rather indicative of honest independence. I saw another new member from Virginia, a very pleasant man indeed, but do not recollect his name. He was in company with Mr. Craig.

Hon. *A. Rencher* of N. Carolina, is a handsome man: men few rival him in personal beauty. His face is finely featured; his countenance is bright, and adorned with a fine black eye.

The hopes I had of my own native state, Maryland, were short-lived: you all remember the gallant Hon. Spencer, and his specious manners last year. I called since at his boarding house, the meanest in the City, but one—I sent in my name; my gentleman was at dinner, and I waited full an hour in a cold passage, the coldest day this winter, without fire, amongst dogs and negroes, before I could see him. (I was determined.) I met with him once since, when he had the effrontery to ask me to send him a book to his room! thinking, I suspect, this great condescension was sufficient to repair the insult. I hope I shall never be reduced to accept a benefit, however small, upon such degrading terms—alas! for Maryland!—I have but two friends left! I hope the gallant Capt. Rogers may pull Spencer's nose, for I am certain he is too great a coward to fight. I *send him* a book!! What does he take me for? Had he been a gentleman he would have *sent* me an

apology—I suspect he took lessons from Denny the anti-mason, as they were sitting side by side. I will own no man as a friend who would sit at a table with an anti-mason, and as for my friend, Hon. *Silsbee*, I trust it will be the last (as it was the first) time he will be taken in by such company.

I have but little room left for Washington. I understand Josey has been trying for the old documents again, he thinks it hard he cannot get the Congress printing. Now does Mr. Gales remember how many years he had the printing of Congress—does it not enter his head that it was just as hard for Gen. Green *then* as it is for him *now?* When Green has the printing as long as he had, he might, (which he has no more right than another man, however,) think hard! He has had his good things—let *other* people come in for a share.

And *Holy Wilyy* I understand is not turned out yet: suppose he is kept in to swear (every one remembers his holy oath) that the great paper-warehouse on Pennsylvania avenue does not belong to St. C. Clarke, Secretary Ingham, &c.—I am told (for I was not in Washington then,) that when Dr. May pulled the tooth for *Mrs.* Holy Willy, that *Mr.* Holy Willy swore it was *not* a tooth—of course Messrs. I. & C. may have use for him.

I have long over-looked a worthy man in Messrs. Gales & Seaton's office by the name of *Kerr*, (I think.) The gentleman I mean is of Boston, and one of those feeling few who relieved me when abandoned to perish.

City Post-Office It appears this Office, from the moment my back was turned, went to destruction. During my absence the penny-post was put in, and Rind, the only honest clerk turned out, or rather would not remain with such infamous clerks. Dr. Sangrado, learned in his profession, has blistered and bled the poor Post-office nearly to death—letters are opened, the contents examined, letters are concealed, money is stolen, letters are suffered to lie unmailed, and insolent clerks who ought to have been reformed out are kept in, and honest clerks (one I know, Sweeny,) turned out. I wish Sweeny was back again, and Dr. Sangrado in his shop, and those infamous clerks discarded. They are Jackson men it is said: I do not know that a Jackson rogue is any better than a Clay rogue; and if the Post-office is not reformed, the people will be compelled to send their letters to Alexandria.

In the *General Post Office* they have a bull dog, one *Douglass*, to seize people who enter the Department. This is high times, worse than ever. I would thank Judge Barry, if he is compelled to keep bull dogs in the Department, to have them chained, as, I for one, do not wish to be bit a second time.—Had it not been for the gallantry of Mr. Breathitt, he would have torn me to pieces.

INDEX.

	Augusta, (Geo.)	Page 66
	Do.	106
Road	to	64
Return	to	98
	Charleston, S. C.	1
	Camden, S. C.	40
Road	to	33
	Camelion,	96
	Columbia, S. C.	53
	Columbus, (Geo.)	138
	Down Savannah River,	75
	Down Alabama River,	189
	Fort Mitchell	141
	" Bainbridge,	148
	Milledgeville,	116
	Macon,	124
	Montgomery,	179
	Mobile,	198
	Savannah,	82
	Sparta,	113
	State Prison, (Geo.)	124

ERRATA.

For Joseph A. Black, Esq. page 59, 7th line from top, read Joseph A. Brown, President of the Bank.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Dec. 2003

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111